Miss America

TEEN-LIFE

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fiction
charm

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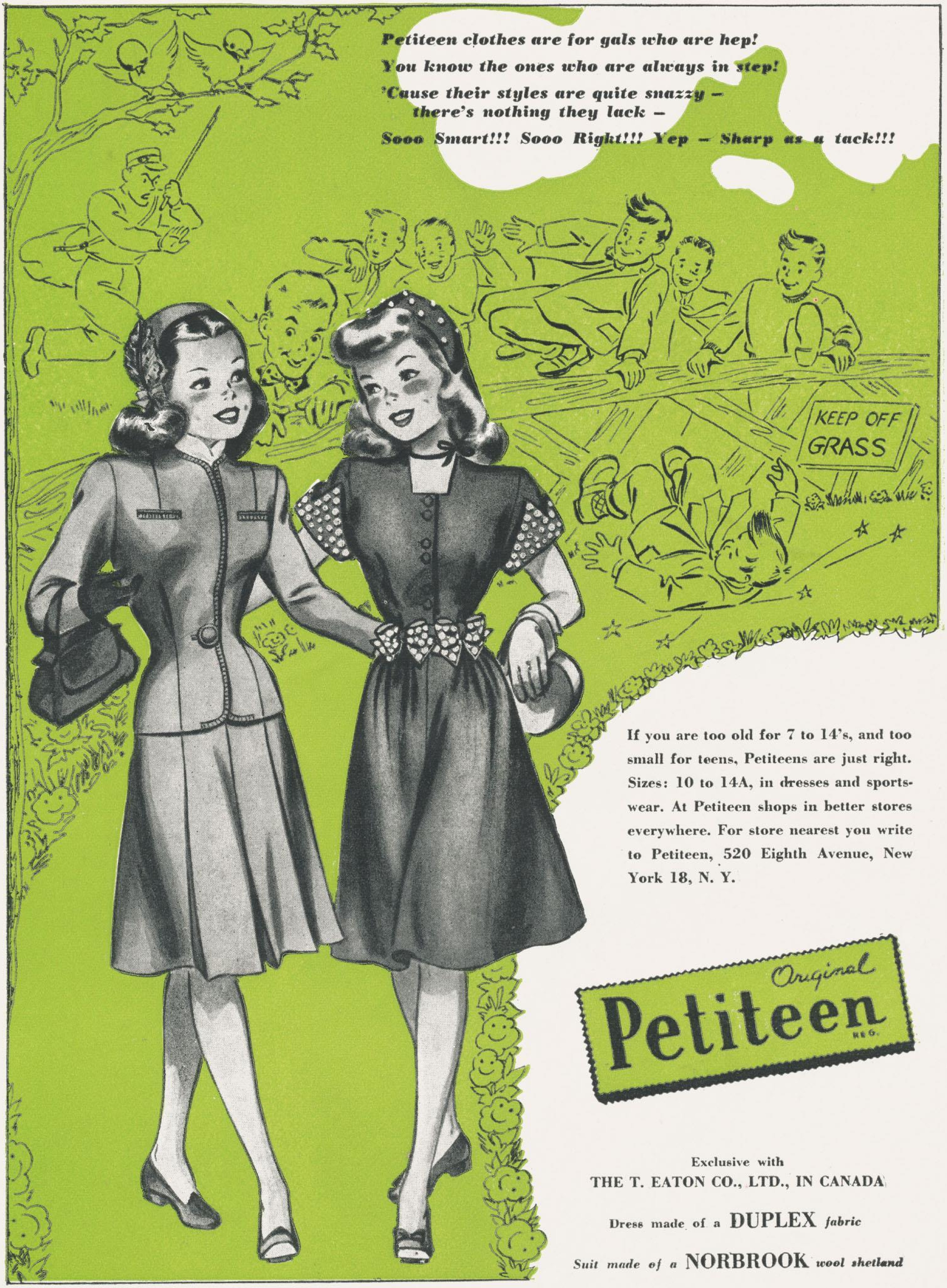
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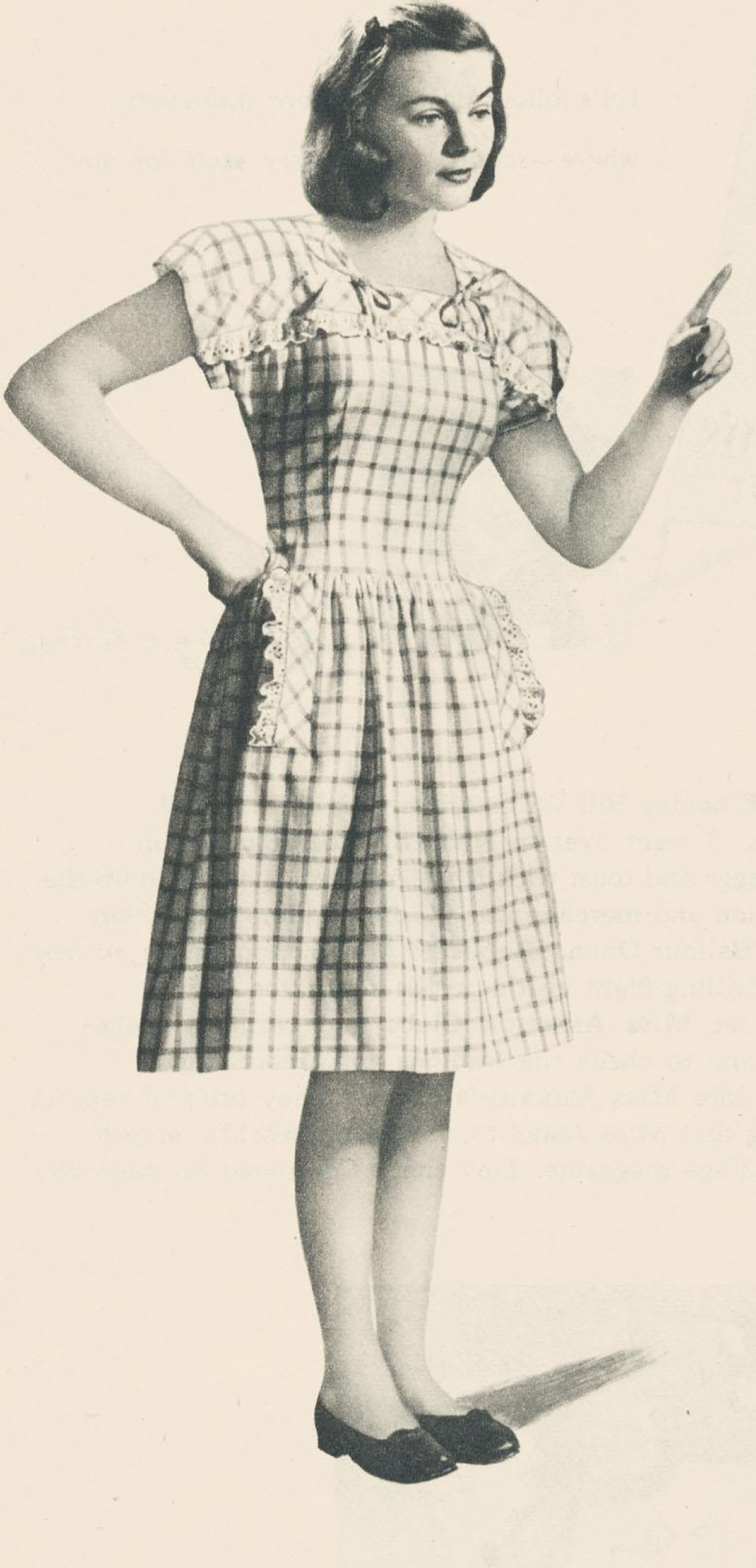

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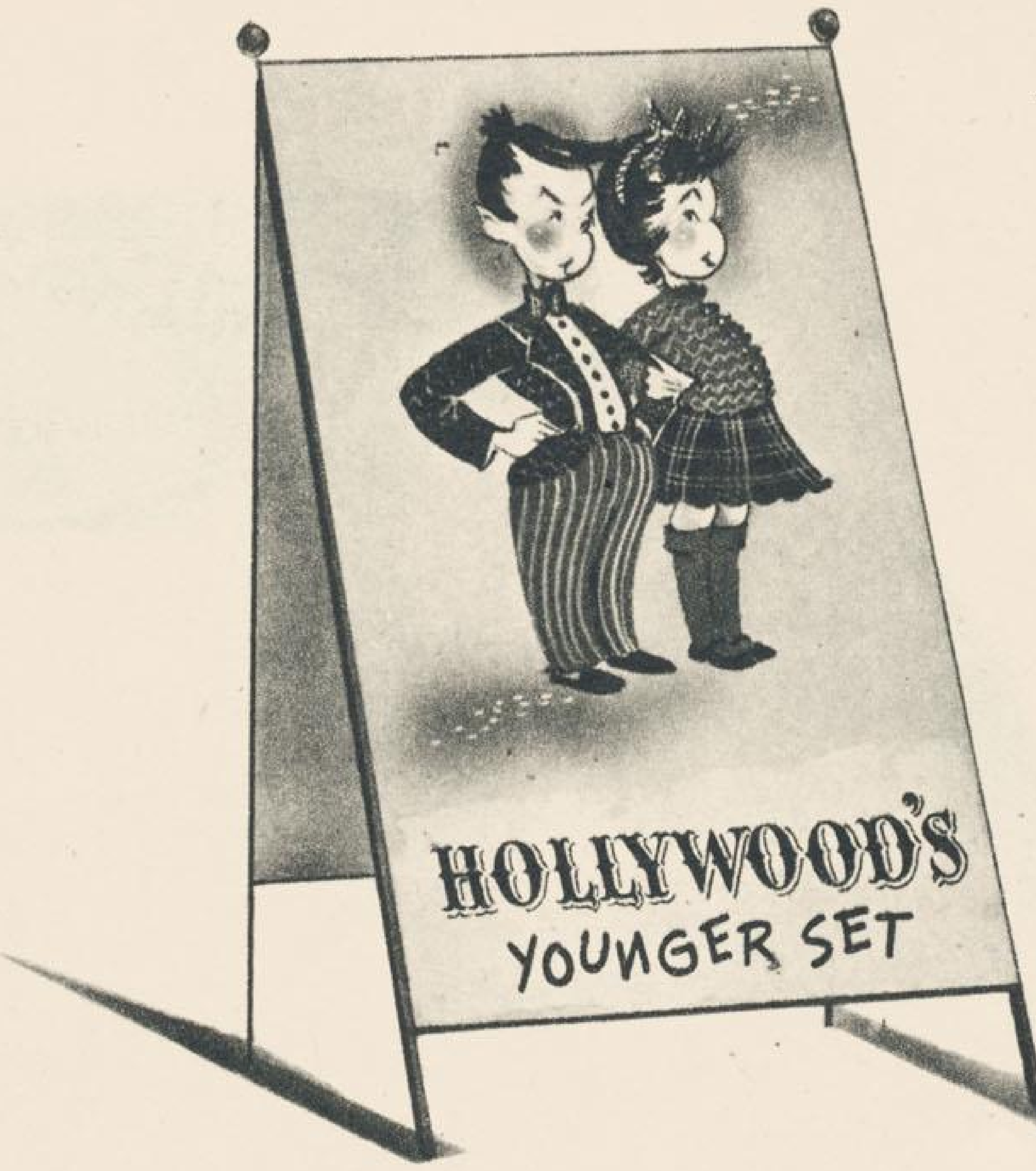


HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET

Let's follow May here, there, and everywhere—scouting out starry stuff for you. . .

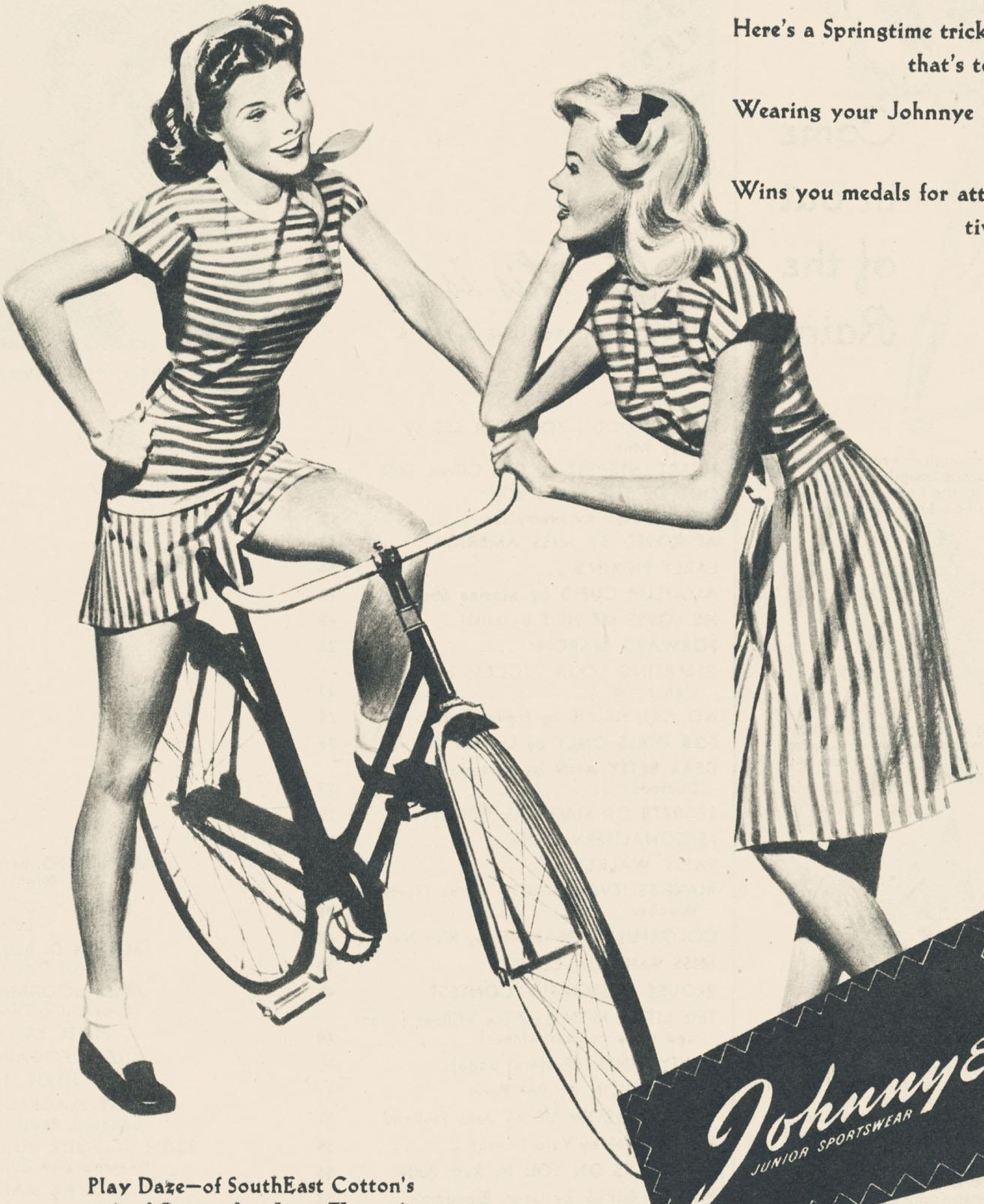
By May Mann

IMAGINE having Bill Williams for breakfast! Well, practically. I went over to RKO Studios at nine a.m. sharp for eggs and toast with MISS AMERICA's chic and on-the-beam fashion and merchandise editors, Pauline O'Sullivan and Edith Balfour Dunn. Publisher Martin Goodman sent them out on a thrilling flight visiting cities across the United States to set MISS AMERICA Clubs and teen-age seshes humming and to check the fashions and smart stuff they cram into MISS AMERICA's pages. They brought reports too, stating that MISS AMERICA is now the world's largest selling teen-age magazine. Isn't that (*Continued on page* 28)

Thirteen-year-old Sue England, newest star before the studio cameras, knits between takes of "This Love of Ours."

Van Johnson and Susan Peters rehearse for CBS's "Theater of Romance." Here's hoping courageous Susan is soon on her feet again.

What a moment! May Mann waltzes with wonderful Ross Hunter at his big hayride party for hillbilly laugh-maker, Judy Canova.



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And guard your girlish charm — first with a shower (or tub) then with Arrid, the deodorant with more fans than any other ... because it's kind to skin, harmless to clothes, because it's a soothing antiseptic cream that disappears presto, can be used after shaving, because it says bye-bye to under-arm odor and keeps you always nice-to-be-near-to.

39¢ plus tax also 10¢ and 59¢

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MISS america

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In this issue

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Heart Interest . . .

by John Oliven, M.D.

Set your heart at ease 'cause our good doctor has some heartening facts concerning this all-important organ in his latest "Body and Soul" series . . .

YOU have probably felt your heart pounding sometimes. Maybe it even scared you because the pounding was so loud and so fast, that you thought that there must surely be something wrong with it.

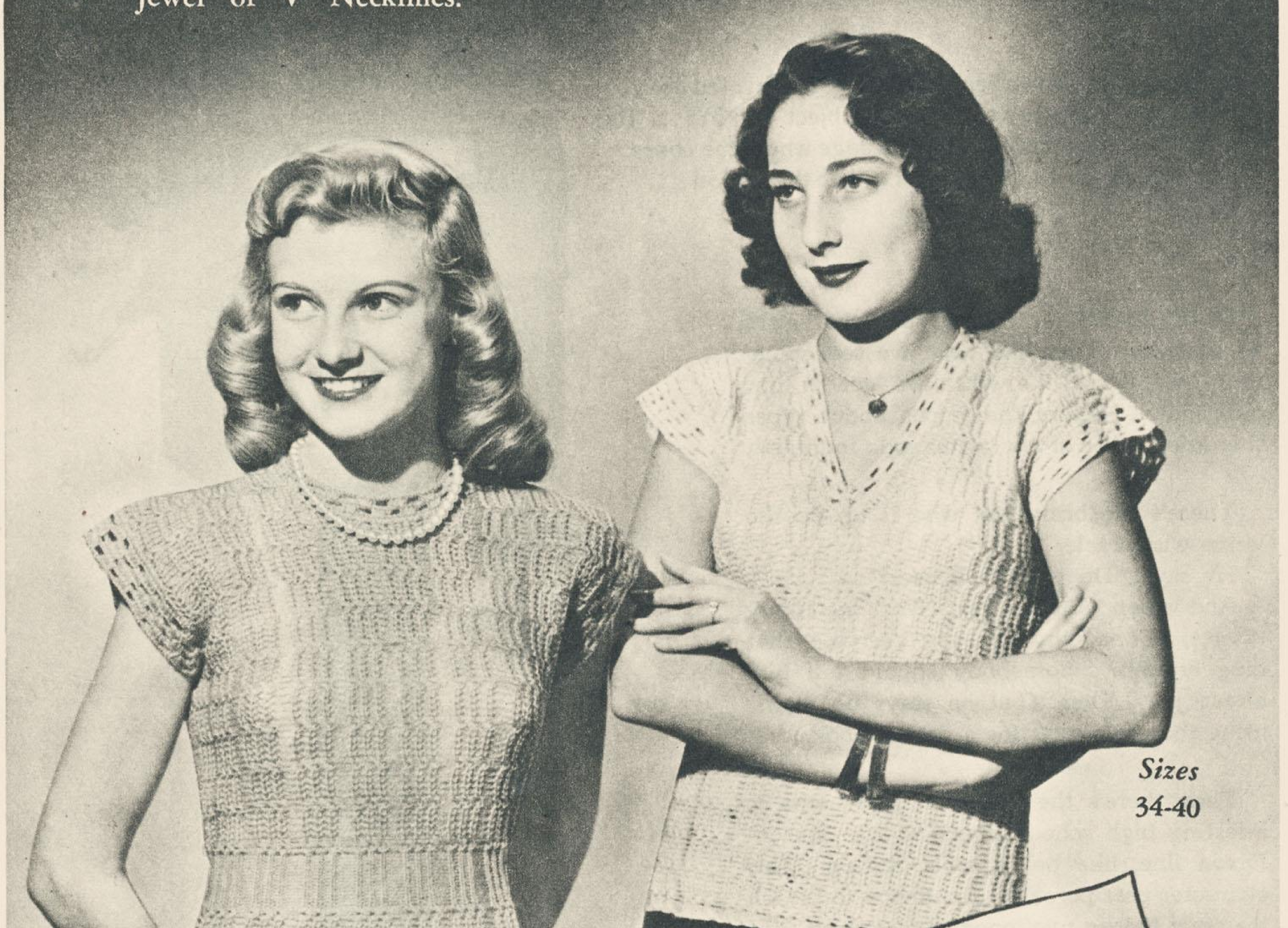
But you can dismiss these worries, because chances are this pounding is perfectly normal. When our emotions are at high pitch, especially when we are tense, we feel our body sensations more keenly. Thus it happens that the normal beating of the heart may sound like the roar of a cannon to us, and the normal way in which the heart muscle beats against the chest may seem like extra strong pounding.

In a way people have always spoken of the heart as the seat of emotions, of feelings, even of character. If someone is generous he is said to have "a big heart." A kind person is spoken of as "kind-hearted." One of the most courageous men in the Middle Ages was called Sir Lionheart.

It also works the other way around. A miserly person is called "cold-hearted," or even "heartless." When we go through suffering and misery our "heart aches." You have probably noticed yourself that when you read or see something very sad, a story for instance, or a movie, your heart seems to cramp together, even before your tears come. That is very natural, and the sign of a nice, sensitive disposition. A girl who feels that way usually has fine feelings. The same girl will also feel a strange sensation of openness and bigness in her heart when she is experiencing some great joy. Sadness and joy go together in a way. "I am so happy I could cry" means that a girl is really being happy.

This heart of yours is actually *(Continued on page* 60)

Enchantingly Lovely . . . Win the chap of your heart in these BARBARA LYNN Glamour-fit exclusives . . . the excitingly new, snug-waisted, soft, 100% Virgin Wool Sweaters with that lovely hand-knit look . . . You'll love the crocheted Cap-Sleeves with the Jewel or "V" Necklines.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34-40

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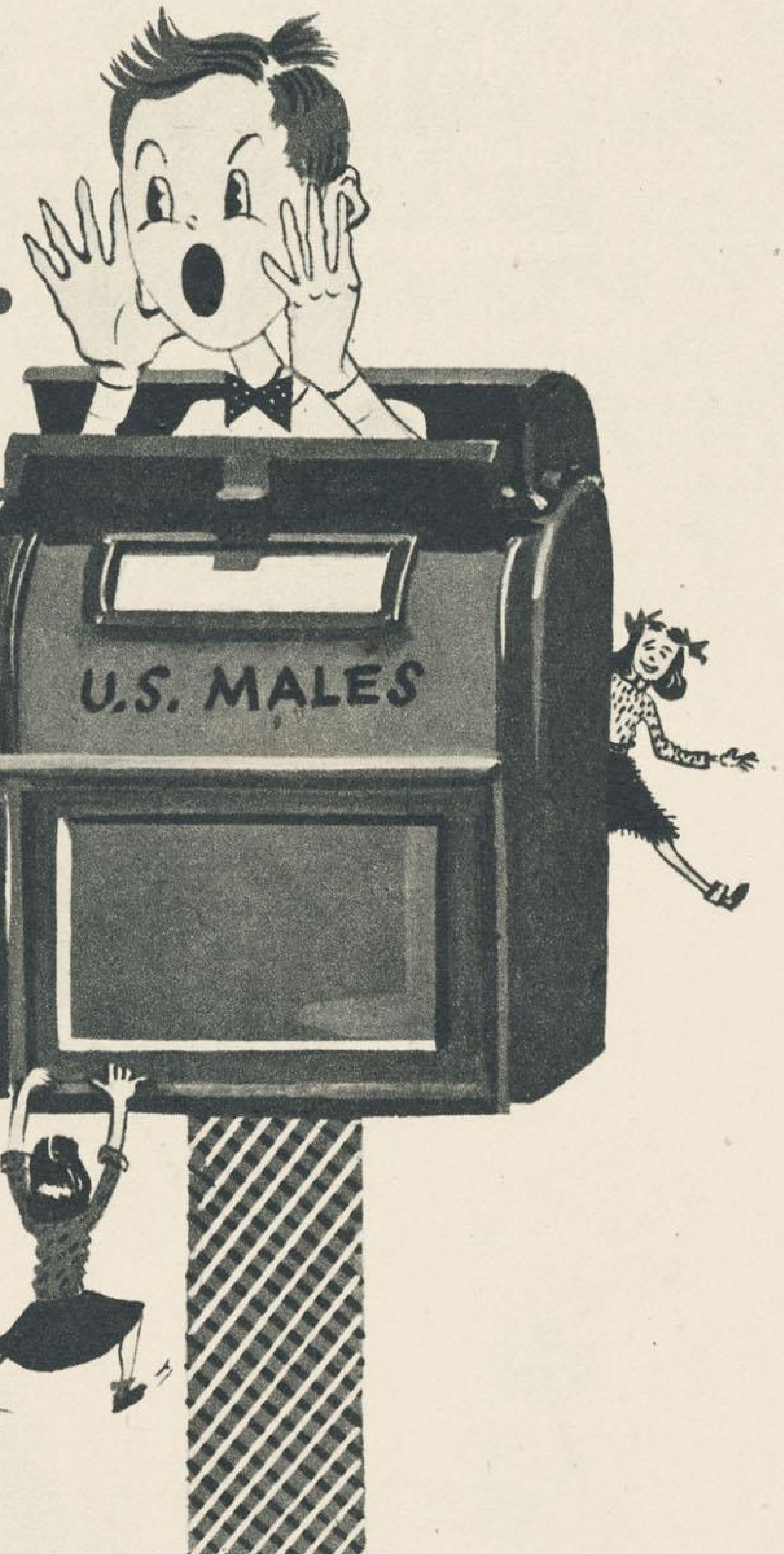


The department you've been waiting for . . . devoted absolutely and positively to the sole subject of BOYS . . . 'Tis a fine idea to innocently place this page where the chaps will be sure to see it . . . The shock will do them good . . .

SOMETIMES in reading the other girl's male, we don't like what we see, sometimes we don't like what we get in our own male. Here're the gripes about types that infest some of our better soda fountains.

* * *

There's the brain box who is up on the latest wise-cracks.

He says, "Do you drink beer?"

And when you answer, "No," he cutely retorts, "Then why are you carrying that mug around?" Somebody should tell him about Joe Miller, (bet he stays up nights using those old gags for a dream book.)

* * *

Then there's the Southern goon, who is infesting high schools south of the Mason-Dixon line, like boll-weevils, ma'am. This character uses peroxide and henna to bleach his crew hairdo two-toned! It's a swell idea for drips who are practicing to be waterfalls! And most of them think they look like Van!

* * *

One of the things we've never been able to figure out is why some campus heroes wear their station wagon coats inside out. And turn up the front of their felt hats and fasten them with safety pins. Looks like a copy of Harpo Bizarre.

* * *

Then there's the leaky faucet who shines on the football field and smells on the dance floor. Somebody should tell him about Life-Buoy. Perspiration (*Continued on page* 40)

SLICK CHICK

PEPSI-COLA

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Bottled locally by Franchised Bottlers from coast to coast.

Hiya, Girls —

my name is Merry Carr.

ONLY I'm not quite used to it myself yet. You see, it all just happened! I was chosen to represent all of us teen-agers in our magazine, MISS AMERICA, for 1946! Think of it—a whole year! Honestly, I'm so excited! I'll be modeling clothes and stuff, and trying out new styles for you, and well—just doing all sorts of things to make our magazine a better one. Then, next year, there'll be a nation-wide search for another Merry Carr, who'll represent us for that year, and so on. Only—golly—it's so wonderful, I still can't believe it's happening to me! It's just like a fairy tale or something! But, wait . . . our editor Bessie Little (she's super, girls) just peeked over my shoulder and said to make this a more personal "letter of introduction" . . . so here goes. . . .

Personally, I'm crazy about jingly charm bracelets and Van Johnson, fuzzy sweaters and Van Johnson, dancing to Cugat and Van Johnson. My hobbies are skating and Van Johnson. But my real, honest-to-goodness shining hero is my Dad. He's tall and handsome—an engineer. Mother's handsome but not quite as tall. She's an engineer, too. She maps out a blueprint of housework I have to do on week-ends—I just can't ever get out of doing dishes. And she sees to it that I go down to the neighborhood center dances every other Saturday night. But I'm allowed to go to the icecream parlor every Friday night with the rest of my crowd and swap stories over cokes. Mostly though, we get the "giggles" and giggle away 'til it's 10:30 and time for me to be getting along. My kid brother—the pest—is only 14 (I'm 15—going on 16 next year). He's at that terrible age now, where he winds wire hangers around his head and makes like a radio operator on a B-29. Y'know—he even talks in code. (But he does have the sharpest plaid shirts of all the kids on the block and some of them fit me.)

When I grow up—I mean, when I'm a little older, I'd like to be a fashion illustrator. Right now, I'm a sophomore at Girls Commercial High School in Brooklyn (that's where the Dodgers grow —Yea, team!) and I'm taking loads of art courses.

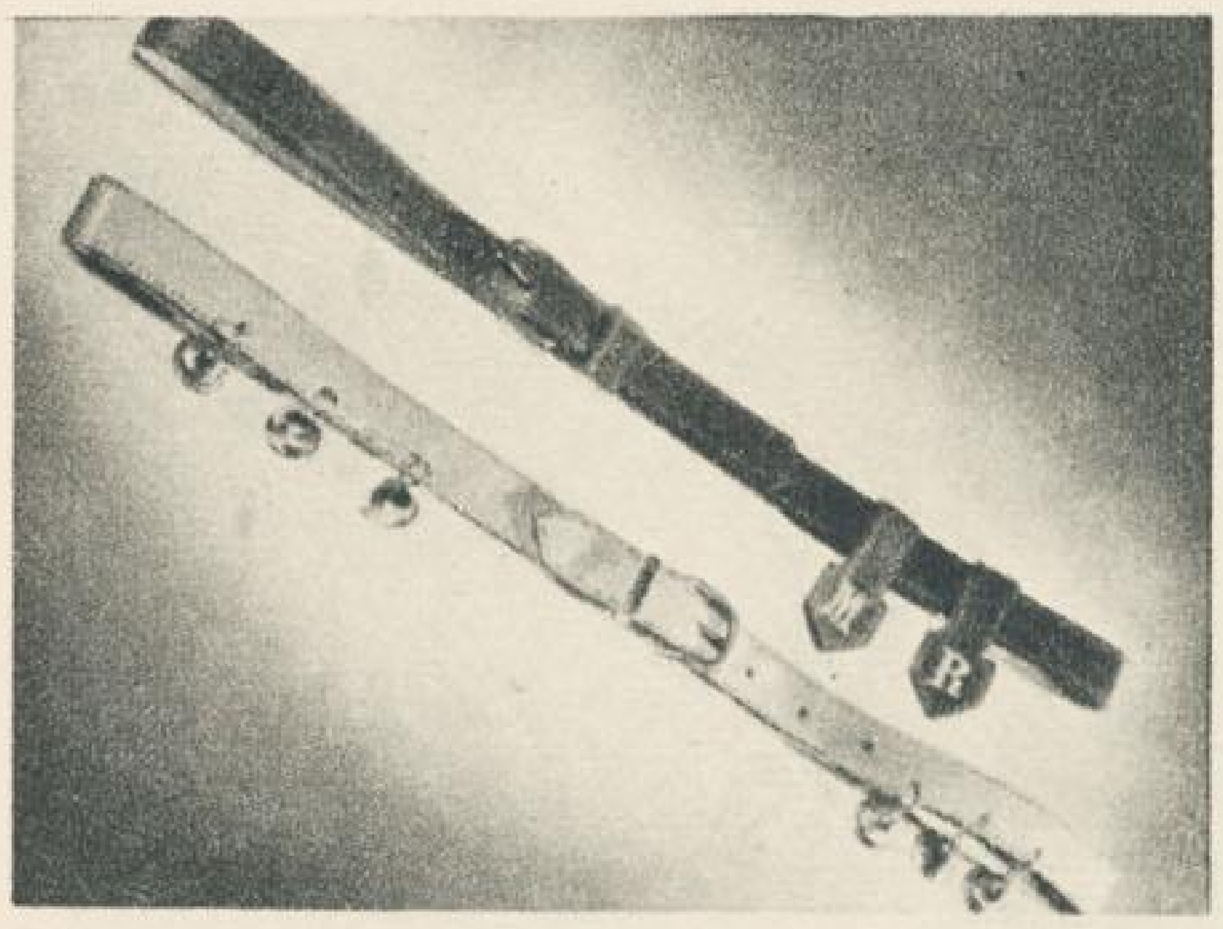
Well, I guess I'm just about getting to the end of my line now. But it was really swell making friends this way. And I'll be seeing you!

Always,

Merry

Approved by
MISS AMERICA
magazine

Stars in stripes! Crisp grey with inky white stripes . . . Clever cap sleeves and oooh, that keyhole neckline! Epstein Garment Co., in young sizes, about $3.00.



A "belle" belt . . . ($2.50) and an initial fob belt ($2.00—Extra fobs, $.29 each). Both genuine leather, made by Vogue and sold at Bloomingdale's, New York, N. Y.

Your slip(pers) are showing! And you can be mighty proud of these pretty Oomphie ones by La Marquise. Tyrolean embroidery. $5.50 at leading stores.

BE PRETTY AS A VALENTINE IN DERBY'S SWEETHEART BASQUE

CREATED IN NEW YORK FASHION CENTER OF THE WORLD

It puts your heart on your buttons, a new look on your sleeves. It's DERBY's adorable basque suit, with its tiny tight jacket, full dirndl skirt. Beige or Powder Blue all-wool check. Sizes 10 to 16. About $16.00.

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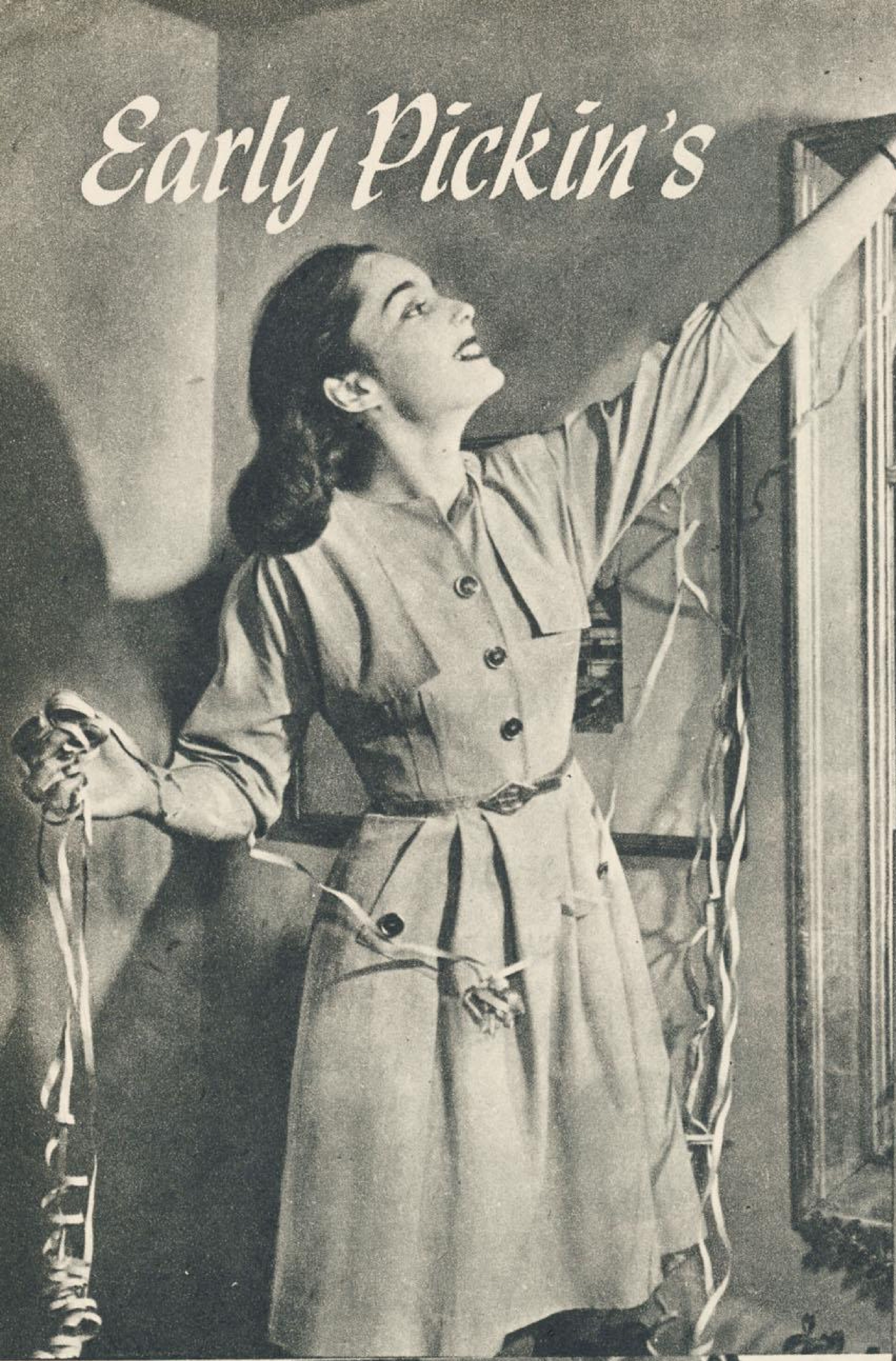
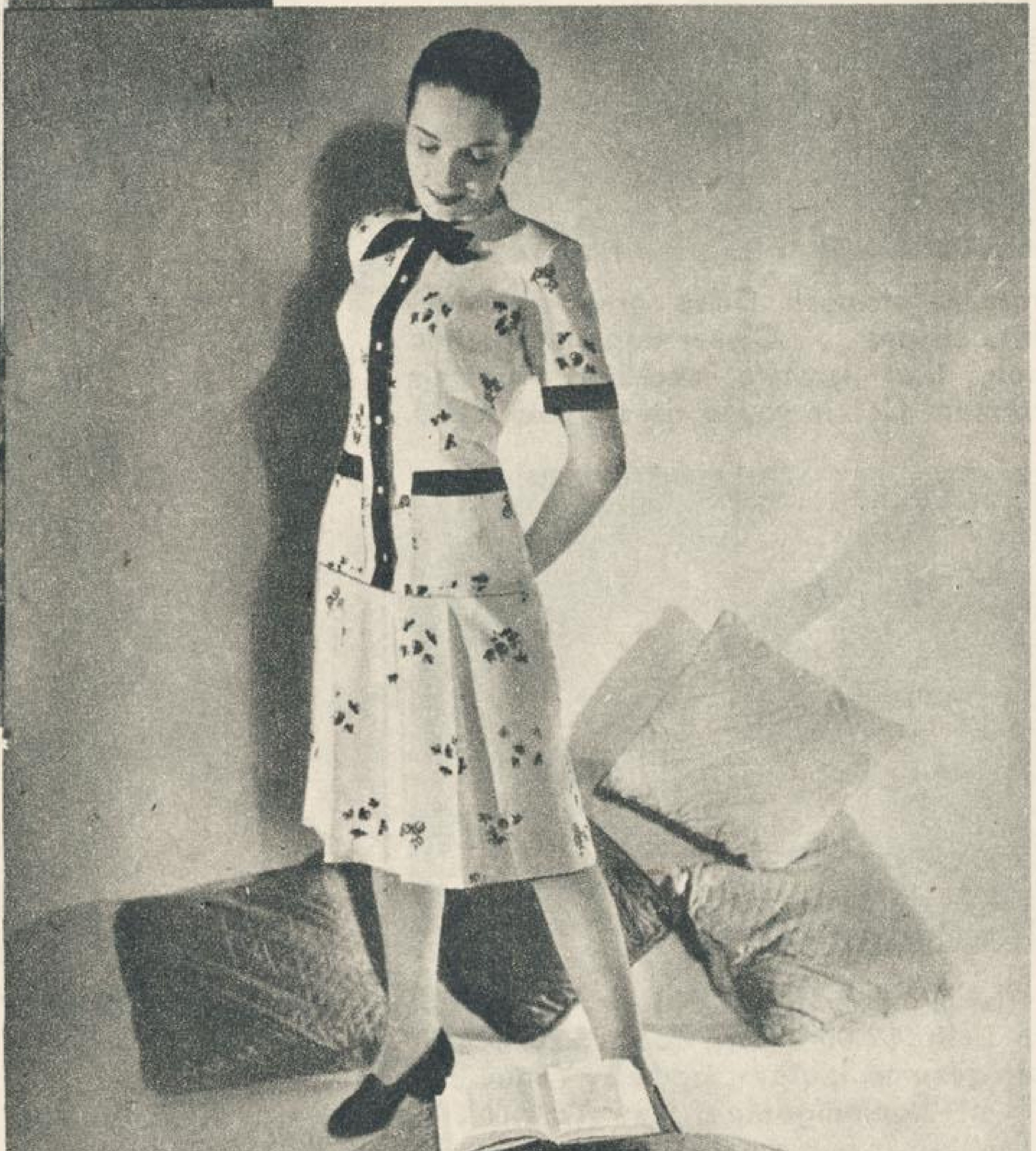
another derby winner

Early Pickin's

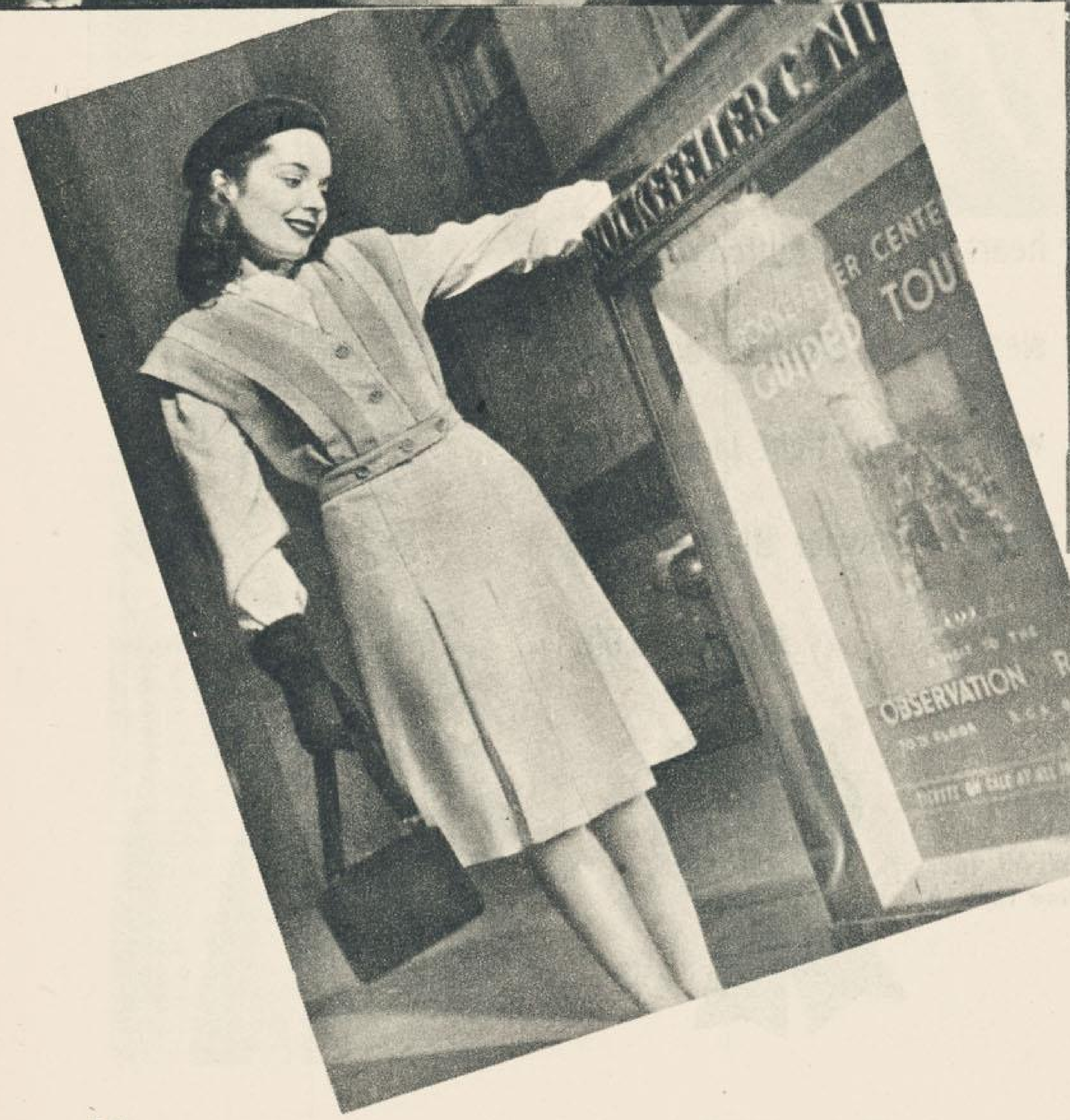
It's early, early spring—and not a bit too soon to pamper that urge for something new, something pretty, something special in which to greet the season. So here you are—and take your pick . . .



Juniorette's date dress, designed for the best times of your life. New wing sleeves, casual neckline, and gold gleaming from the kid belt and around the buttons. Promising pastels in Luna fabric. Sizes 10-16, of course, and about $9.00.



Ah, spring! The birds and the bees are all over this Penny Piper bow-necked two-piecer in maize, aqua or pink. The fabric is washable, (cheers!) "Soap 'n' Water" for a long and dainty lifetime. Sizes 10-16. About $7.95. Sold at Maurice L. Rothschild, Chicago, Ill.



New-looking as all get-out is Derby Sportswear's jumper suit in 100% wool neutral plaid with gay yellow trim. The skirt has double box pleats before and behind, and the jacket cinches your middle. About $9.70, in sizes 10-16.

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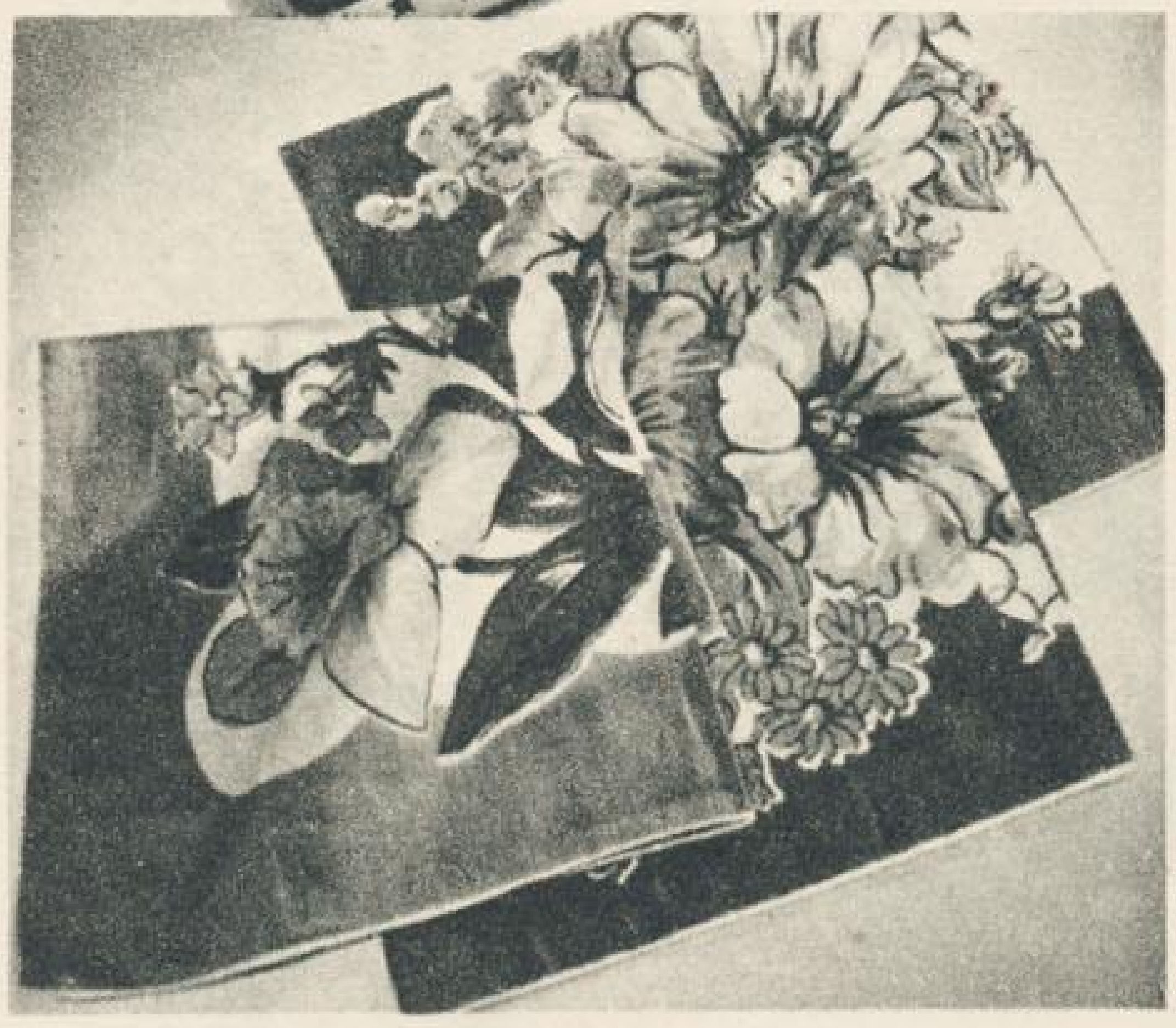
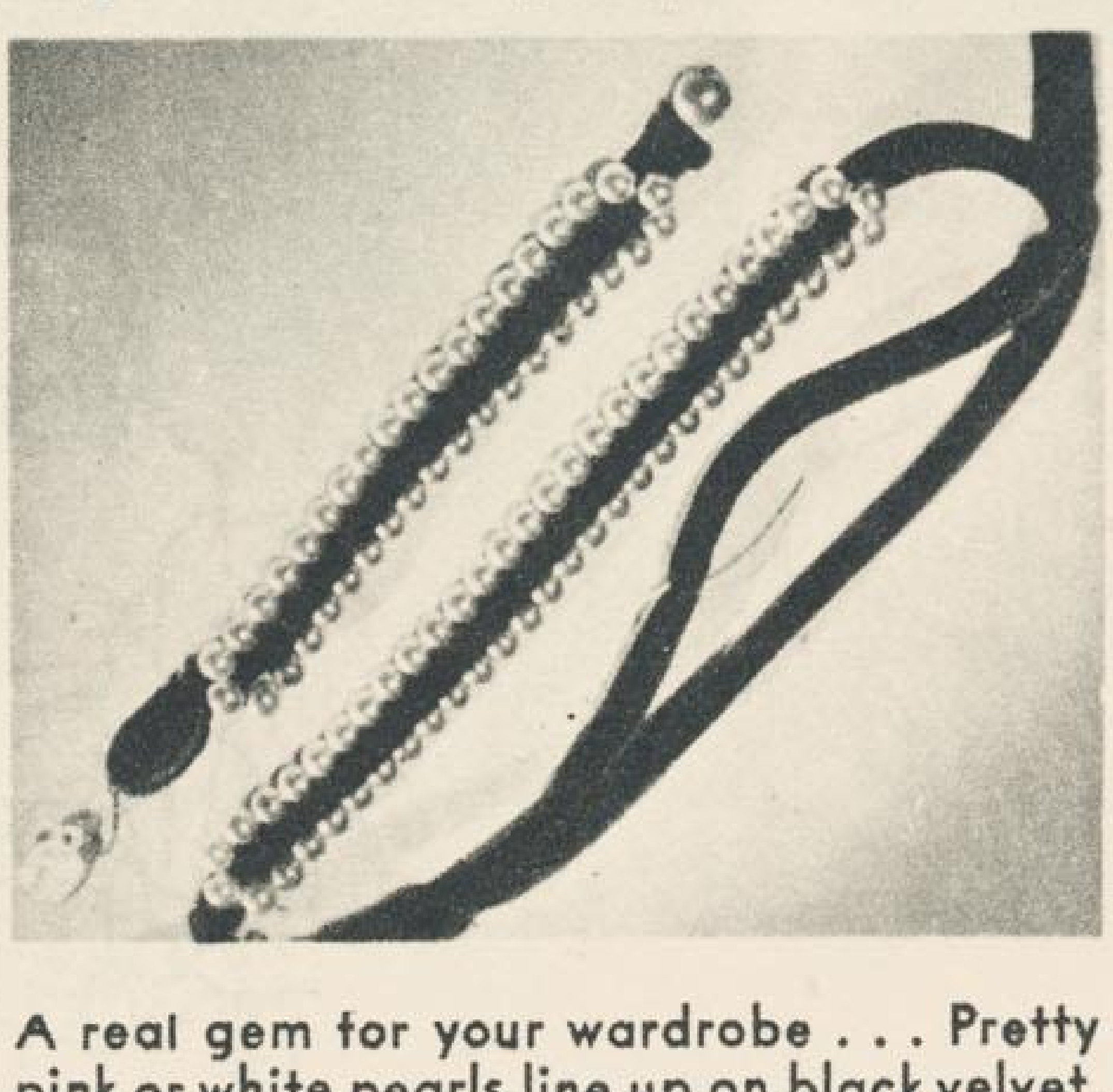


A note of spring fever breaks out early in Grand Duchess lawn hankies. Your choice of vivid flower prints. About $.50 to $.59 at leading department stores.

A warm friend! Wilshire Fuzzy Wuzzy mitts in electrified lamb are mighty "handy" for frosty days. Small, medium and large sizes. Leading dept. stores. $2.50.



A real gem for your wardrobe . . . Pretty pink or white pearls line up on black velvet. Choker and bracelet, each $2.00. Made by Coro. Leading department stores.

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popular young singing starlet

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Amateur Cupid

Hilarious complications ensue when Rae elects herself the role of Cupid . . Things really pop when Mother Nature, wise old thing that she is, throws in a few of her own romantic bombshells . . .

RAE OSBORN came through the swinging doors from the kitchen carefully. She was concentrating on not spilling the orange juice. Handling trays was harder than she'd thought it would be when she took this waitress job at Floral Gables for the summer. But tips were good. They'd swell that precious fund for college year after next.

The diningroom was crowded for this early in the season. Rae had five tables to wait on this morning. Five tables full of impatient elderly guests—that is except for Miss Devon Seeley.

A smile warmed Miss Seeley's quiet face when Rae set the glass before her. "Good morning, Rae. How are you this morning?"

"Good morning, Miss Seeley. I'm fine, thanks," Rae said, and put a lot of silent sympathy down for Miss Seeley along with the orange juice.

Devon Seeley wasn't exactly young—she was probably well along in her twenties—but she was younger than most of the other guests, and Rae felt sorry for her. Obviously she was wasting a perfectly good vacation, and the worst of it was she didn't even seem to know or care. Rae wished terribly that there was something she, personally, could do about that. Miss Seeley was so nice. But there wasn't.

Or was there? The shock of seeing him was so great that Rae actually jumped. Her last two glasses of orange (*Continued on page 72*)

by Maxine Shore

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUISE ALTSON

It's the same sad story: girl gets boy, then loses same . . . Only *this* time the girl is YOU . . . and what's to DO about it? . . . Here are some helpful, heartening hints to aid when puppy love bites . . .

He Loves Me Not . . .

by Mikki

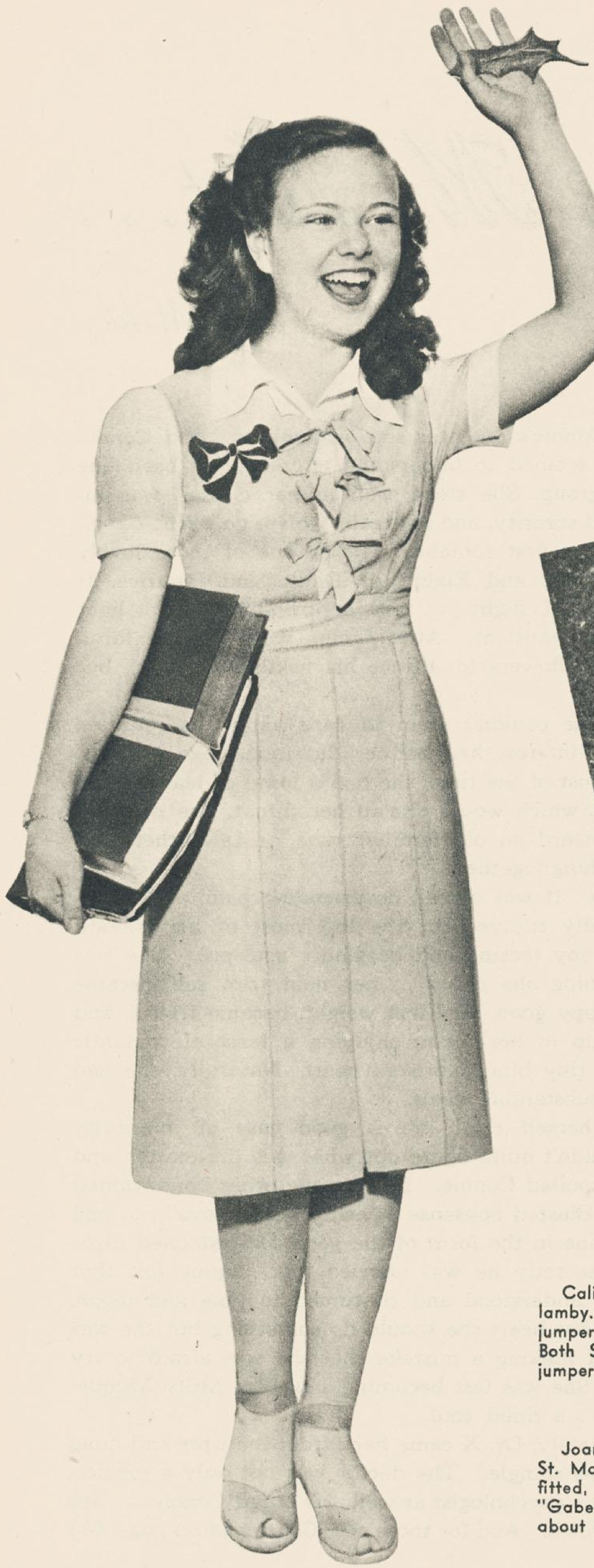
CONNIE'S mom was worried. Connie's dad was sore as sunburn. And Connie was simply miserable! Nobody seemed to understand. Connie had been one of the most popular girls in her group. She stood well in her classes, was included in all parties, belonged to a good sorority, and made the wolves go, "Who-o-o-o." Then boy met girl, and Connie had her first romance. It was one of those lovely things, that reminded you of Launcelot and Elaine, or Dante and Beatrice. It had all the beauty of a butterfly in flight . . . tiny, happy flutterings of light and laughter . . . and was just as transient. After "going with" Connie for a whole summer, Dan found other flowers to attract his fickle fancy . . . but Connie didn't.

When the school term started, she couldn't seem to care about her studies. Extra-curricular activities didn't interest her, neither did food, coke sessions, clothes, or parties. In fact, most of the time, she had a lump of lead, plumb in the center of her tummy, which would rise to her throat, like mercury in a thermometer, when she heard an old familiar tune, or saw other girls and boys dancing together, laughing together.

This wasn't an imaginary ache. It was a real, never-ending pain, and sometimes we think Connie actually enjoyed it. She lost most of her friends, because she couldn't take any teasing and became a sour-puss. She was indifferent about everything she did . . . her neat, trim self became transformed into a sloppy goon. She lost weight, became fretful, and finally holed herself up in her room, enjoying a feast of romantic books garnished with tiny bits of broken heart. Naturally, she had no appetite for more substantial meals.

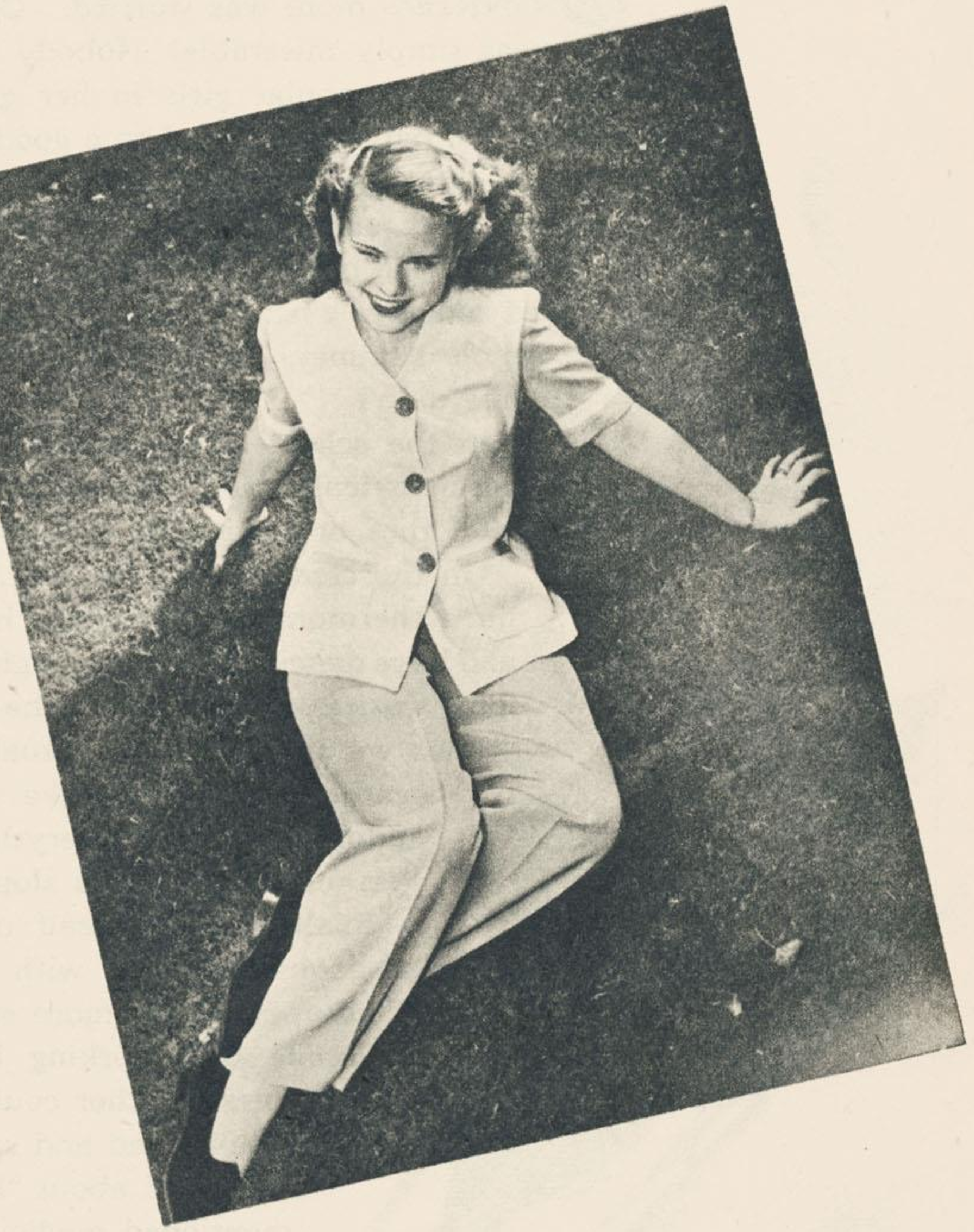
Connie was working herself right into a good case of inferiority complex. Mother couldn't quite figure out what was the matter, and so she babied and spoiled Connie. Dad on the other hand, ranted and raved about "Blasted nonsense . . . silly puppy love" . . . and mentioned medicine in the form of the good old-fashioned razor strap . . . but secretly he was worried too. Connie felt that neither parent understood and continued to pine and moon. She knew in her heart she should do something but she was so afraid of making a mistake that she was afraid to try *anything*. She was fast becoming a regular Milly Milquetoast . . . a timid soul.

Fortunately, Dr. X came back from the wars and hung out his shingle. The doctor was not only a medico, but a psychologist as well. He cured Connie . . . but quick. And for those of (*Continued on page* 44)



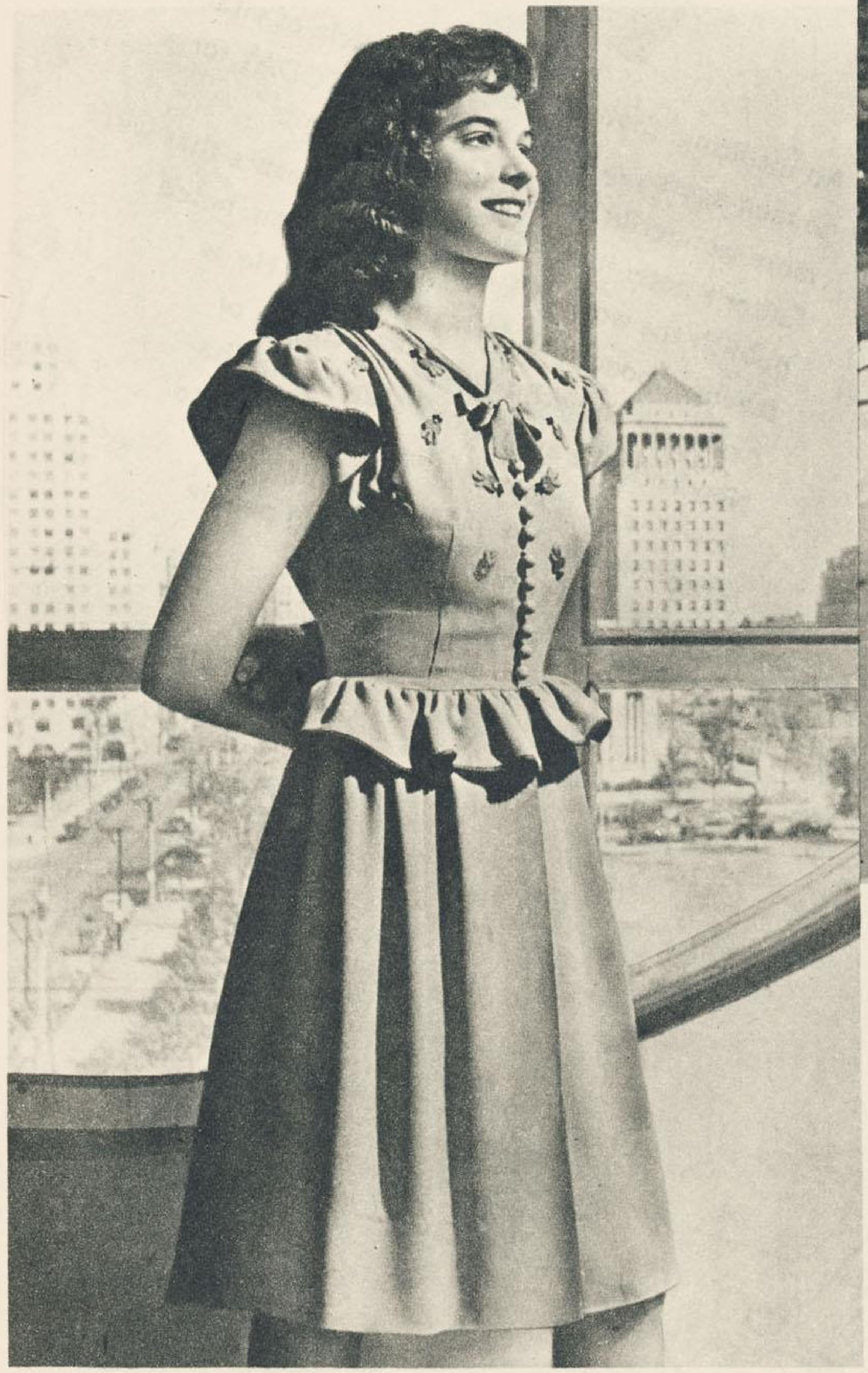
Forward March!

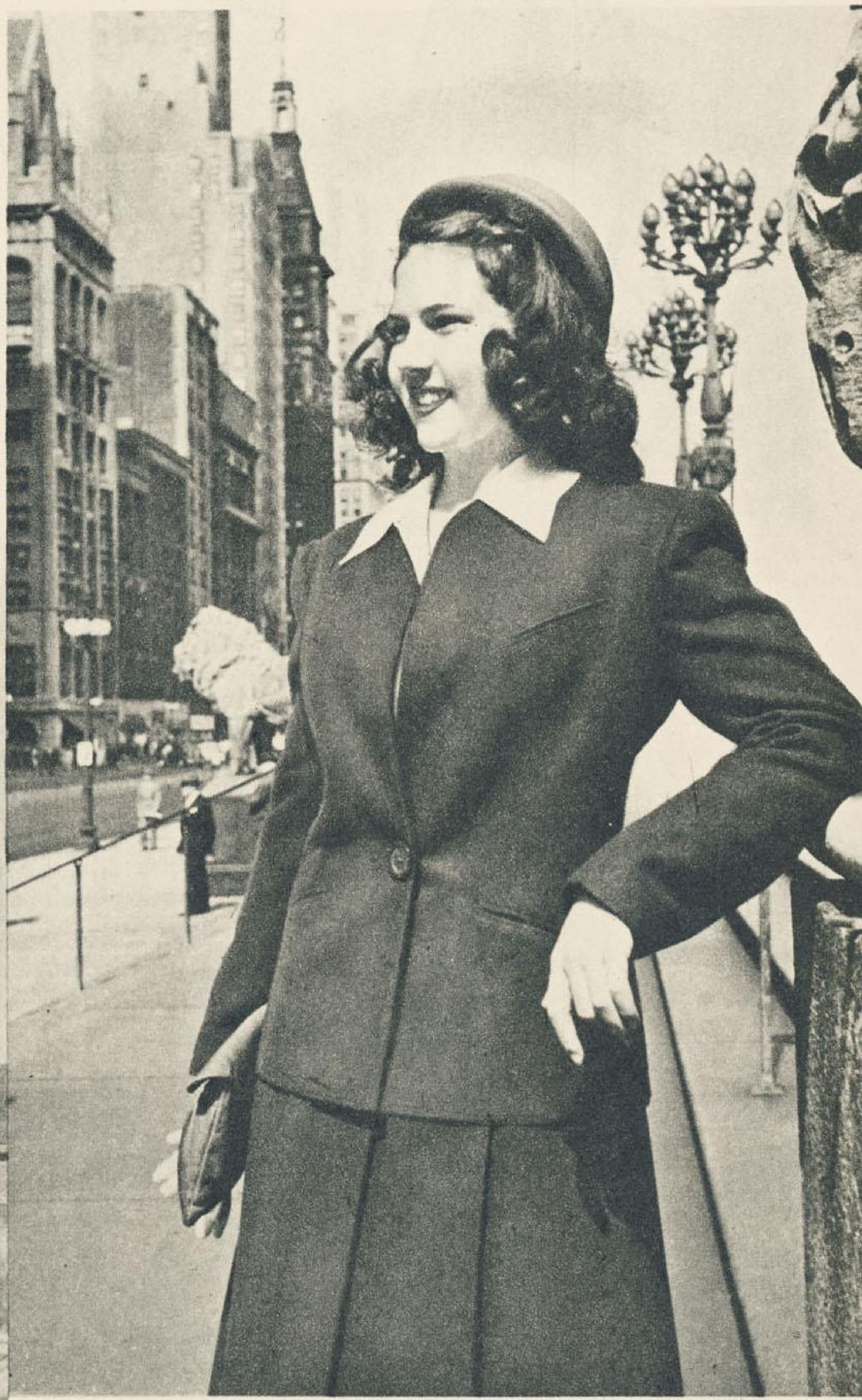
All over America March makes like a lion or a lamb and you (wise chick), make wardrobe plans accordingly. We extend some suggestions for putting March right in its place . . . .



Californians like starlet Joan Carroll say March is *always* lamby. She meets it in a chamois flannel, kick-pleated jumper, in exciting colors, and tailored white rayon shirt. Both Sophistikids by Westward Ho. Shirt about $2.50, jumper $6.40. Broadway Dept. Store, Los Angeles, Calif.

Joan again, (be sure to see her in R-K-O's "The Bells of St. Mary's") relaxes in her Sophistikids slack suit. Semi-fitted, short sleeved, and in lush two-tone combos of "Gabetella" Unidure finish rayon gabardine. Sold for about $8 at the Broadway Dept. Store, Los Angeles, Calif.





Sandy pauses on Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, in a single button, 100% wool Scottmore shetland suit by Nancy Lee of House of Novy. Two box pleats, fore and aft, slash pockets. Marshal Field, Chicago. About $21. "Magnif" woolen felt roller. In all colors, by Gage, about $3.

Jill from St. Louis keeps dates in an alpaca fabric dress with front peplum, tricky sleeves, basque buttons, trimmed and appliqued with felt. Seventeen Jr. Teens makes it in sizes 7X to 13X in sweet shades of blue, melon and blond beige. About $16.95, and sold at Kline's, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

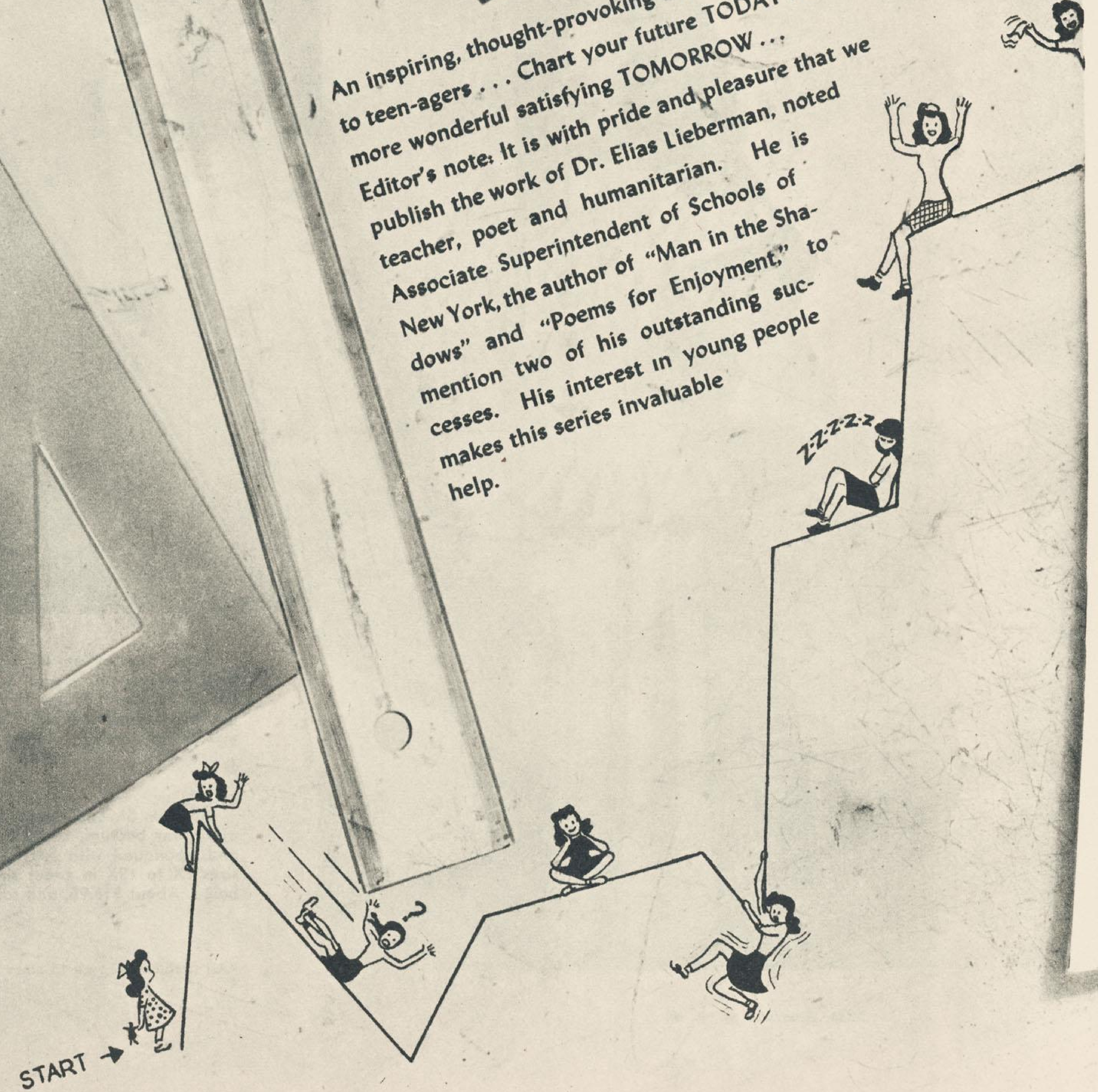
**All fashions shown in sizes 10-16 unless otherwise indicated.*

Charting Your Success . . .

by Dr. Elias Lieberman

An inspiring, thought-provoking article of vital interest to teen-agers . . . Chart your future TODAY for a more wonderful satisfying TOMORROW . . .

Editor's note: It is with pride and pleasure that we publish the work of Dr. Elias Lieberman, noted teacher, poet and humanitarian. He is Associate Superintendent of Schools of New York, the author of "Man in the Shadows" and "Poems for Enjoyment," to mention two of his outstanding successes. His interest in young people makes this series invaluable help.



SUCCESS
FINISH

NO ONE living, up to the present writing, has devised a formula for turning a goof into a genius. It is much easier for modern science to make diamonds out of coal. All you need is the necessary equipment and enough coal. But charting your way to the successes of your heart's desire in the manner of the captain of a ship tracing his voyage from port to port is not only possible but easily accomplished. The assumption is, of course, that you possess at least ordinary intelligence and that your backbone is not a misplaced wishbone.

The life span of each of us involves not only one but a series of journeys. At different times we may go in quest of varying satisfactions: success in school; social popularity; a good position in business; a lucrative trade or an interesting and well-paid profession; the mastery of a sport or of a musical instrument; the gratification of a hobby; the winning of a friend, possibly the one we may wish to have as a life partner. Getting what or whom we want may mean happiness; failure may leave a bad taste in the mouth and make us less confident for the next effort and the next until we lose faith in ourselves. How can such a disaster be avoided? How can we gain the habit of success?

Let us look behind the scenes and note how some of our friends and classmates behave when they start a new enterprise. Mildred and Peggy, for example, have both begun to take piano lessons from the same teacher. They are both enthusiastic at the start but both begin to bog down at about the fifth lesson. The scales and the simple exercises they are asked to master become distressing not only to themselves but to their families. Both girls strike wrong notes, suffer from stiff, aching fingers and feel generally futile. At this point Mildred gets discouraged. She informs her parents that taking lessons has been a mistake. In fact, she has discovered that she does not like the piano. It does not express her personality after all. Besides, piano instruction has been cramping her studies at school, by taking too much of her precious time. Some other time maybe, when she is a few years older, somewhere else, she will try taking up the piano again . . . You can fill in the rest. The day never comes, the time never arrives, the place is a mansion in Never-Never-Land. Put a big, black period after Mildred's career as a (*Continued on page* 30)

NO, NO, NELLIE!

This is Dutch Uncle talk from Nancy on the liberties you may be taking with your looks when you ought to be building them into a lifetime asset. So read on about what to "no, *no*" from an appearance standpoint—and what to "yes, yes."

by Nancy Lake

NELLIE, are you listening? Because we're asking you straight out—why are you spoiling your looks? You *are* spoiling them—and you're spoiling them for keeps. Want to know why these harsh words? All right, you and Jill and Nancy and Bea gather round and learn just what you are doing to those appearances from which you expect a lifetime of reasonably good service.

A girl or a woman, no matter what her features, or her age can be a mighty attractive sight if she has just three things—soft and shining hair, clear, smooth skin, and sound, white teeth. Sounds simple, doesn't it? But sabotaging them is fairly simple too, and that's what you, Nellie, my dear, and some of the other girls are doing.

Take this matter of hair and teeth. Their lustre and health depend upon your living habits to a large extent, especially diet. Do you, for instance, get your full quart of milk a day and maybe then some, or have you gone in for black coffee and soft drinks as being more "worldlywise"? No, *no*, Nelly—or do you really think a lank, drab mop is "worldlywise"?

Nice hair takes some fastidiousness on your part. You've got to keep it clean with a weekly shampoo if it's the oily kind; a bi-monthly laundering if it's dry, and plenty of brushing in between times. A complicated hairdo that you can't or won't brush vigorously night and morning isn't sophisticated or becoming unless you regard a case of infectious dandruff that may recur through out your whole lifetime as becoming. And, remember, your brush and comb must be just as spick and spandy as you like your favorite dickey to look or you aren't really dainty and, worse, you're running a real risk of that scaley, messy scalp condition.

And that skin! The "schoolgirl complexion" has become a byword and it's your birthright if you care to claim it. But don't think that sweets and rich foods and late hours which upset your growing system are going to make it for you. A balanced diet, lots of water to drink, exercise that makes the blood circulate and carry away impurities, regular hours of sleep and a daily bowel movement; these are the prescription fundamentals for fine fresh-toned skin for a lifetime.

You know, of course, that a good complexion is a clean one. But did you know that every time you decide to tumble into bed without thoroughly removing the dust and grime of the day along with all makeup, you're encouraging a plantation of blackheads? All that foreign matter mixes with the secretions of the skin and packs down into pores to make blackheads and "bumps." The skin is relaxed during sleep which gives the blackheads a fine start. Soap and water, followed if you like by a good cleansing cream, and, if you have oily skin, a freshening lotion, are your defense against these unlovely items and if you (*Continued on page 43*)

FOR GIRLS ONLY

Bothered about boys? Perplexed by parents? Yearning, learning or earning got you down? Lovely Laraine Day, actress, writer-producer of teen-age plays, will help you untangle your burdens . . .

by Laraine Day

DEAR Laraine: Ever since I was a little girl I've wanted to be a movie star (a singer). I've been afraid to tell my family, so I said I was going to be a nurse. How can I tell my folks the truth? I'm afraid they won't understand. And how can I prepare myself for this career? I am not pretty. I have a pug nose and freckles. Will I succeed? I am thirteen years old. Nancy.

* * *

Dear Nancy: During your first two years of high school, you will probably take a general course. Even so, it will help you later on in your professional career if you will major in English right from the start. Also, if your school—or church—puts on any plays during the year, try out for a part. Even a small role will give you stage experience. And be sure to put public speaking on your list of subjects. Join the debating team, and the glee club. Take music lessons, if you can. It always helps a singer to know how to read music. And take dancing lessons, too. If you can't afford these, go to movies and try to copy the steps of dancers like Fred Astaire or Gene Kelly. That's how June Allyson learned to dance, you know! Later on, get into as many little theater activities as you possibly can. But, first of all, concentrate on getting yourself a good broad education.

I don't think you will have to make an issue of the fact that you want to be an actress, rather than a nurse. Most high schools have the same general course to start out with: science, English, mathematics, languages, and so on. Once you have appeared in a few school plays, your parents, themselves, will see that you have talent. And don't worry about superficial "prettiness." There are a lot of "tricks" to being pretty, and you can learn them as well as the next girl. Good luck!

* * *

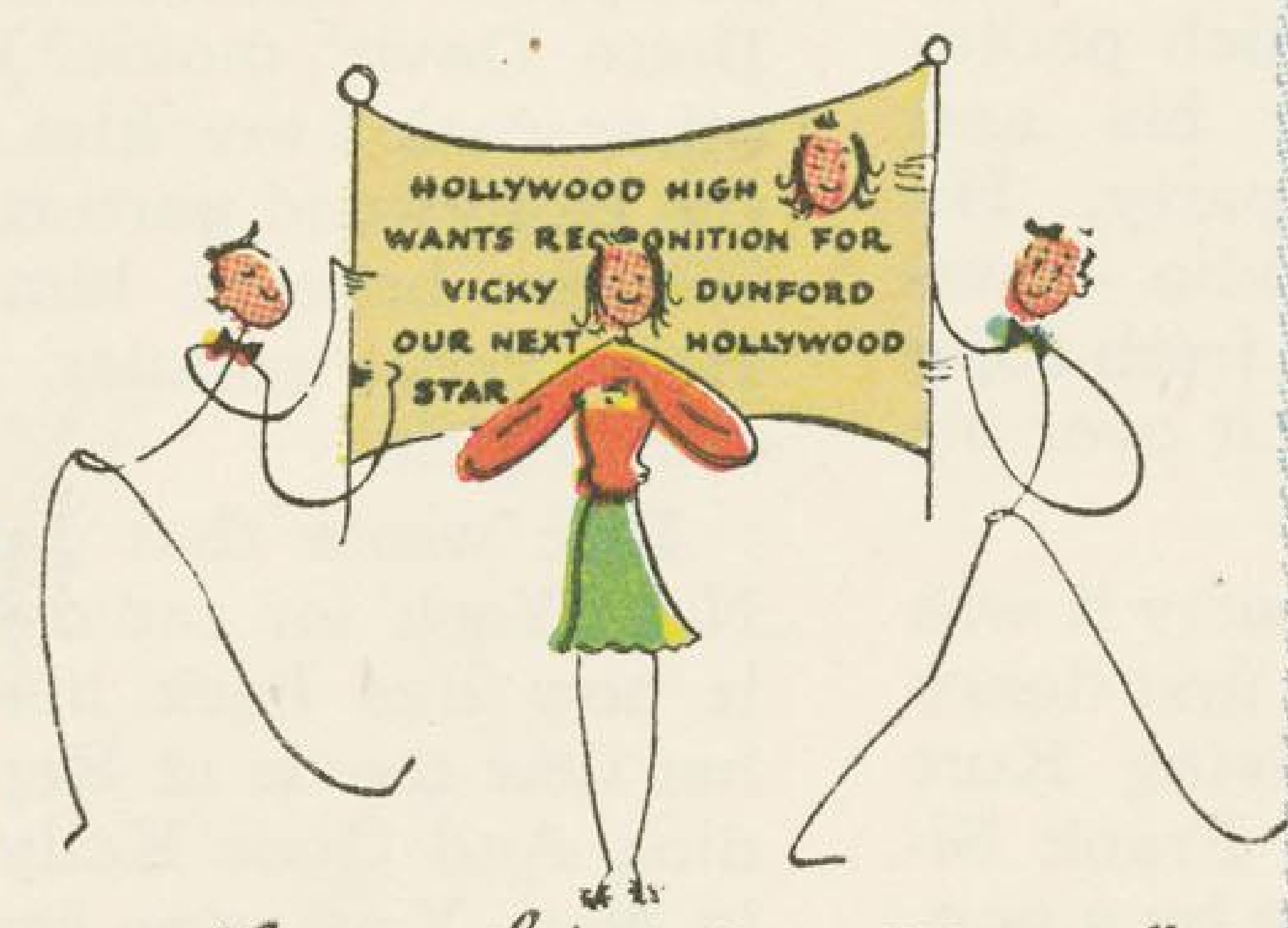
Dear Laraine: I am fourteen years old, and I don't know what to do because my mother doesn't approve of girl friends. She believes they are only pests and says she didn't have any girl friends when she was young, so why should I? Sometimes girls I know will telephone and she will tell them I am out. When they find out differently, they ask me about it, and I am so embarrassed I could die. I do my chores satisfactorily, for my mother even brags about it. And my mother doesn't seem to mind if I have boy friends; she just doesn't want me to have girl friends. It is very lonely like this. Please tell me what to do. Helen.

Helen, dear: I (*Continued on page* 64)

VICTORIA ALLEN DUNFORD

Dear Betty Ann—

Hollywood, Calif.


HOLLYWOOD HIGH WANTS RECOGNITION FOR VICKY DUNFORD OUR NEXT HOLLYWOOD STAR

"launching my career"

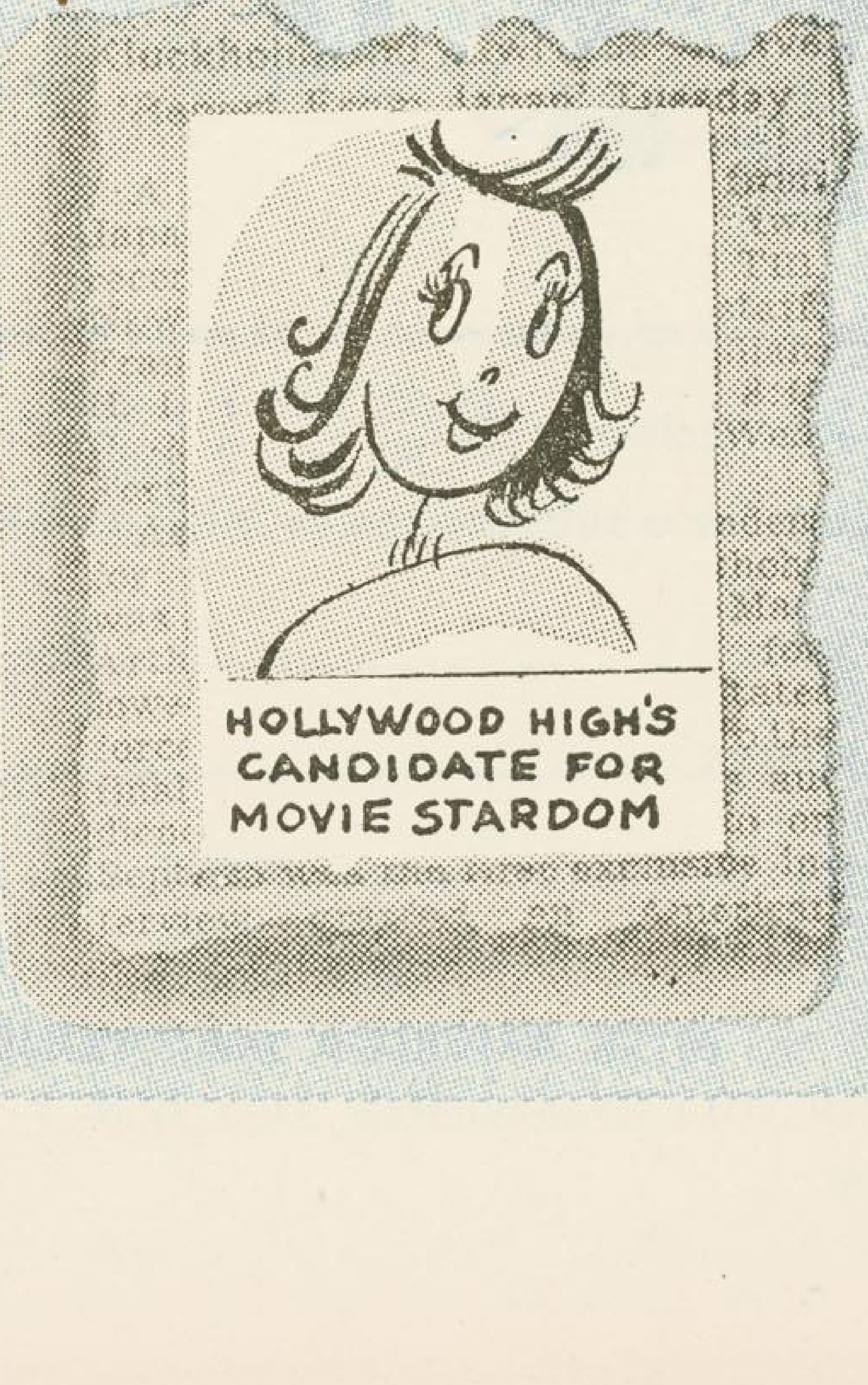
Strike up the band! Roll out the banners! Vicky's coming closer—closer—to that screen chance!

I hope you don't think I've "gone crackers." Really, it must be destiny that is shaping my life straight into a movie star's career.

One thing, Betts, your dearest and truest friend will never become a stuck-up selfish movie star. No sir! I'll always be just the same as I am. (When I told that to Pops he said, "That's what I am afraid of." Meaning he's afraid I will always stay as I am, getting into "one thing after another.")

Lester Hunt is tops. Remember, he's the blonde and terrifically attractive boy at Hollywood High whose uncle is a talent scout at Paramount. And Lester is going to be my agent and manager and make me a movie star!

Just like I wrote to you last time, my plan for you to move back to Hollywood and go to parties with me and share my fame and everything when I am famous, goes! And never forget it, Betts. I'm one girl who fame won't change.


HOLLYWOOD HIGH'S CANDIDATE FOR MOVIE STARDOM

Between history and English classes, Lester and I had a five minute conference every day on my career. Lester is going to make being a movie star's agent his career, so he is quite concerned about a very proper job on me.

I'm his first discovery and his first client. Lester says it is very important for both of us, that we take every strategic step to launch me just right. (Sounds like I'm a boat, huh? In fact, that drippy Darlene, who planted that note in my desk that read: "This is the desk used by Alexis Smith and Lana Turner and Sheila Ryan at Hollywood (Continued on page 48)

HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET

From page 4

wonderful!

Well, anyway, in the studio commissary were lots of players coming in for breakfast, when who comes over but Bill Williams!!!!

Is he cute! Mmmmmmmh! Bill has been Barbara Hale's steady date for eleven months. (Bill counted them up.)

During that time Barbara has become a changed girl. "She was swell right from the first, but she's even sweller," Bill said. "That's because Barbara is now punctual. She gets places on time instead of anywhere from ten to twenty minutes late."

Bill's the punctual, serious type. Barbara, so beautiful, likes lots of laughs and fun, and she wasn't taking her career too, too seriously. Truthfully, she expected any day to be sent back home to Chicago, C.O.D. She couldn't believe she was a movie star. But now with the leads she's drawing, Barbara's concentrating on that career.

As for overcoming lateness, Bill said when she wasn't on time he'd go on without her. That cured her, but fast!

"It was simply a case of getting Barbara to schedule and budget her time," Bill said. "She used to be sorry about not having time to answer her fan letters promptly. Now she'll say, 'I'm sorry I can't see you tonight, because I have to answer fan mail.' Now, my main worry is that she doesn't budget enough time to spend with me."

Glenn Vernon joined us, chipper and anxious to buy a copy of MISS AMERICA, which photographically reported his and Marcy McGuire's party. He blew out to the studio newsstand and back with a fresh copy and sat there reading it over his ham and eggs.

At Ross Hunter's party it was great fun dancing the first dance with Ross. Then having Kurt Kreuger cut in. And Frank Sinatra was there sitting by a popcorn bowl, stuffing the luscious stuff, and hemmed in by a crowd.

Bill Eythe was with Barbara Whiting. It was a costume party, and Barbara in a red full-skirted gown never looked prettier.

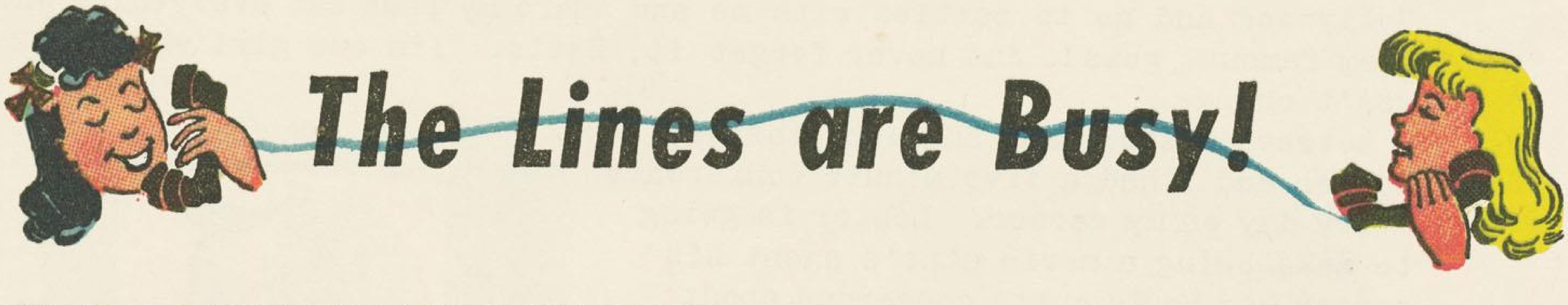
Sooo many letters about Van Johnson from you and you. And this cutie from Elizabeth Mixon of Marianna, Arkansas, asking, "Maybe you could kind of borrow Van Johnson's handkerchief and not give it back, and send it to me C.O.D. I will gladly pay postal charges." But what would be my excuse to borrow Van's hankie????

And a letter from Eric Sinclair, who was visiting his favorite aunt in Pennsylvania, with the notation that he was going to the opening of John Dall's play, "The Hasty Heart," in Philadelphia. (Remember John in Bette Davis' movie?) Just the other week I saw him at most of the Hollywood parties, and Jane Withers brought him to mine. He's very popular with the movie girls.

Eric wrote that Jane was in New York for radio shows, but is now due back here to start her new movie at Republic Studios. And Gene Kelly, on leave in New York, was renewing acquaintances. Wish Gene'd hurry back to Hollywood – don't you?

Saw Diana Lynn and Loren Tindall doing some rather serious talking at Betty Hutton's wedding reception. Betty, bubbling and cute, and her husband, Ted Briskin, handsome enough

(*Continued on page* 30)



The Lines are Busy!

I am enclosing $1.00 for 1 year / $1.50 for 2 years (cross out one) for a subscription to MISS AMERICA.

NAME.................................AGE..........

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CITY.........................STATE...............

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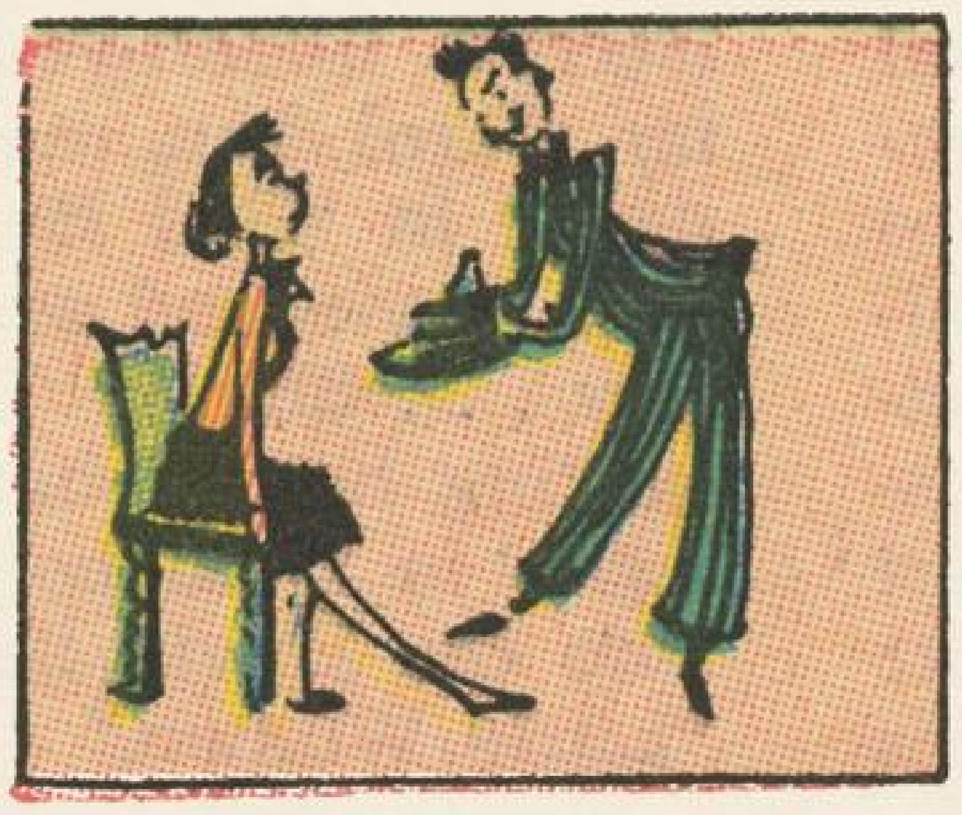
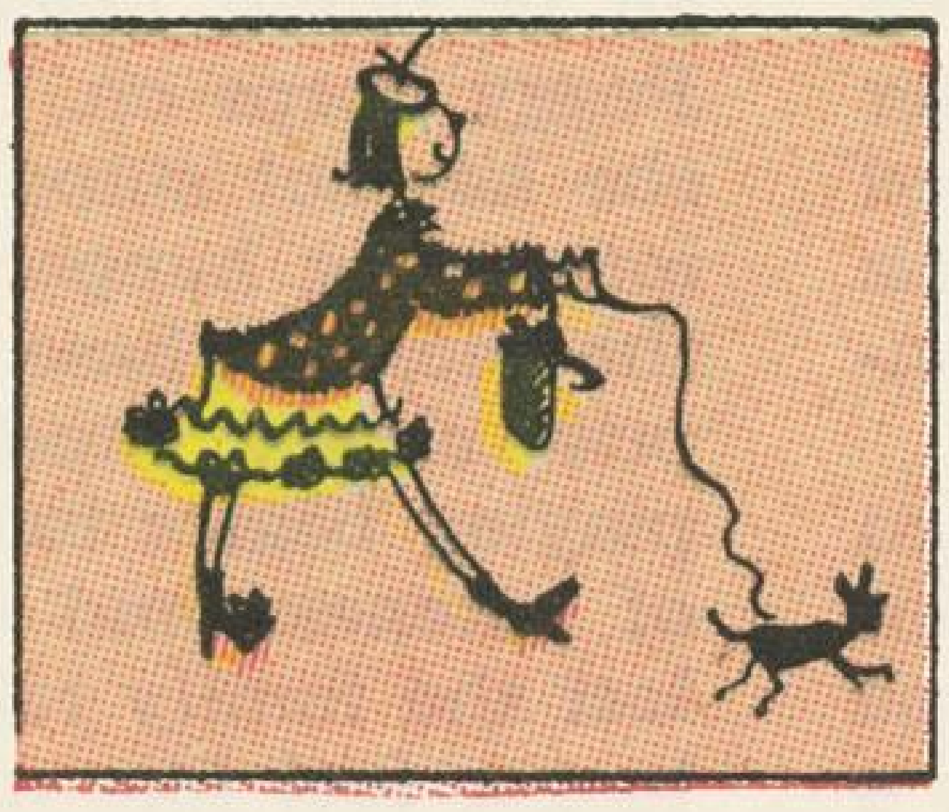
Secrets for MAGICAL Poise...



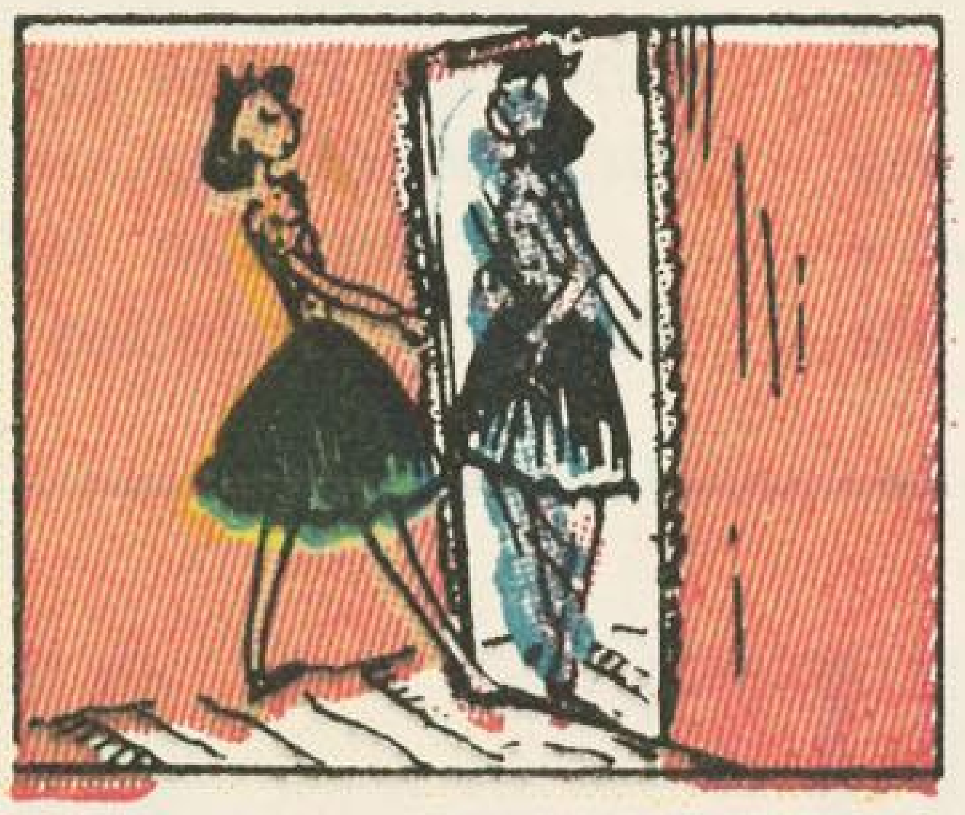
1

Hypnotized when you ought to be
charming?
Smile and speak; he's not that alarming.



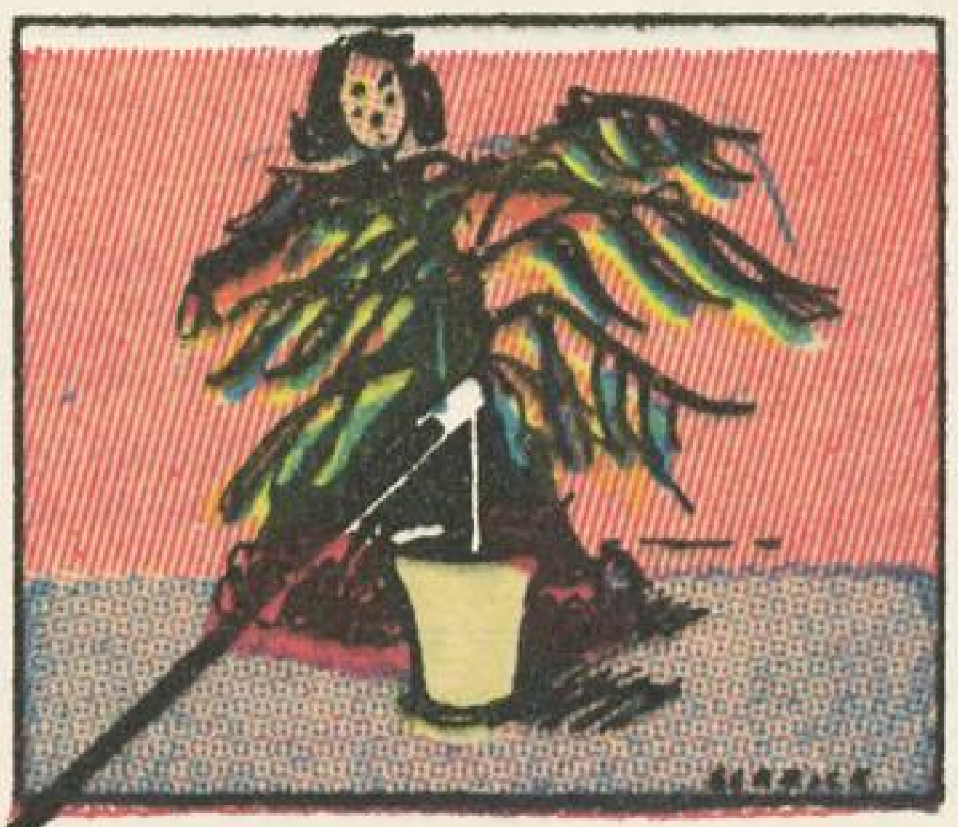
2

When she's one part sporty, one part
dressy
Mimi's sawed-in-half and oh-so-messy.



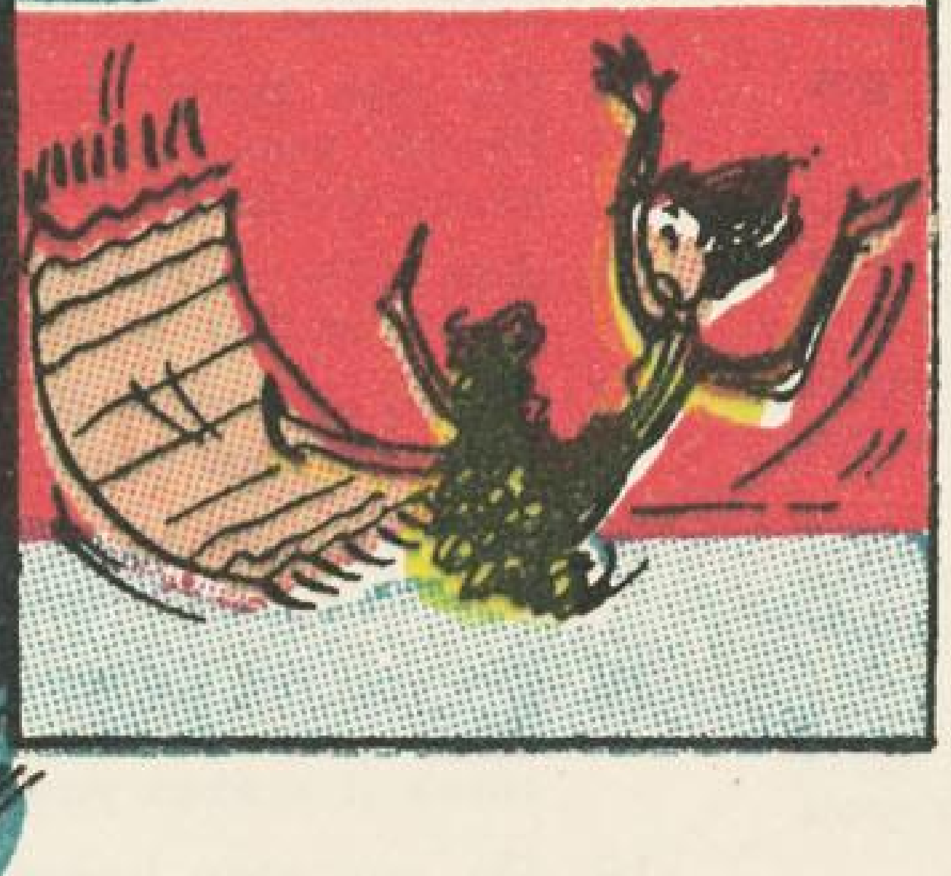
3

The longer the mirror the better the
trick,
For grooming and primping and looks
that are slick.



4

Little Beau-Peep will have no fun,
The vanishing act she's overdone



5

Lift those feet or it may be tragic
For all carpets are not magic.

(Continued from page 28)

to be a movie hero.

And a certain girl all excited about Andy Russell getting himself wedded. It is a coincidence or luck, but all of the movie fellows with cute names like Laddie, Sonny (Tufts), Vannie, Rossie, Frankie are thata popular!

Breezing around, I find that: Peter Lawford celebrated his 22nd birthday on the set of "Two Sisters From Boston" . . . Wally Berry's fifteen-year-old daughter, Carol Ann, made her movie debut in "Bad Bascomb," Pappy's movie, and earned $10.50 a day . . . Shirley Temple camp-visiting her husband, Sgt. John Agar, in Utah before she steps into the David Selznick movie, "Little Women."

Joan Leslie dating press agent Bob Williams . . . Harry James' invention of a plastic trumpet due for the markets . . . Mickey Rooney back from the wars and scheduled to make a new "Andy Hardy," with Bonita Granville as his leading lady.

So, until next month — that's Hollywood!

CHARTING YOUR SUCCESS

From page 23

pianist. The "reasons" she gave were invented to cover up her defeat. This process is called *rationalizing* and must not be confused with genuine reasoning.

Peggy, however, who has been fumbling just as badly, continues to do her exercises. Some people don't give up without a fight and there is still some fight left in Peggy. The music she produces makes mother drop dishes, stimulates dad to puff fiercely at his pipe and drives her little brother out of doors to seek the soothing sound of an imitation machine-gun. But Peggy keeps on. Then, because she has not stopped, something interesting happens. She enters the second phase of her enterprise almost imperceptibly. Her playing begins to give evidence of sureness and skill. At long last the family relaxes; they no longer feel like martyrs. Peggy is even asked — wonder of wonders! — to show off her accomplishments before Aunt Julia who has come from out-of-town for one of her occasional visits.

During the following weeks Peggy continues at about the same level of proficiency. There is no apparent improvement. In fact there appears to be an unaccountable lapse for the worse. She practices just as hard yet is making more mistakes. But Peggy swallows hard and sticks to the ivory keys in spite of their strange ways. The Canadian Northwest Mounted Police, who are reputed always to get their man, have nothing on Peggy. She has a vision of herself at a concert grand playing Bach, Beethoven and Mozart, with a little Gershwin thrown in, to appreciative audiences. She grits her teeth, works harder. One day the little problems and difficulites that troubled her suddenly disappear. There is a new facility, a new finish, to her performances. She has lifted herself again to a new and higher level. Her school begins to take note. She is actually requested to play something at a student assembly and even to accompany a student vocalist at a simple song recital.

We are now ready to release the secret and to help each of you draw a master chart of success. Following Mildred and Peggy as we did, we know that success is not a process that starts from floor level and then like a ladder takes you up, up, up until you arrive at where you want to be. Instead of that, it is a trip through mountainous country containing many steep ascents, sharp drops and level plateaus. Peggy, you remember, started from scratch. After a brief climb she lost her footing, fell down, treated her bruises and began climbing again. The going became a little better; she lifted herself to an interesting plateau and gathered strength for the next big effort. But then she found her-

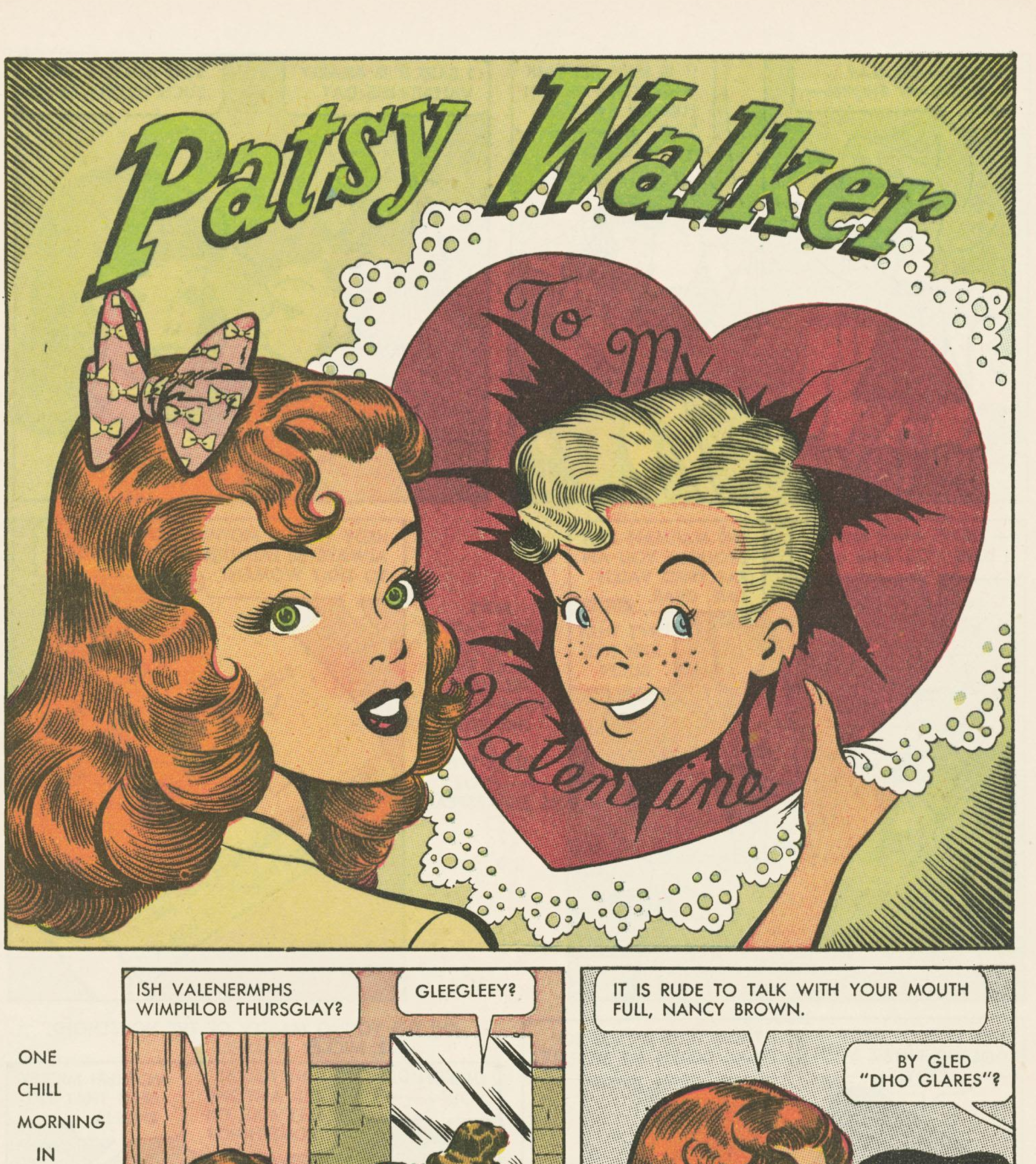
(*Continued on page* 40)

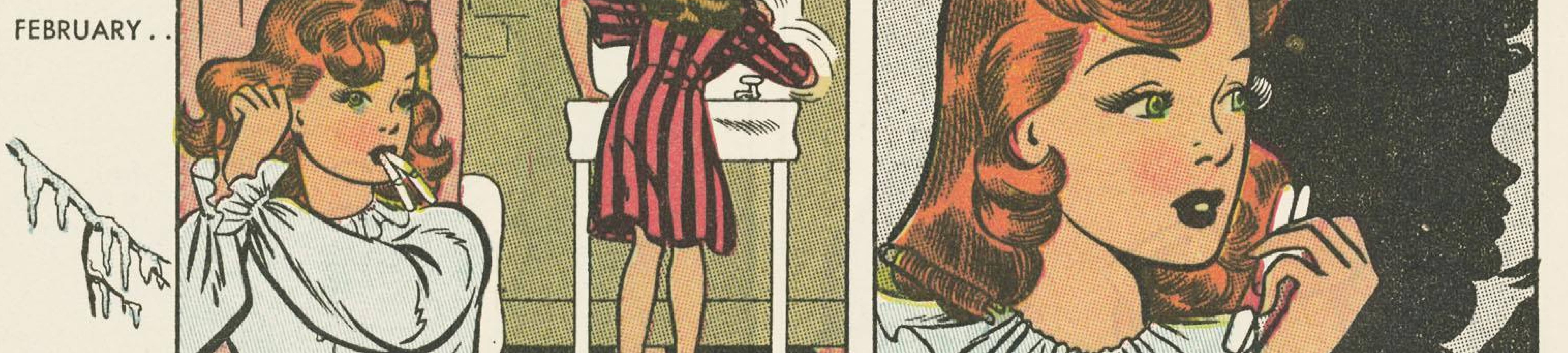
PERSONALITEEN QUIZ

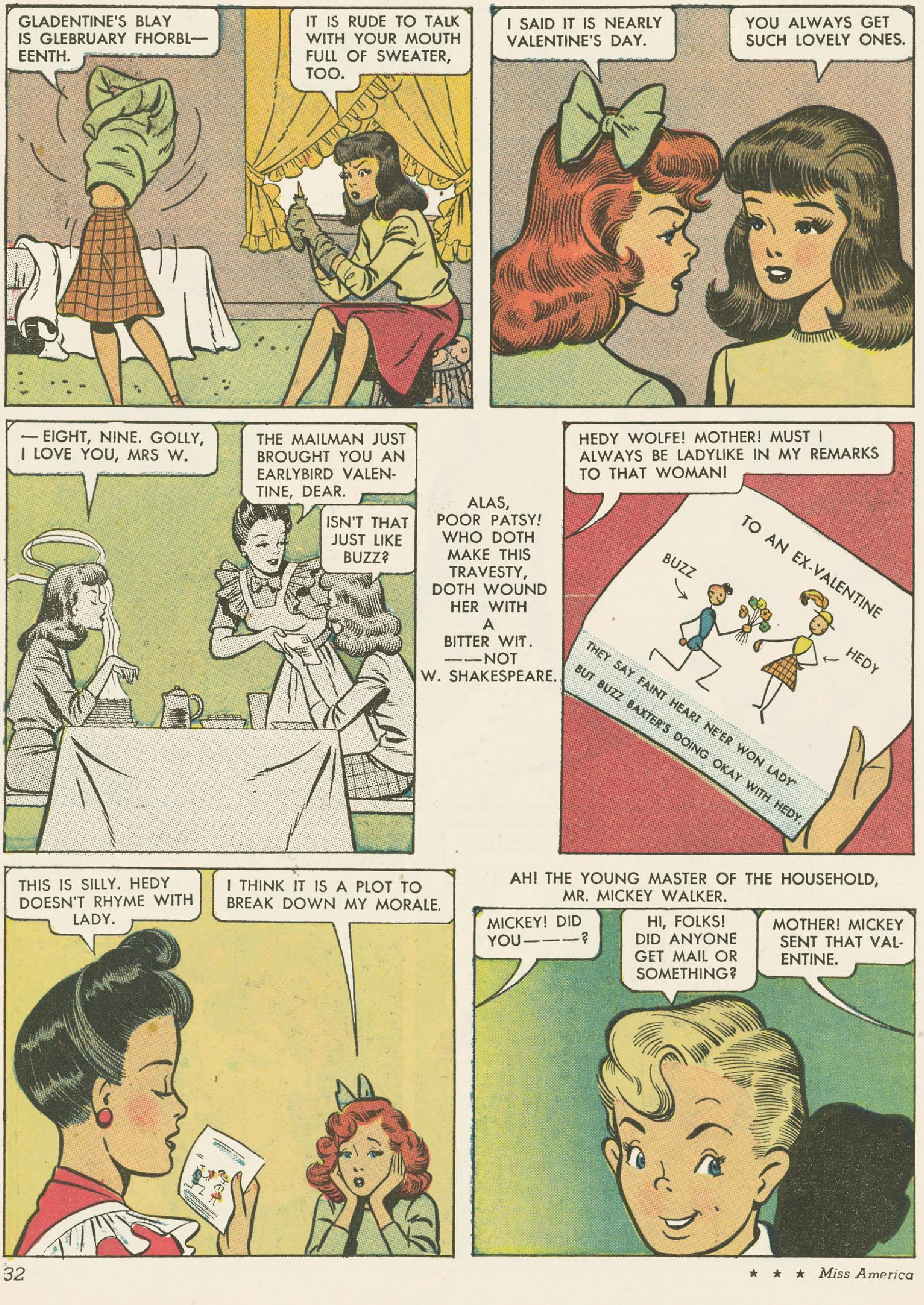
Are You Envious?

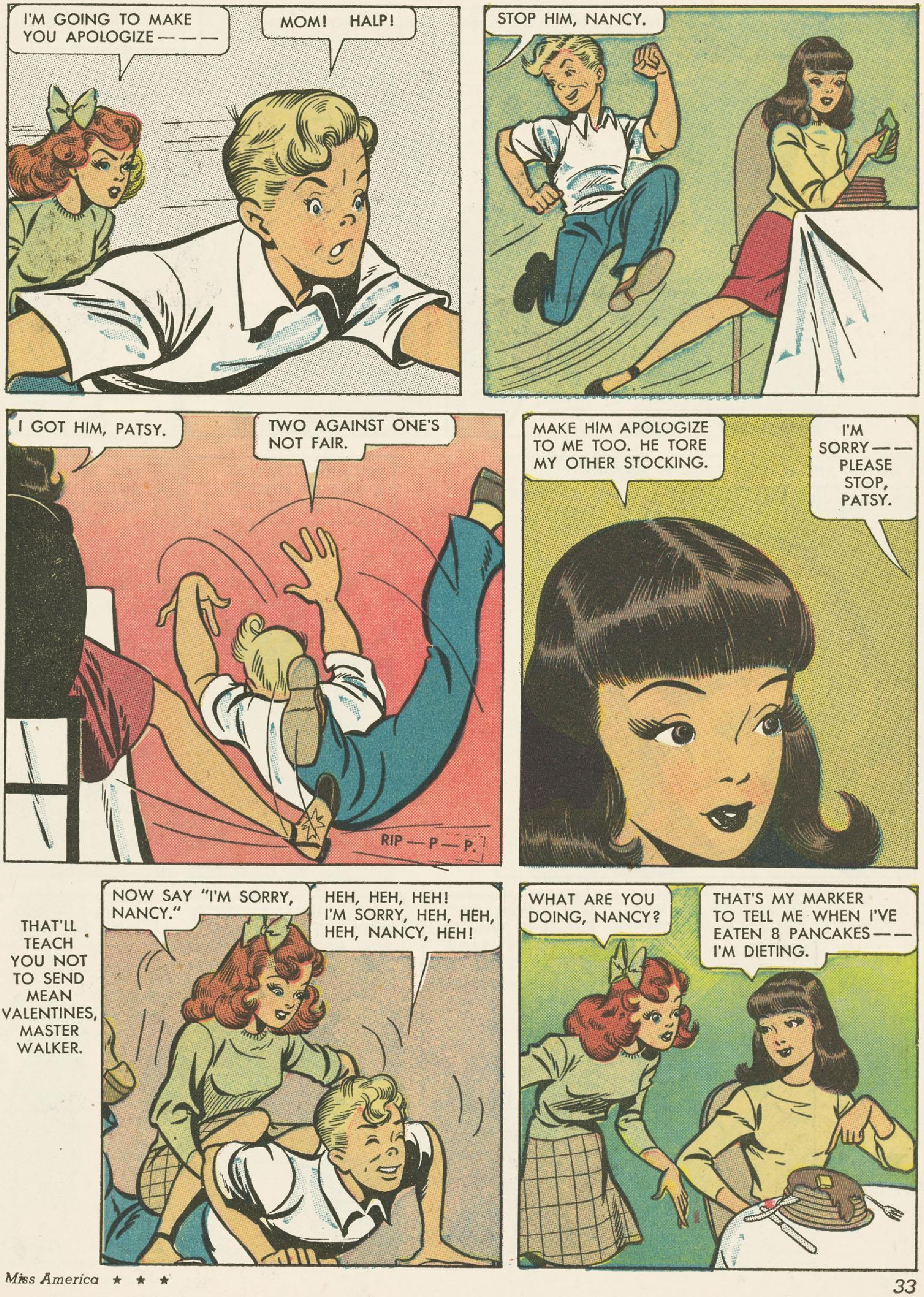
There are few things more damaging to a girl than envy. Envy prevents her from enjoying even the blessings she has. Eventually it turns her into a soured woman. Avoid envy as you would the plague. Following are twenty questions that will help you to know whether you are the envious type. (Girls aren't always aware of this failing.) A score of 85 to 100 is excellent and if you achieve it you needn't worry. 70 to 80 is good. 65 to 70 poor. Below 65 dangerous. Beware! Count zero for "Yes"—5 for "No."

1. If you see a pretty girl do you explain her looks by saying or thinking that it's all a matter of makeup or clothes?
2. Are you resentful when others get higher marks than you in class?
3. At a dance or a party do you usually feel you'd rather be dancing with a boy another girl is dancing with?
4. Do you frequently ask your parents to buy dresses similar to those owned by friends and acquaintances?
5. Do you feel angry when someone else wins a contest in which you participated?
6. Do you say mean things about girls who may be more popular than you are?
7. Do you belittle the things that others have? (Sour grapes, you know.)
8. Do you dislike your own home because someone else has a richer one?
9. Do you insist that boys take you to places to which your girl friends are taken by their boy friends?
10. Do you go home from the movies or the theatre with a dissatisfied feeling?
11. Do you consciously or unconsciously pick girl friends who are not prettier than you?
12. Do you try to hide your envy by boasting of your possessions or experiences? (This may be unconscious, so give it thought.)
13. Do you mimic or ridicule those who have what you'd like to have?
14. Do you force your parents to buy things you don't need merely because other girls have them?
15. Are you resentful of your parents' affection for a brother or a sister?
16. When on a date do you belittle other girls to your companion?
17. Do you pester your parents to send you to a school they can't afford?
18. Do you try to act more sophisticated than you really are because you think it makes you more interesting?
19. Do you stay home from parties because you think others will be better dressed?
20. Do you squirm when other girls sing or play a musical instrument?

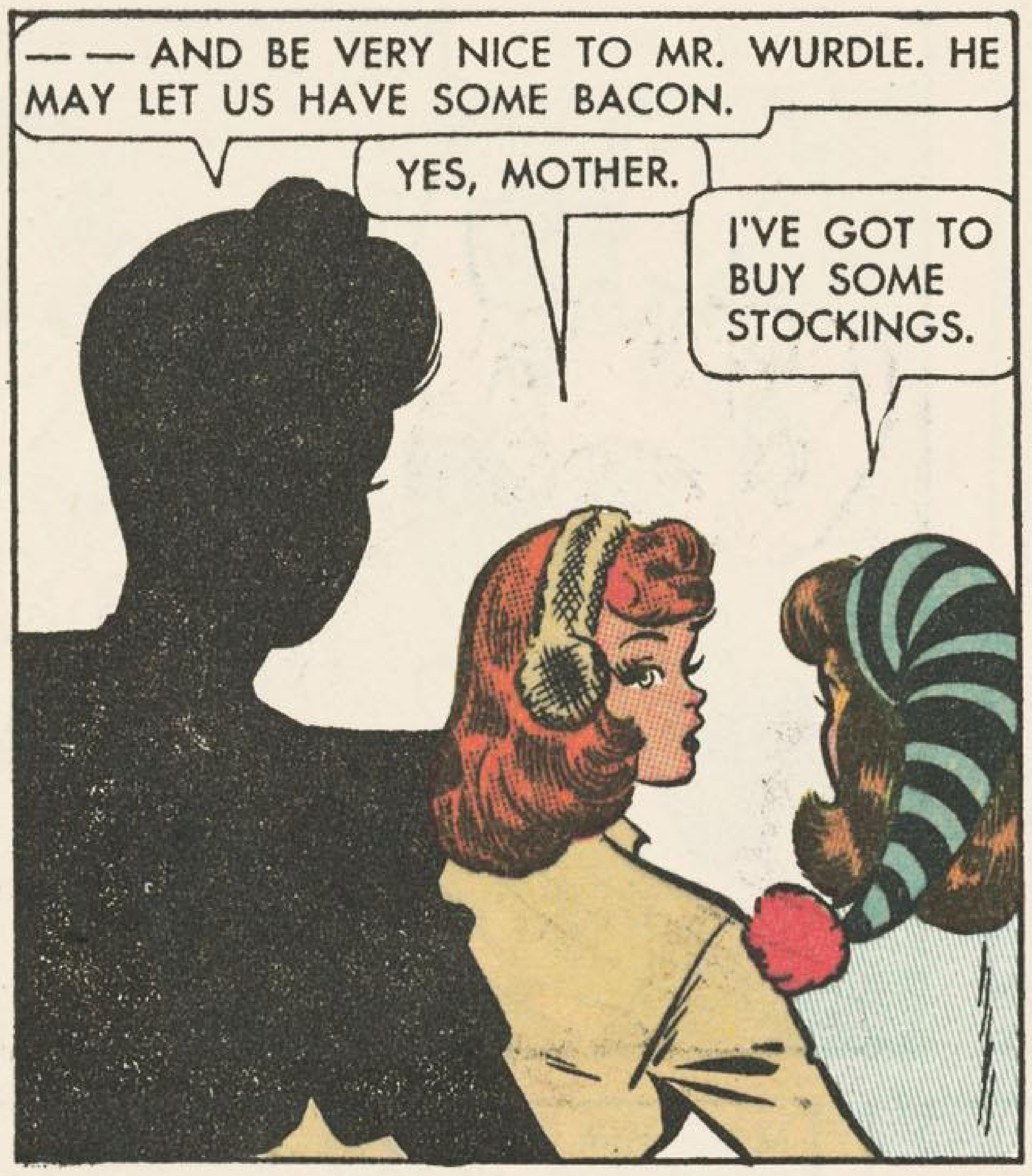

Patsy Walker
To My Valentine

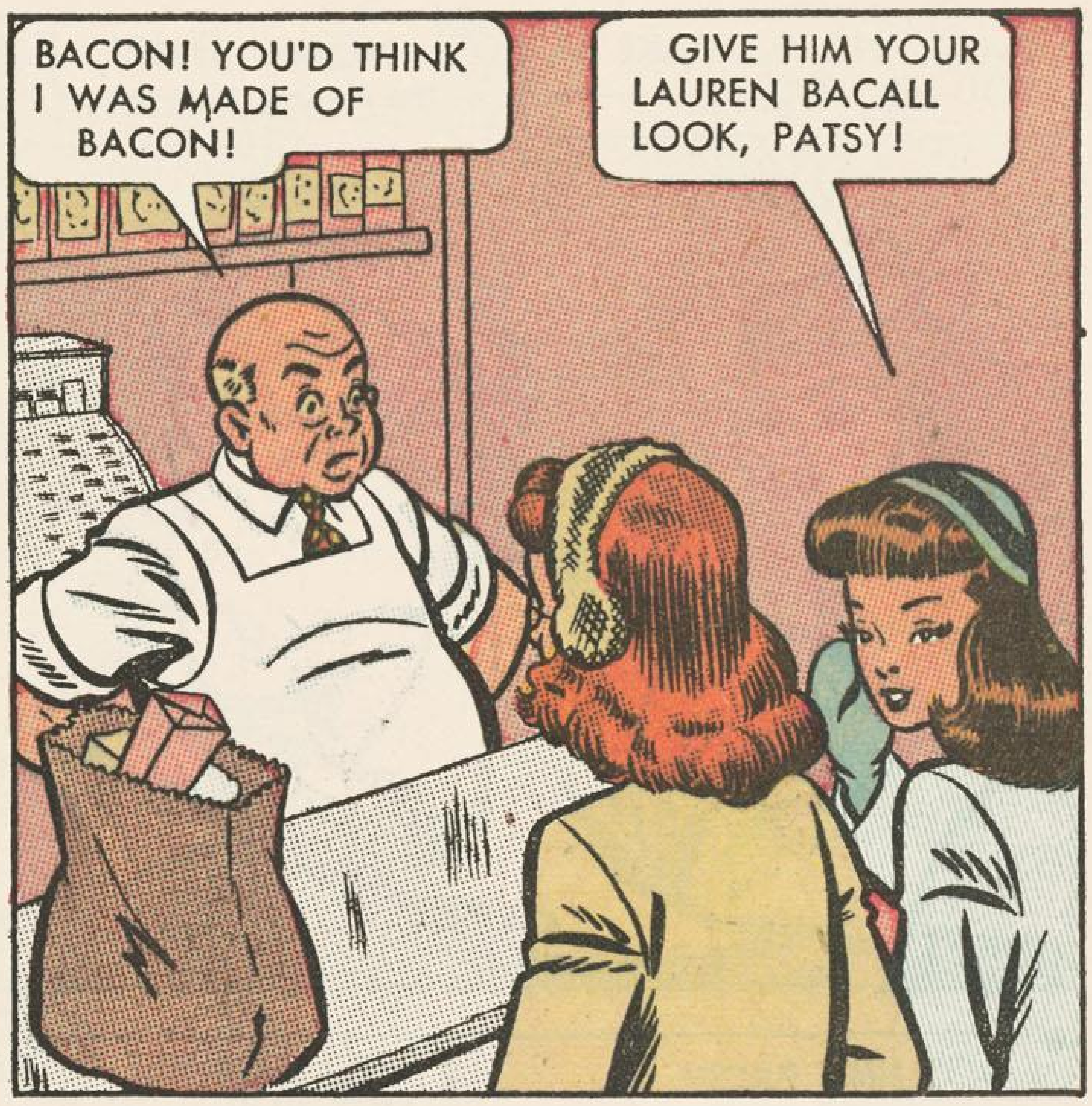

ONE CHILL MORNING IN FEBRUARY . .
ISH VALENERMPHS WIMPHLOB THURSGLAY?
GLEEGLEEY?
IT IS RUDE TO TALK WITH YOUR MOUTH FULL, NANCY BROWN.
BY GLED "DHO GLARES"?

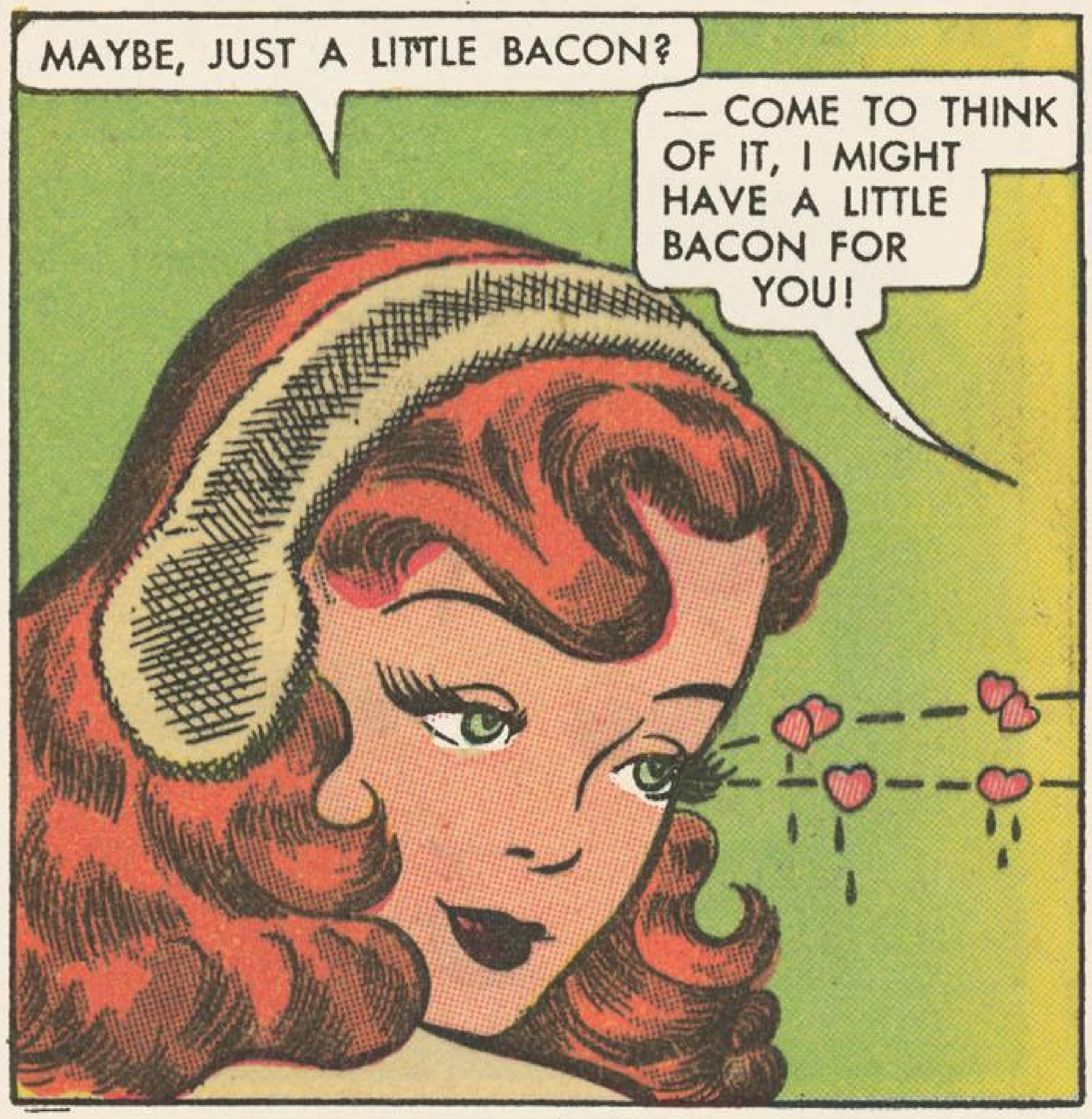

GLADENTINE'S BLAY IS GLEBRUARY FHORBL—EENTH.
IT IS RUDE TO TALK WITH YOUR MOUTH FULL OF SWEATER, TOO.
I SAID IT IS NEARLY VALENTINE'S DAY.
YOU ALWAYS GET SUCH LOVELY ONES.
— EIGHT, NINE. GOLLY, I LOVE YOU, MRS W.
THE MAILMAN JUST BROUGHT YOU AN EARLYBIRD VALENTINE, DEAR.
ISN'T THAT JUST LIKE BUZZ?
ALAS, POOR PATSY! WHO DOTH MAKE THIS TRAVESTY, DOTH WOUND HER WITH A BITTER WIT. ———NOT W. SHAKESPEARE.
HEDY WOLFE! MOTHER! MUST I ALWAYS BE LADYLIKE IN MY REMARKS TO THAT WOMAN!
TO AN EX-VALENTINE
BUZZ
HEDY
THEY SAY FAINT HEART NE'ER WON LADY" BUT BUZZ BAXTER'S DOING OKAY WITH HEDY.
THIS IS SILLY. HEDY DOESN'T RHYME WITH LADY.
I THINK IT IS A PLOT TO BREAK DOWN MY MORALE.
AH! THE YOUNG MASTER OF THE HOUSEHOLD, MR. MICKEY WALKER.
MICKEY! DID YOU———?
HI, FOLKS! DID ANYONE GET MAIL OR SOMETHING?
MOTHER! MICKEY SENT THAT VALENTINE.


I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU APOLOGIZE———
MOM! HALP!
STOP HIM, NANCY.
I GOT HIM, PATSY.
TWO AGAINST ONE'S NOT FAIR.
RIP—P—P.
MAKE HIM APOLOGIZE TO ME TOO. HE TORE MY OTHER STOCKING.
I'M SORRY——PLEASE STOP, PATSY.
THAT'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO SEND MEAN VALENTINES, MASTER WALKER.
NOW SAY "I'M SORRY, NANCY."
HEH, HEH, HEH! I'M SORRY, HEH, HEH, HEH, NANCY, HEH!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, NANCY?
THAT'S MY MARKER TO TELL ME WHEN I'VE EATEN 8 PANCAKES——I'M DIETING.

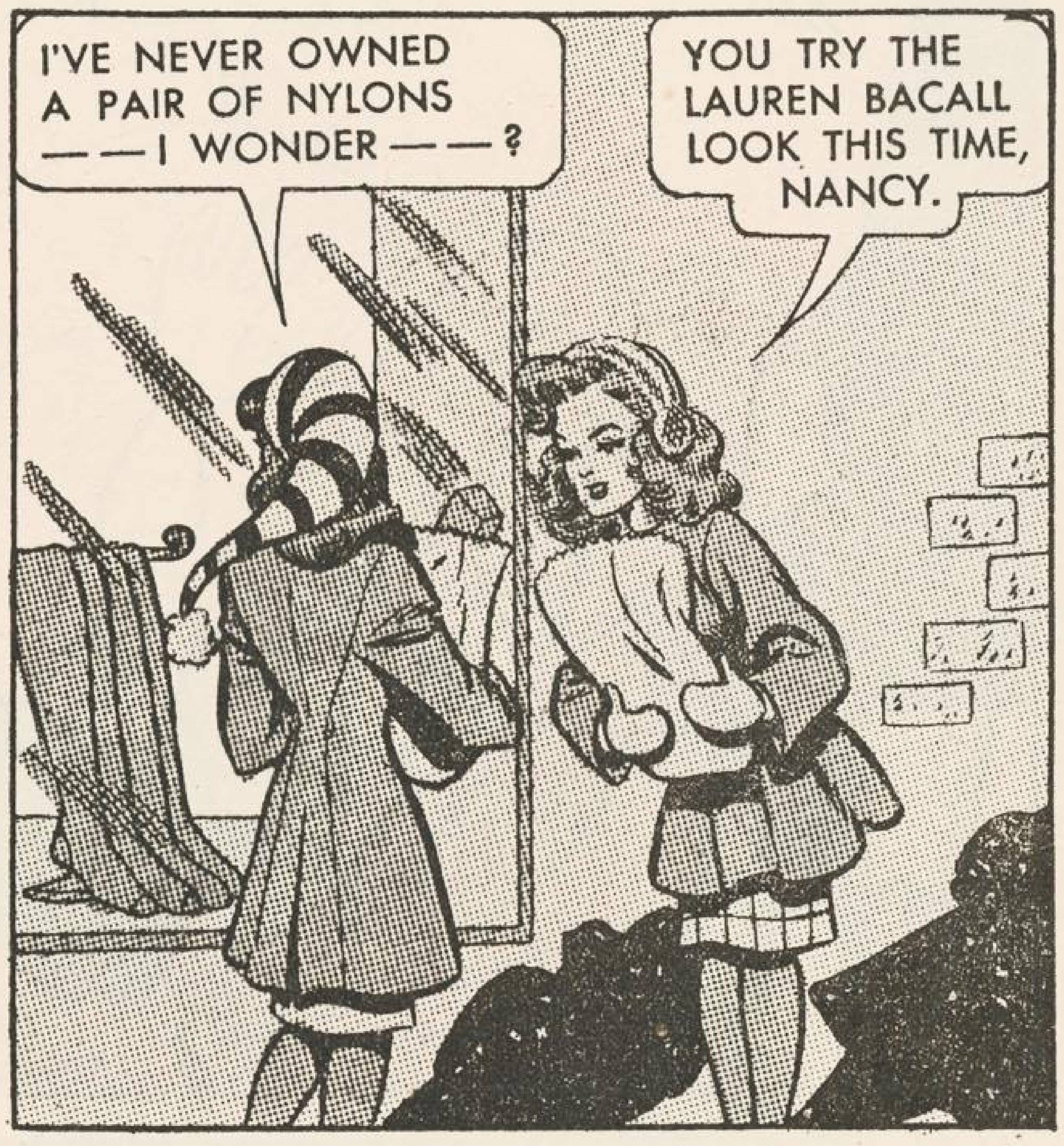
WELL, LET'S GET THE SATURDAY SHOPPING DONE.


— — AND BE VERY NICE TO MR. WURDLE. HE MAY LET US HAVE SOME BACON.
YES, MOTHER.
I'VE GOT TO BUY SOME STOCKINGS.

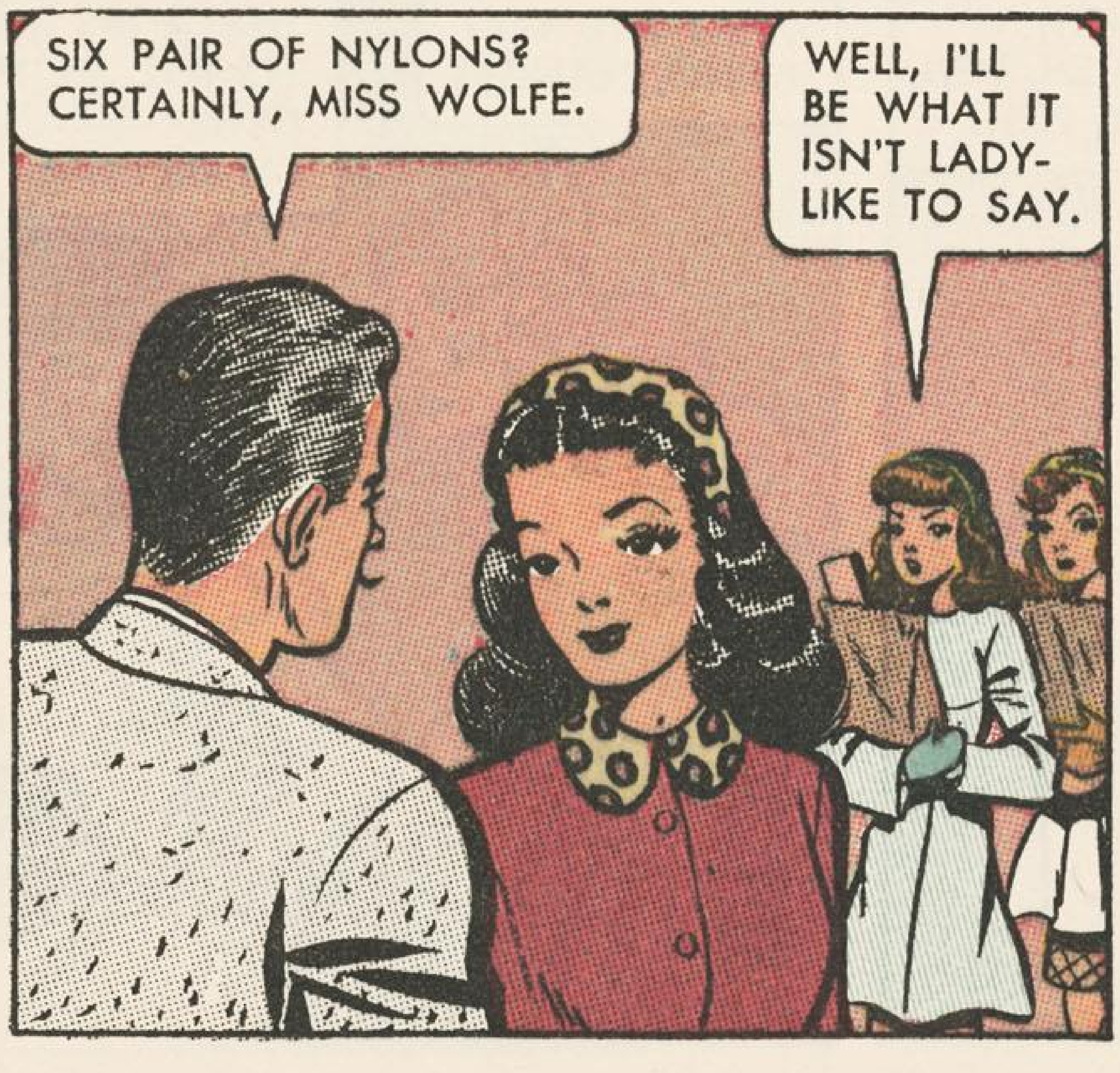

BACON! YOU'D THINK I WAS MADE OF BACON!
GIVE HIM YOUR LAUREN BACALL LOOK, PATSY!

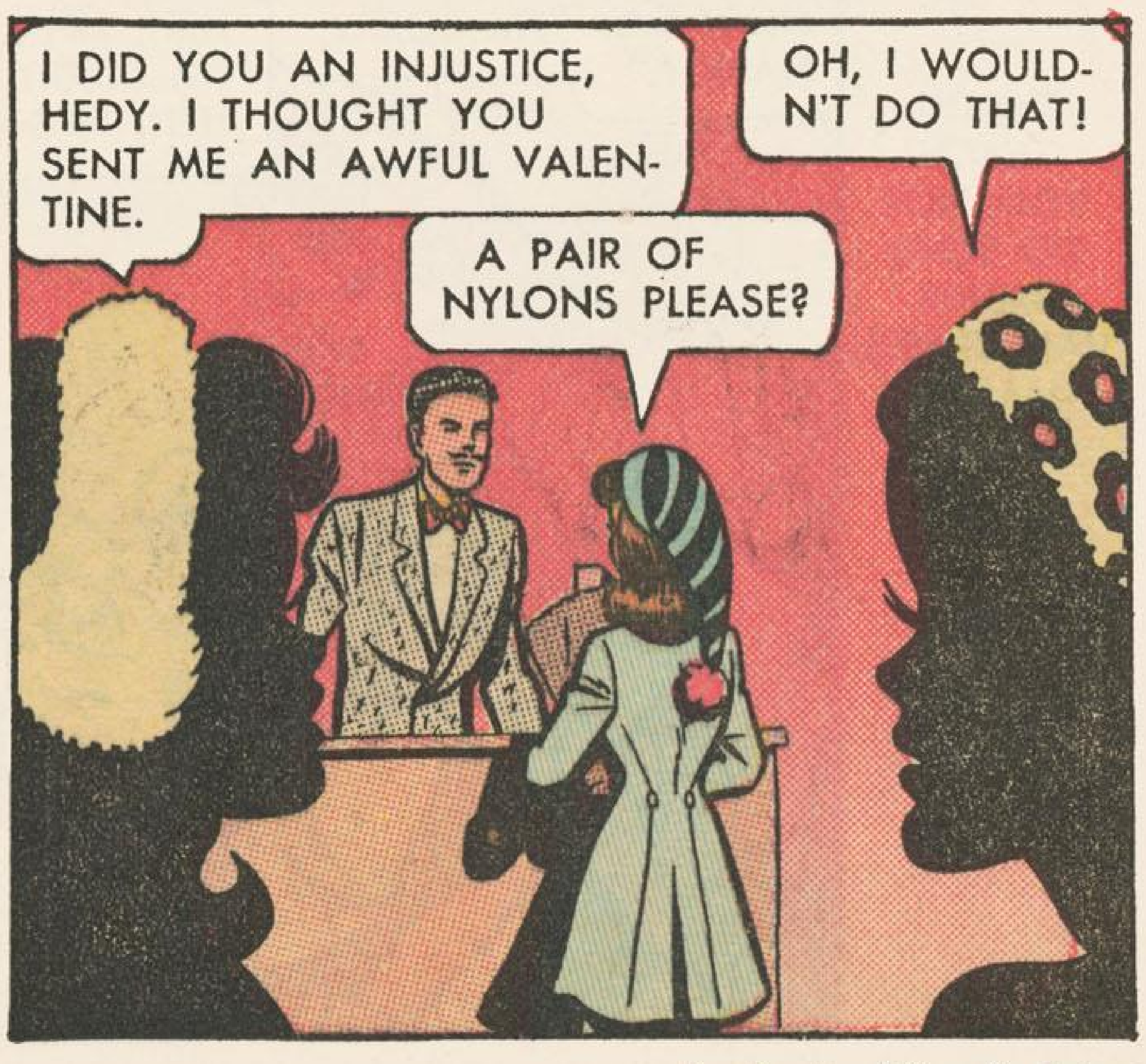

MAYBE, JUST A LITTLE BACON?
— COME TO THINK OF IT, I MIGHT HAVE A LITTLE BACON FOR YOU!

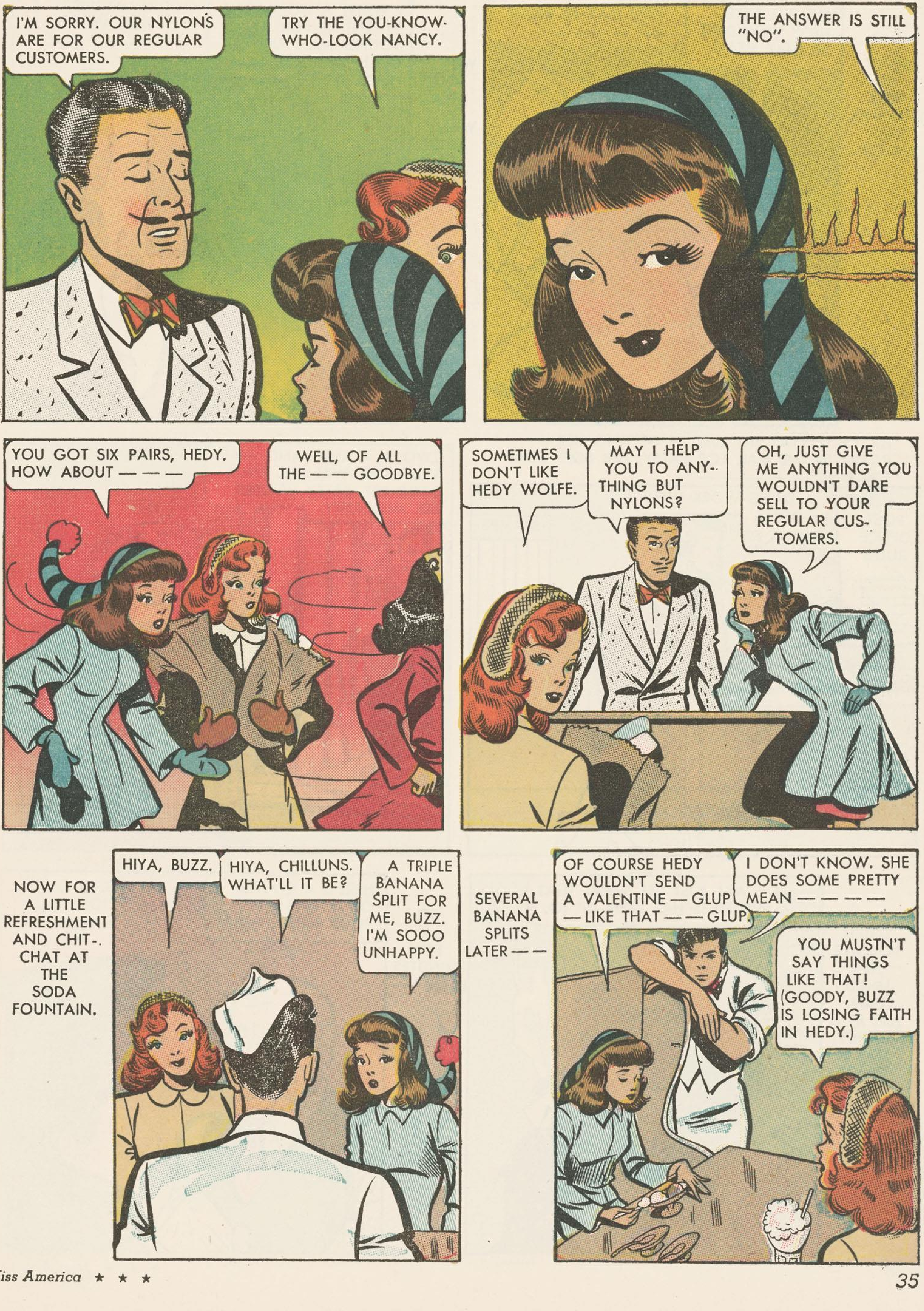
NOW FOR A PAIR OF STOCKINGS FOR NANCY.


I'VE NEVER OWNED A PAIR OF NYLONS — — I WONDER — — ?
YOU TRY THE LAUREN BACALL LOOK THIS TIME, NANCY.

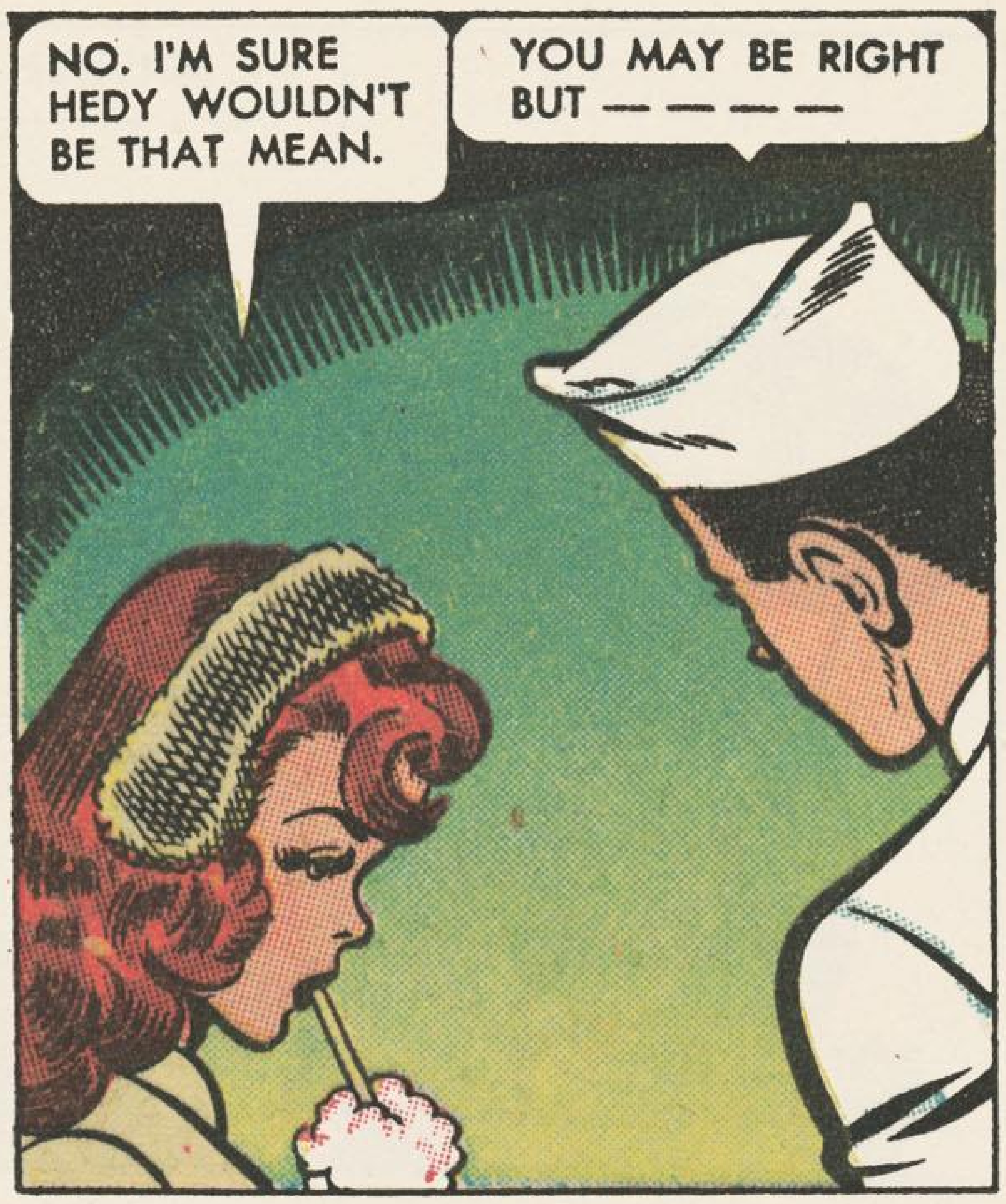
HMM! HERE'S THAT HEDY WOLFE AGAIN.


SIX PAIR OF NYLONS? CERTAINLY, MISS WOLFE.
WELL, I'LL BE WHAT IT ISN'T LADY-LIKE TO SAY.

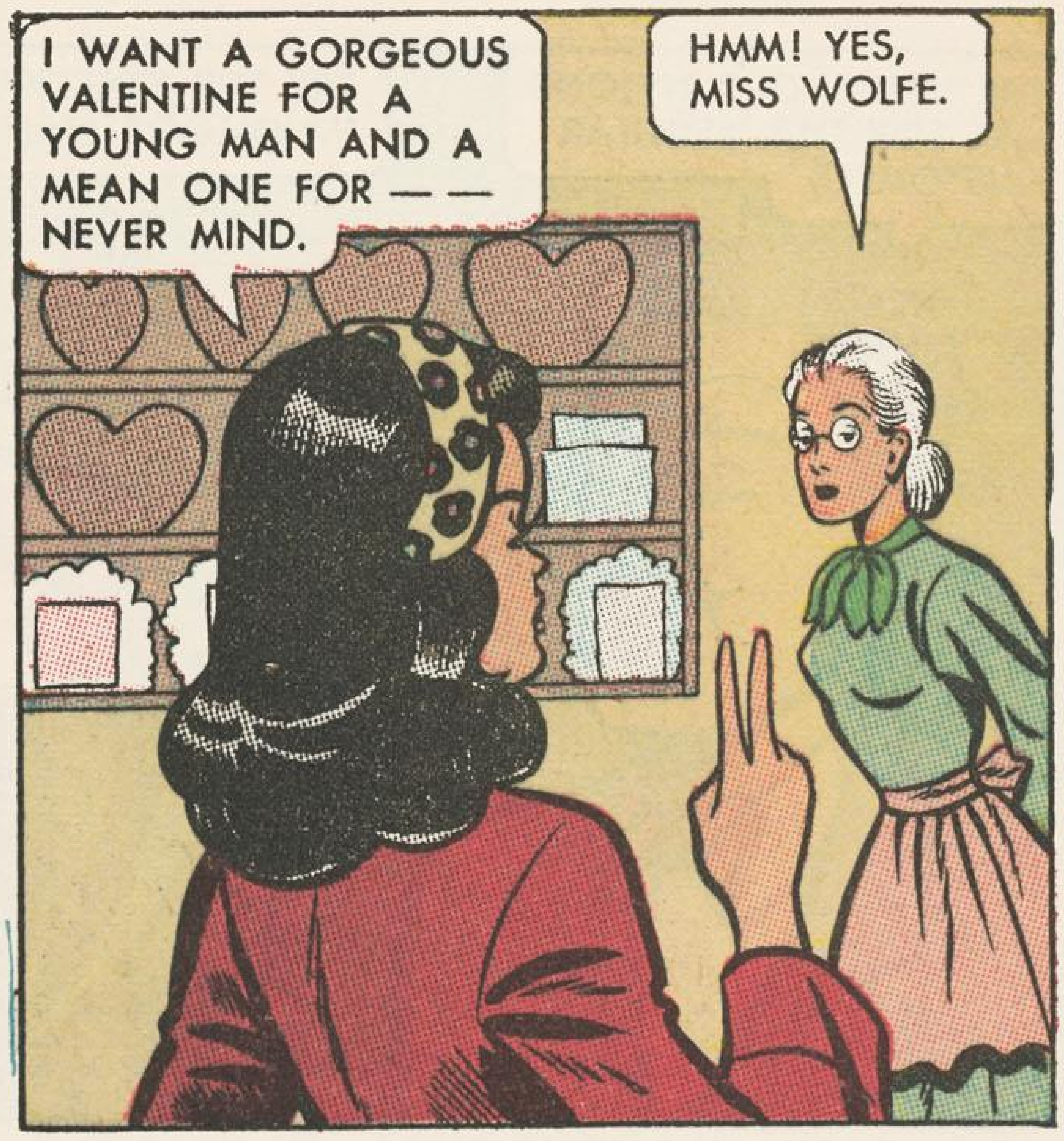

I DID YOU AN INJUSTICE, HEDY. I THOUGHT YOU SENT ME AN AWFUL VALENTINE.
OH, I WOULDN'T DO THAT!
A PAIR OF NYLONS PLEASE?


I'M SORRY. OUR NYLONS ARE FOR OUR REGULAR CUSTOMERS.
TRY THE YOU-KNOW-WHO-LOOK NANCY.
THE ANSWER IS STILL "NO".
YOU GOT SIX PAIRS, HEDY. HOW ABOUT — — —
WELL, OF ALL THE — — GOODBYE.
SOMETIMES I DON'T LIKE HEDY WOLFE.
MAY I HELP YOU TO ANYTHING BUT NYLONS?
OH, JUST GIVE ME ANYTHING YOU WOULDN'T DARE SELL TO YOUR REGULAR CUSTOMERS.
NOW FOR A LITTLE REFRESHMENT AND CHIT-CHAT AT THE SODA FOUNTAIN.
HIYA, BUZZ.
HIYA, CHILLUNS. WHAT'LL IT BE?
A TRIPLE BANANA SPLIT FOR ME, BUZZ. I'M SOOO UNHAPPY.
SEVERAL BANANA SPLITS LATER — —
OF COURSE HEDY WOULDN'T SEND A VALENTINE — GLUP — LIKE THAT — — GLUP.
I DON'T KNOW. SHE DOES SOME PRETTY MEAN — — — —
YOU MUSTN'T SAY THINGS LIKE THAT! (GOODY, BUZZ IS LOSING FAITH IN HEDY.)

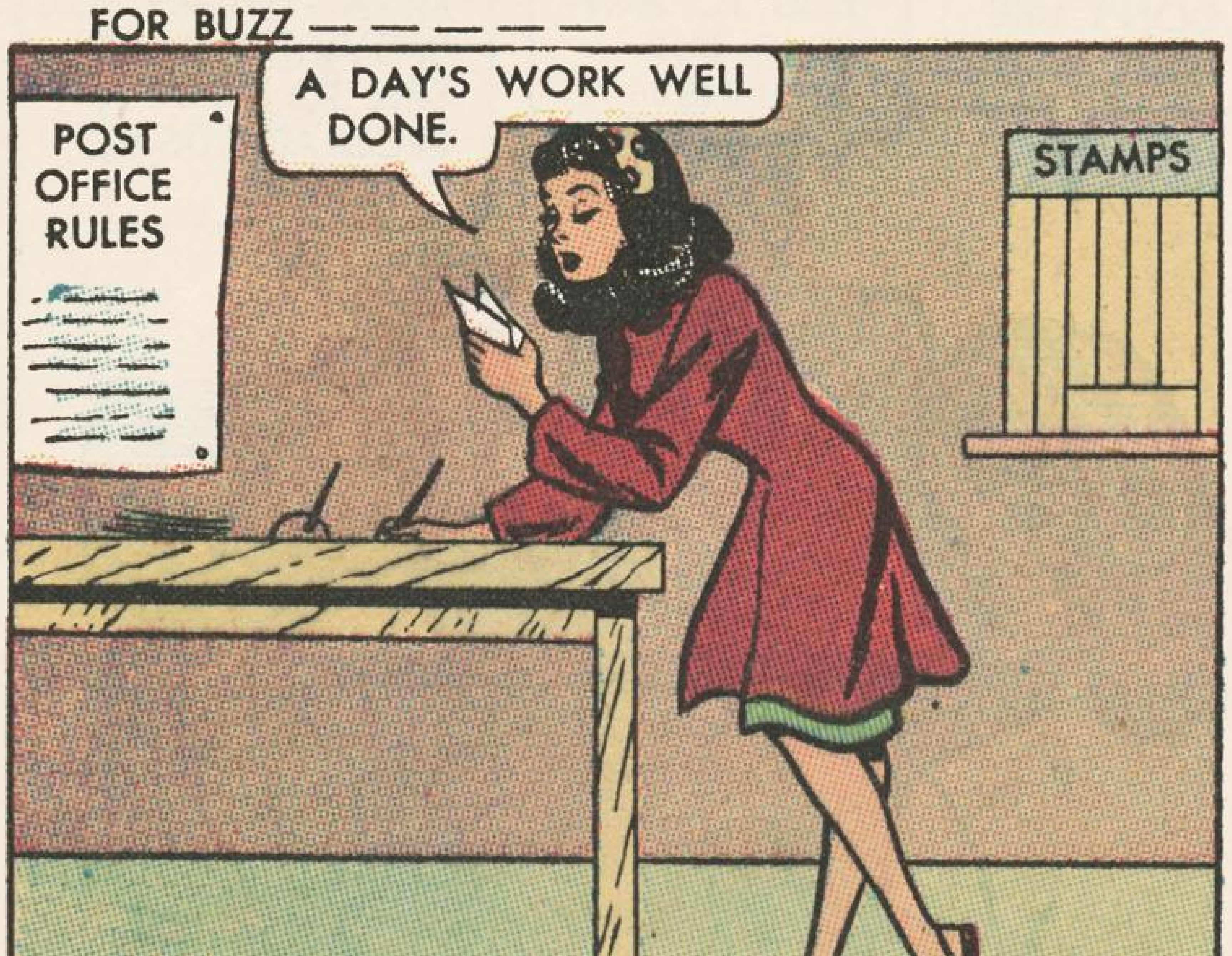
DON'T BE TOO TRUSTING, MISS WALKER.

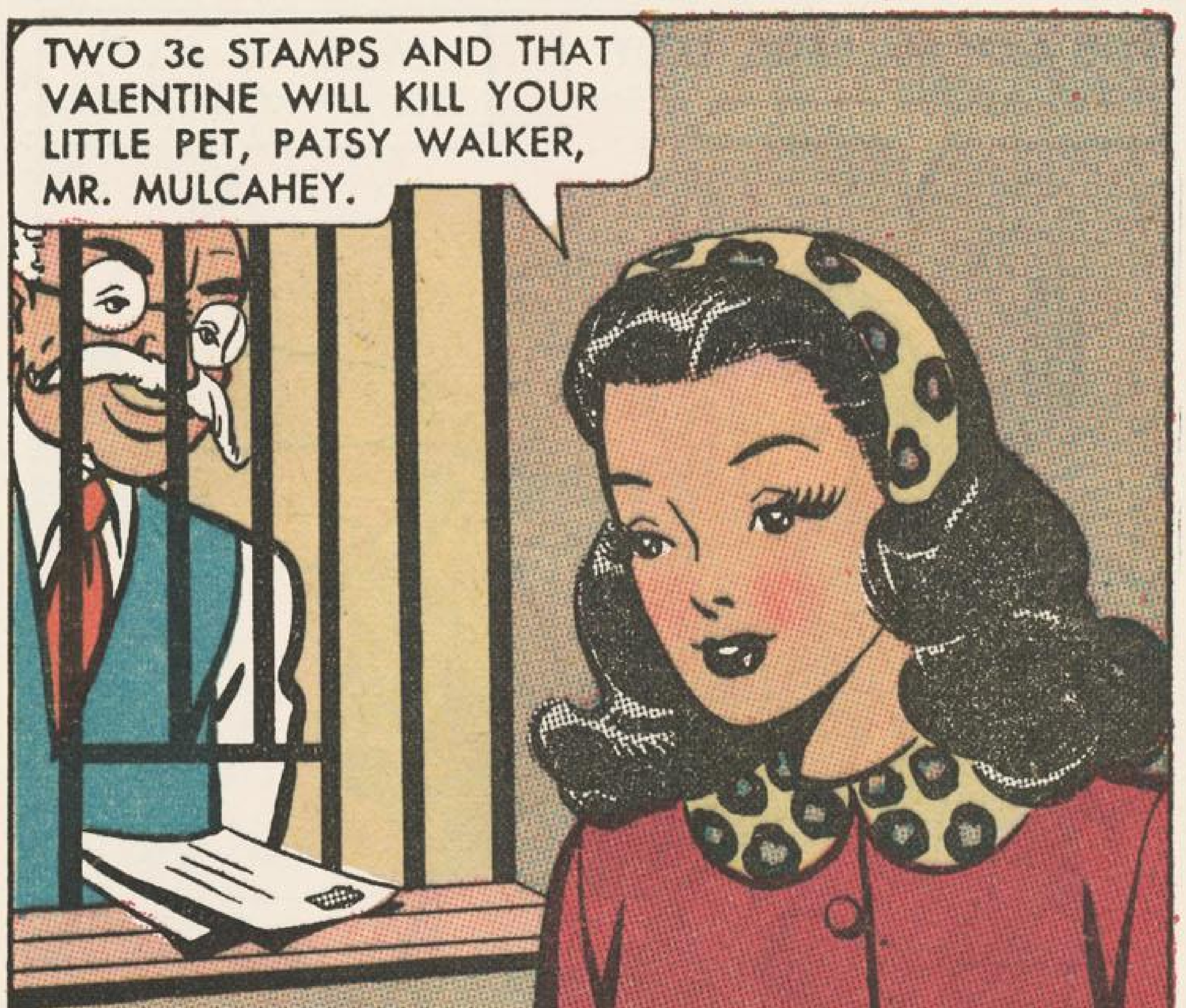

NO. I'M SURE HEDY WOULDN'T BE THAT MEAN.
YOU MAY BE RIGHT BUT — — — — —

WE TOLD YOU, WE TOLD YOU!

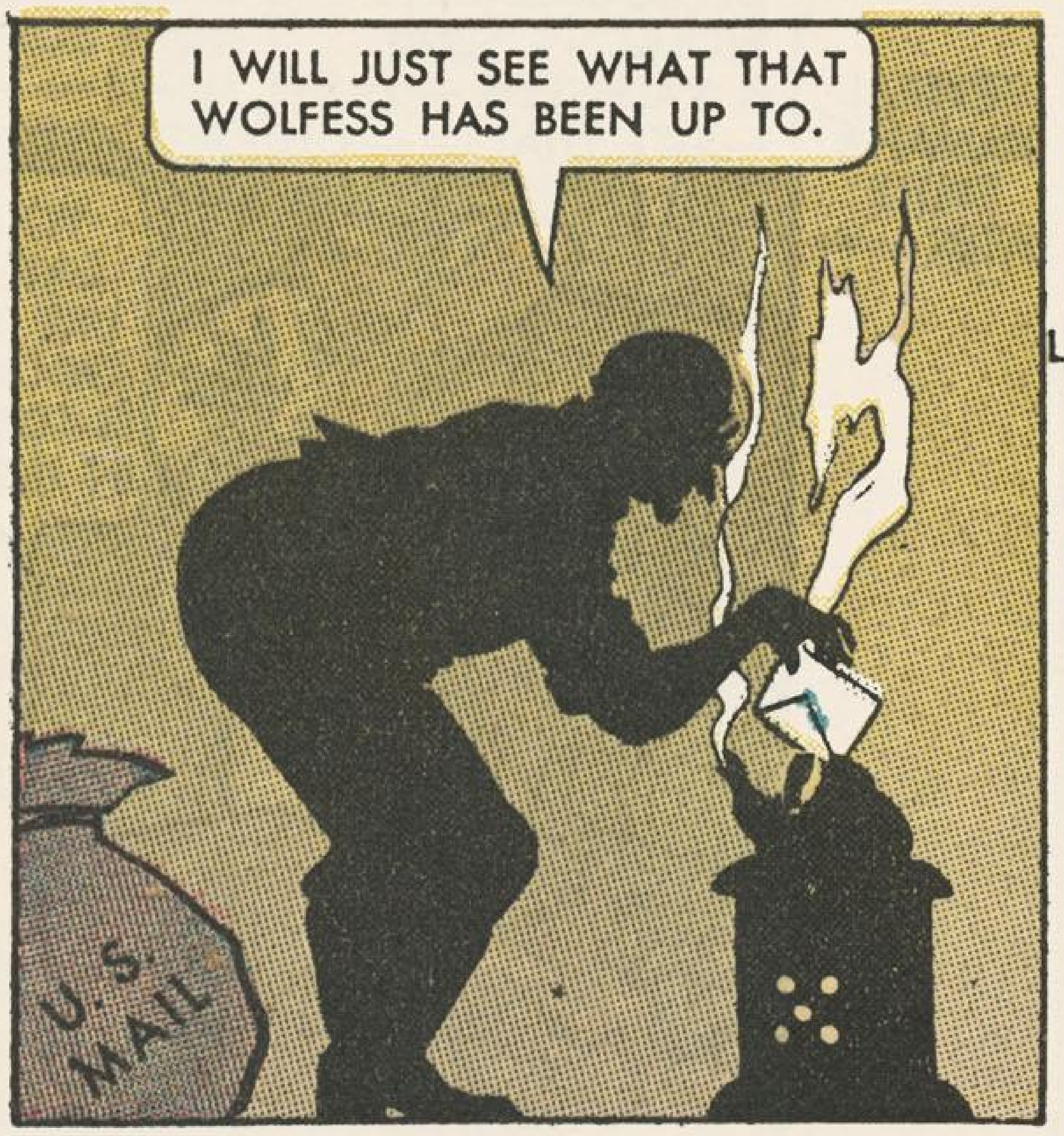

I WANT A GORGEOUS VALENTINE FOR A YOUNG MAN AND A MEAN ONE FOR — — NEVER MIND.
HMM! YES, MISS WOLFE.

HEDY'S LOSING NO TIME IN GETTING HER INSULT IN THE MAIL FOR PATSY, HER SOFT SOAP FOR BUZZ — — — — — —

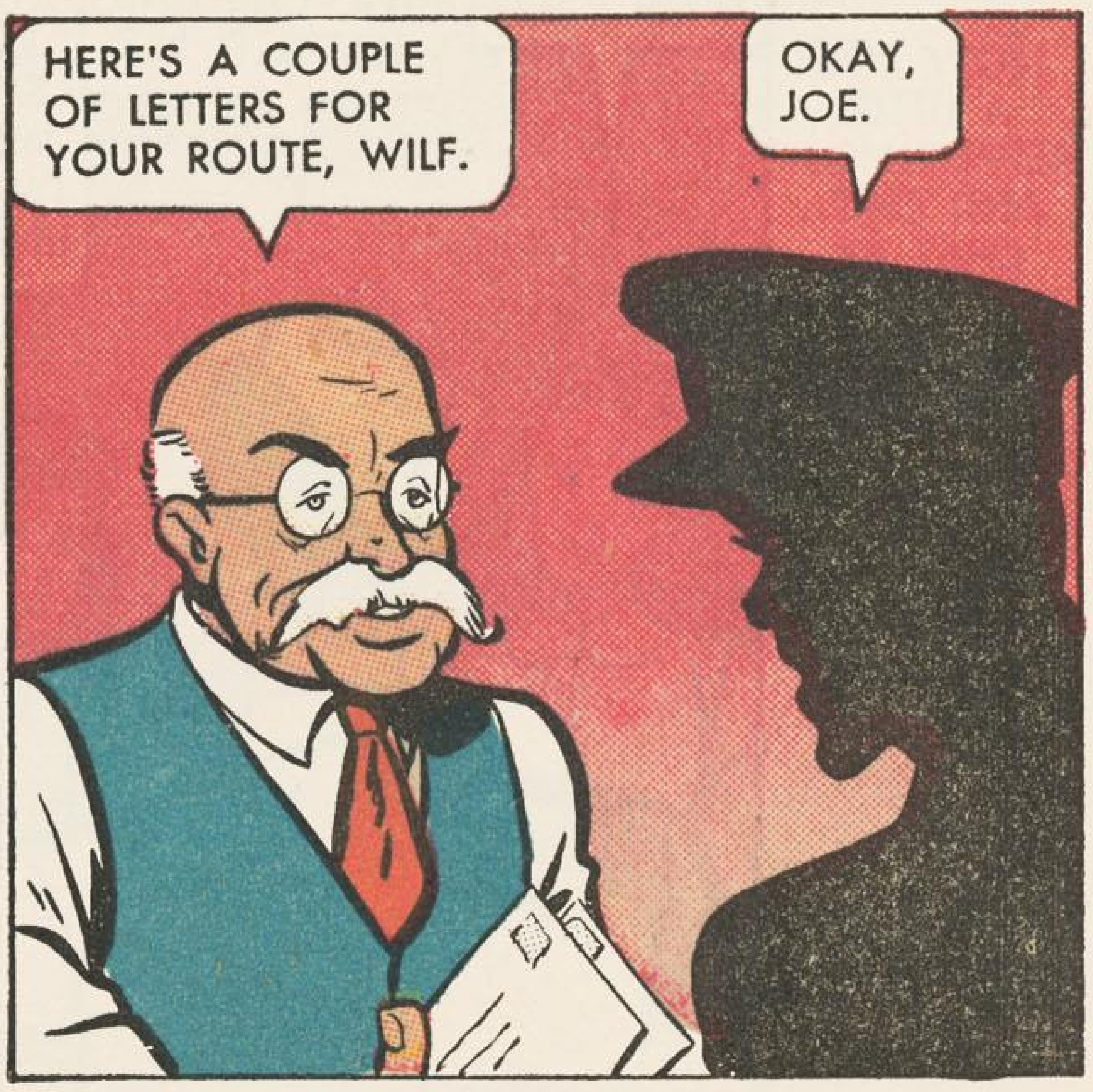

POST OFFICE RULES
A DAY'S WORK WELL DONE.
STAMPS


TWO 3c STAMPS AND THAT VALENTINE WILL KILL YOUR LITTLE PET, PATSY WALKER, MR. MULCAHEY.

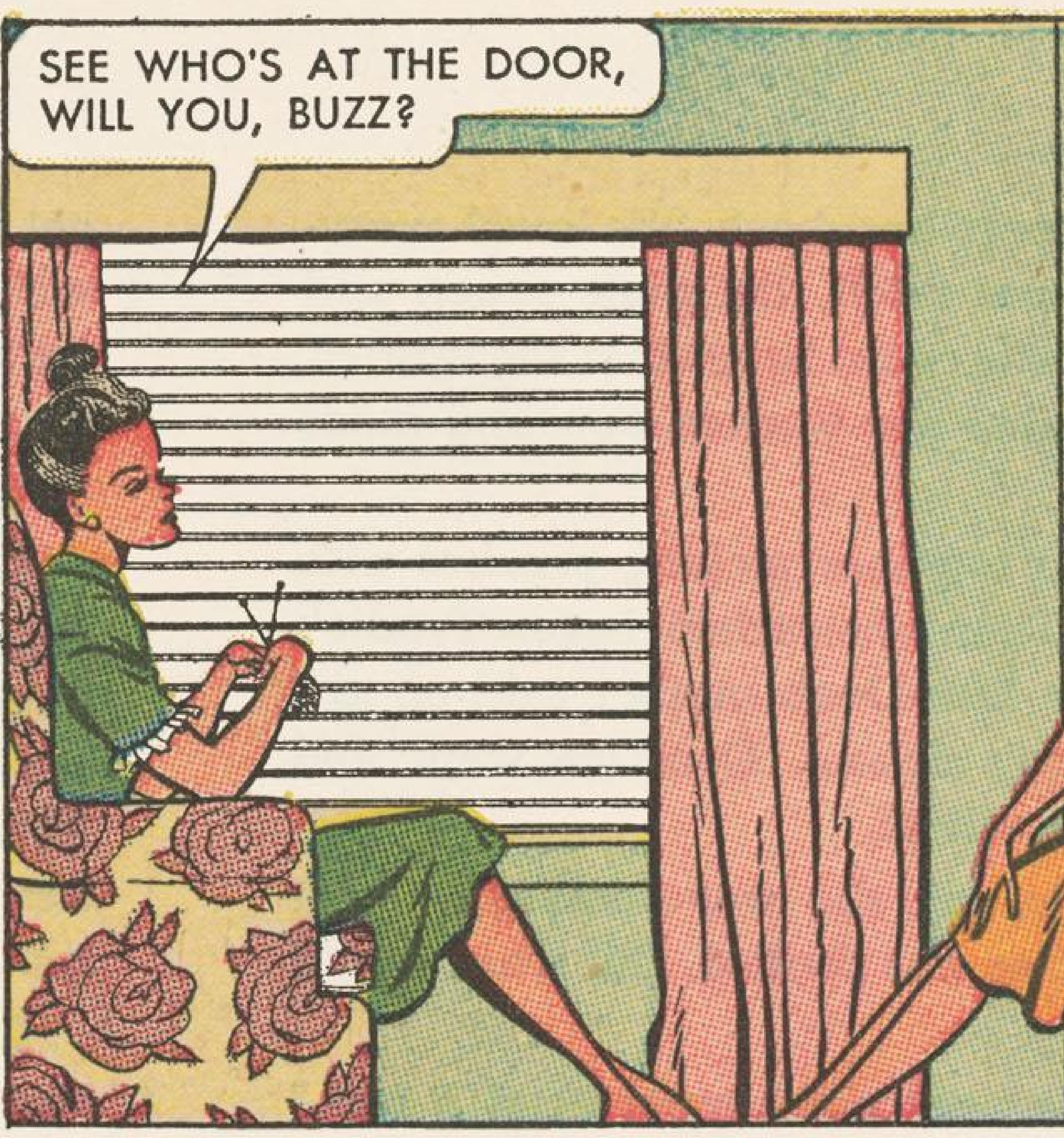
WE HOPE YOU'LL FORGIVE HIM, UNCLE SAM. MR. MULCAHEY HAS A HEART OF GOLD.

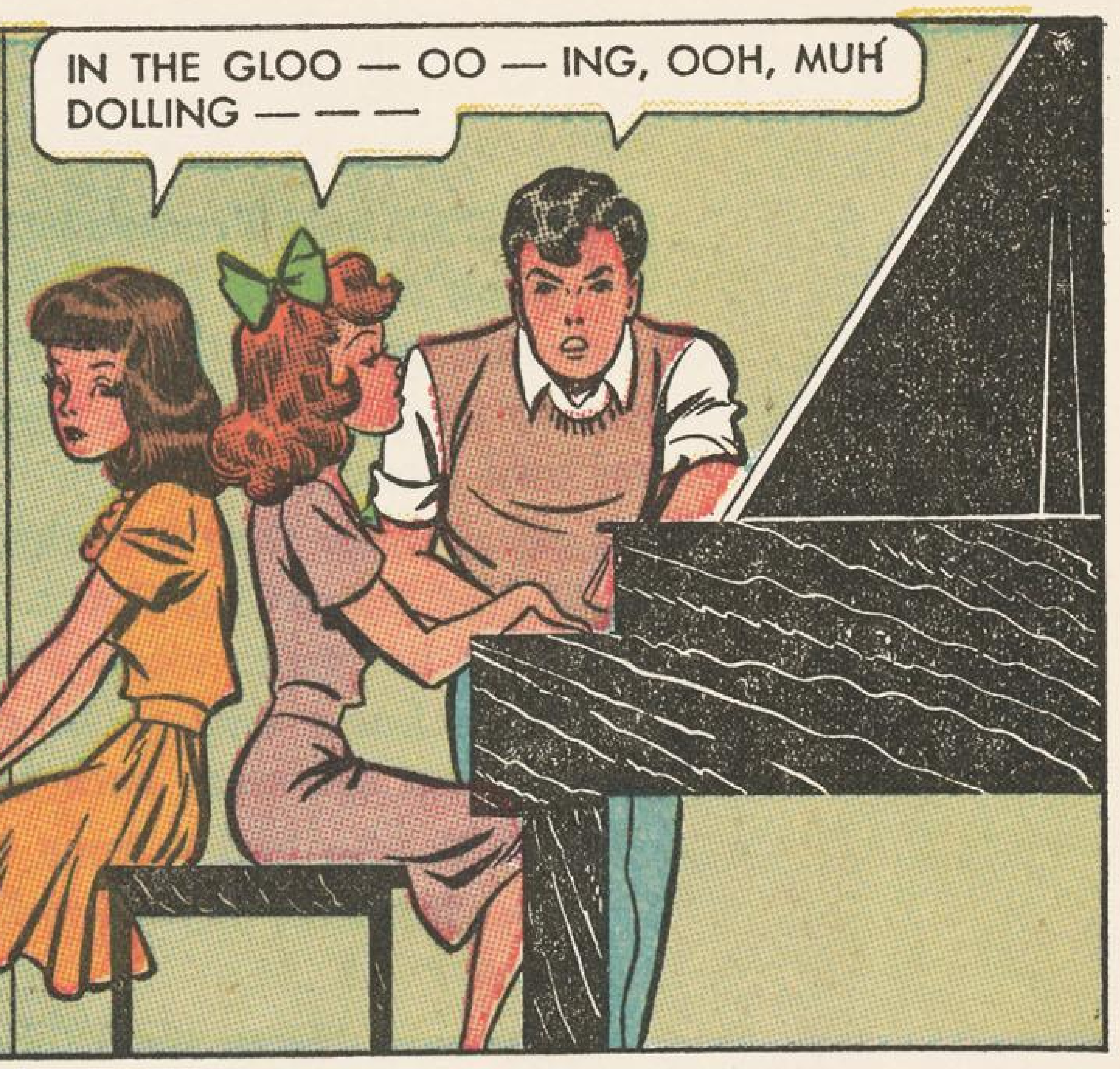

I WILL JUST SEE WHAT THAT WOLFESS HAS BEEN UP TO.
U.S. MAIL

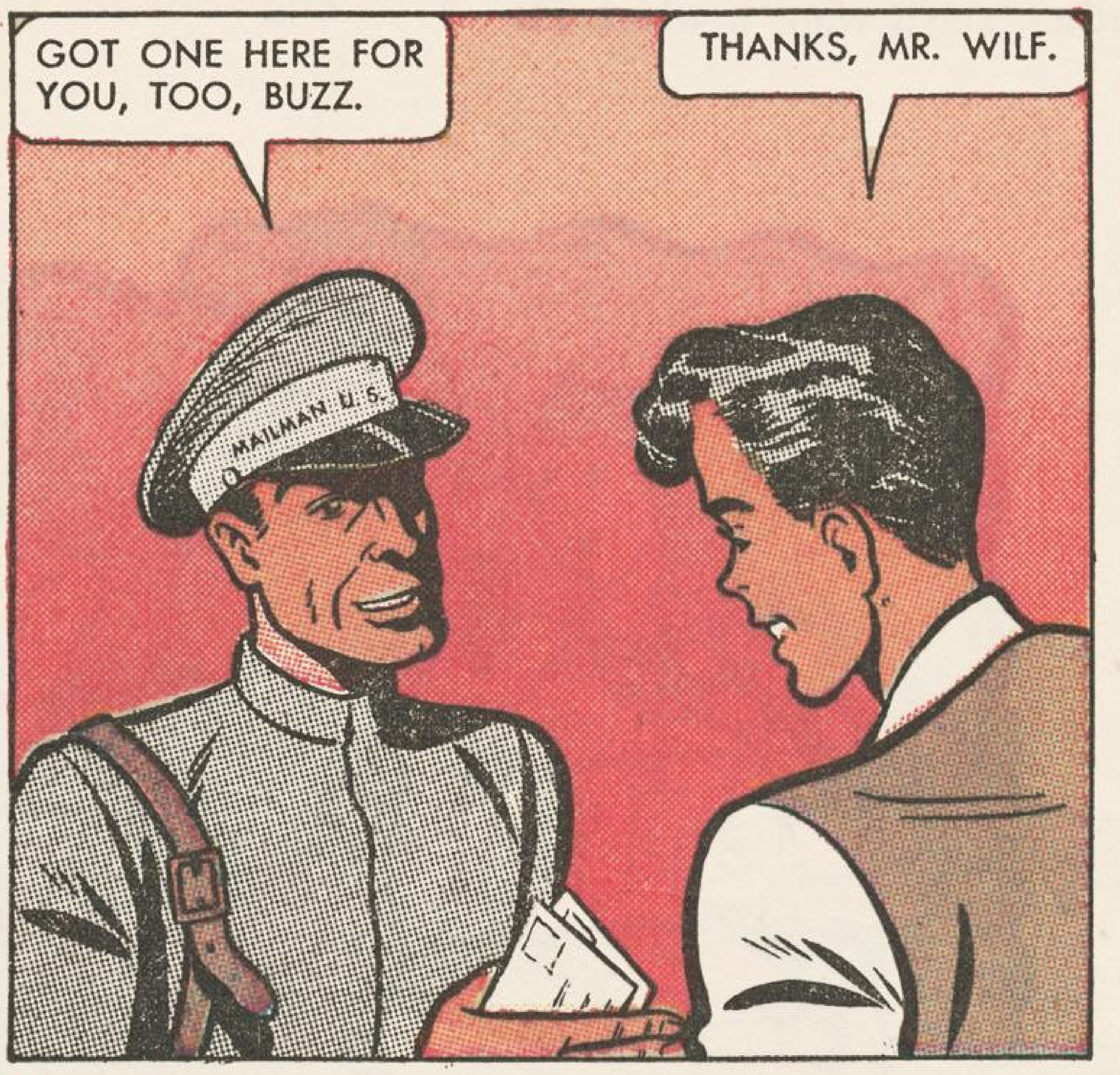
SO A FEW MINUTES LATER — —

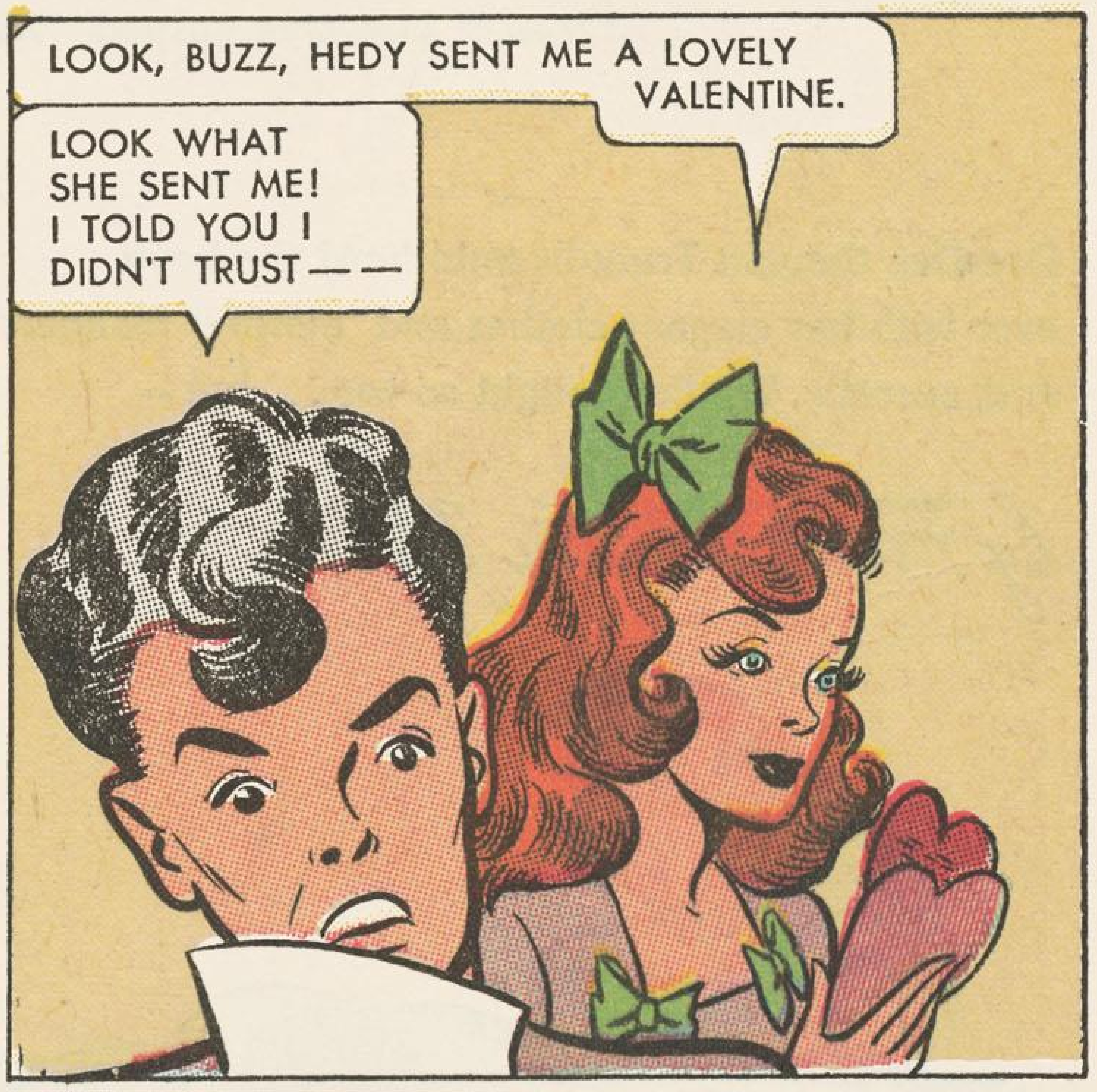

HERE'S A COUPLE OF LETTERS FOR YOUR ROUTE, WILF.
OKAY, JOE.

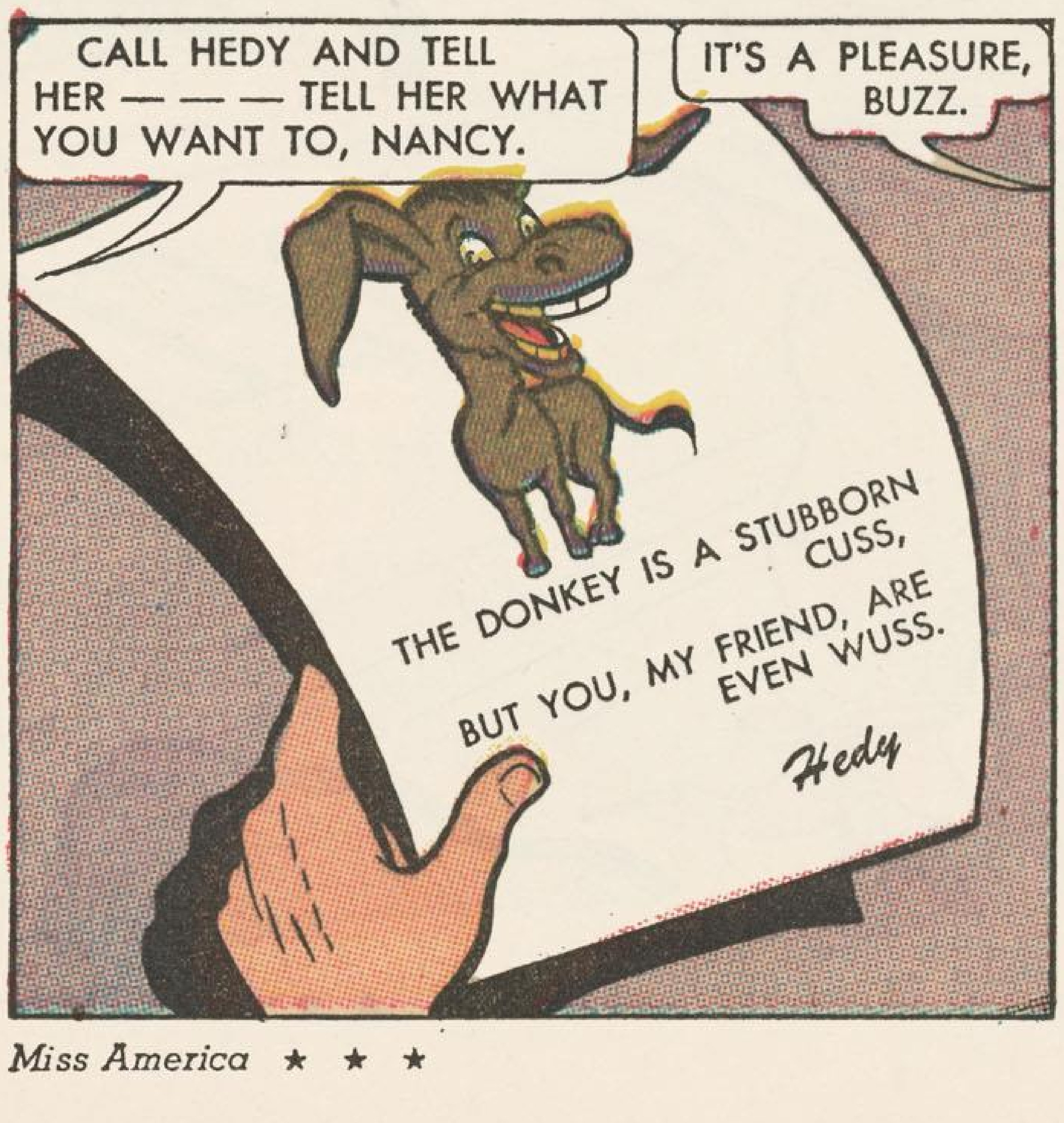
WHEN
THE
NEXT
AFTERNOON'S
MAIL
CAME
AROUND———


SEE WHO'S AT THE DOOR, WILL YOU, BUZZ?

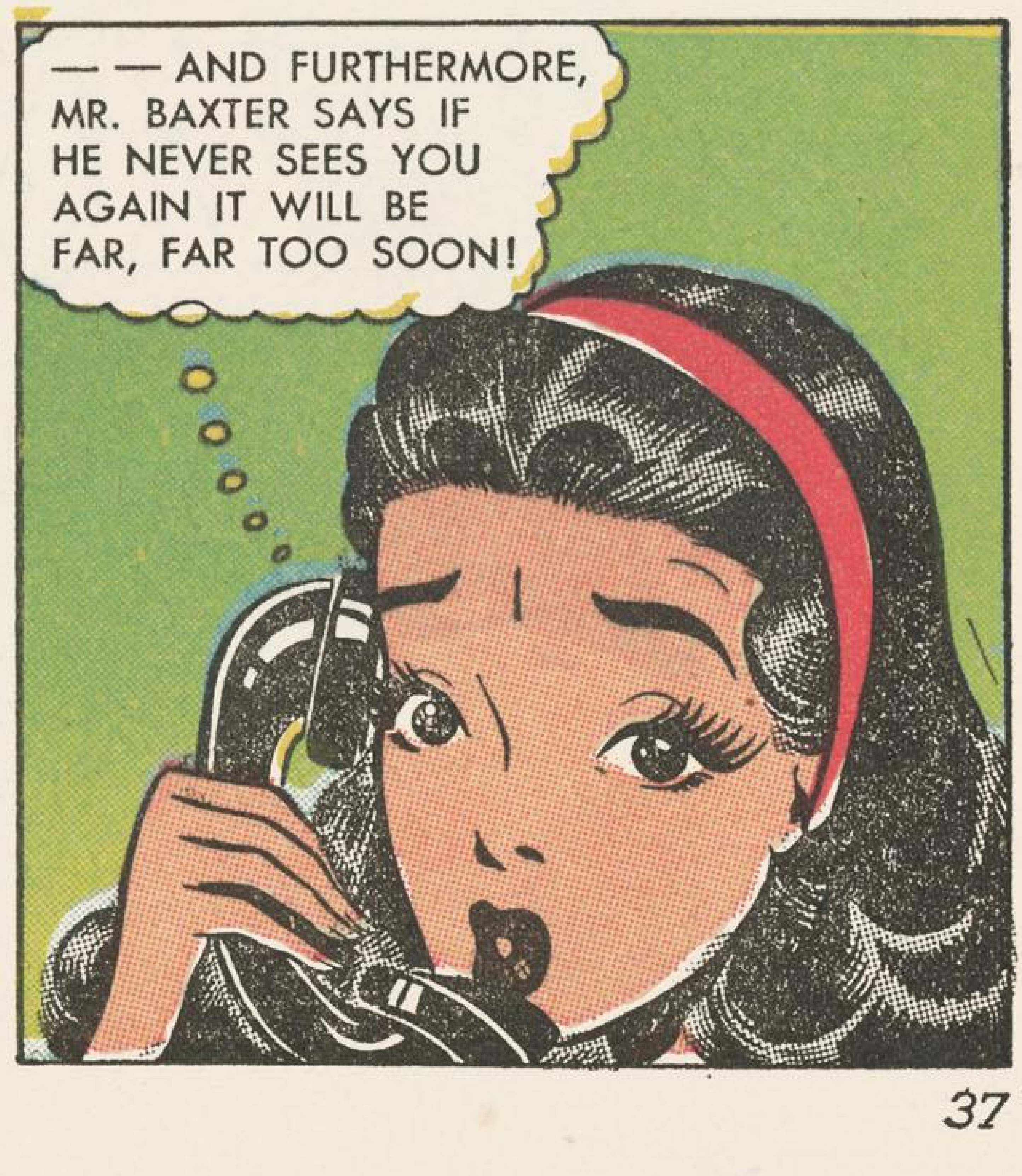

IN THE GLOO — OO — ING, OOH, MUH DOLLING — — —


GOT ONE HERE FOR YOU, TOO, BUZZ.
THANKS, MR. WILF.
MAILMAN U.S.


LOOK, BUZZ, HEDY SENT ME A LOVELY VALENTINE.
LOOK WHAT SHE SENT ME! I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T TRUST— — —


CALL HEDY AND TELL HER — — — TELL HER WHAT YOU WANT TO, NANCY.
IT'S A PLEASURE, BUZZ.
THE DONKEY IS A STUBBORN CUSS,
BUT YOU, MY FRIEND, ARE EVEN WUSS.
Hedy

THE MORAL
IS:
MEAN DEEDS
ARE LIKE
BOOMERANGS,
RETURNING
TO
ABASH THEIR
HURLER.


— — AND FURTHERMORE, MR. BAXTER SAYS IF HE NEVER SEES YOU AGAIN IT WILL BE FAR, FAR TOO SOON!

MAKE-BELIEVE SIREN

Dee-Dee thought Trudie would bowl the boys over with her elegant clothes and "mature" manners and, secretly, Trudie thought so too . . . but—

by Frank Martin Webber

DEE-DEE held Trudie's letter to her cheek. She loved everything about it, the perfume smell, the pink paper, and best of all the news it held. Trudie could have what she wanted, and do what she wanted, because she worked now and made her own money.

Last summer they'd worked together picking peaches with the United States Crop Corps. Then when school began Trudie's father let her go to work. But Dee-Dee's mother said no girl of fifteen knew enough to quit school. Dee-Dee wept and begged. But she went back to school.

Now Trudie had written to say she was coming to visit Dee-Dee for three days. Dee-Dee was thrilled. But what would Mom say?

Mom said, "How nice! The poor child must need a rest."

"Rest?" Dee-Dee gasped. "Mother, she'll want a whirl. I'll get Rick and Jib for a Friday night double-date, and Saturday we'll cook up something with the girls, and Saturday night we'll throw a dance in the school gym, and Sunday we'll go skating—"

"After church," her mother said.

Dee-Dee swallowed a groan, but she knew there was no use arguing about church. She hoped Trudie would get up in time to go. She wanted Mom to like Trudie again the way she'd liked her when she had lived next door with her father, and she and Trudie walked together to school every day. That was before her father moved to the boom town thirty miles away. Trudie's mother was dead.

Dee-Dee's heart was jumping like a rabbit when Trudie stepped off the bus. She nearly strangled Dee-Dee with her hug. But no kiss. Trudie's lips were squared with heavy, blood-red lipstick. She had her hair in a net in the back and a pompadour in front. And she wore earrings!

Dee-Dee was so thrilled she could hardly breathe. Trudie looked eighteen instead of fifteen. Dee-Dee closed her coat tightly over her pleated skirt and Sloppy Joe. She looked at Trudie's highheeled sandals, and wished her saddleshoes were in the ashcan where Mom said they belonged.

Mom was wonderful to Trudie and everything went along fine till the two girls began to dress for their double-date. Then Trudie offered to lend Dee-Dee a dress to wear.

"I brought more than I can use, chum. You take the green. I'll wear the red."

No wonder Mom heard her! Talking over the noise of machinery had got Trudie into the habit of yelling every thing she said. Mom came to the door of (*continued on page 61*)

(Continued from page 30)

self going a short distance downhill. Undismayed, however, she continued her climb at the very first opportunity and was again rewarded by emerging on another higher plateau from which she could see beginners far below starting their precarious ascents.

If we were to draw it, the average success line would take this funny course:

By this time the path of success should stand revealed to all of us. Forewarned is forearmed. We must recognize the necessity for anticipating and overcoming slips, lapses, discouragements, streaks of bad luck, temporary failures and what-have-you. Frustration and disappointments, in other words, are not something abnormal. There is no need for saying, "Poor me!" Everybody who ever wanted to be somebody has had periods of genuine heartbreak when to continue meant just to be living on nerve sustained by "a wing and a prayer." Prime Minister Churchill, spear-heading Britain's effort in World War II, when things looked darkest, promised his countrymen victory only after "blood, sweat and tears"—you can remember that.

Once I knew a sweet little child who whenever she tripped and fell (which was often) had been trained to say, "Boom-ah!" Tears in her eyes, if the fall hurt badly, she would say "Boom-ah!", get up and continue running or playing the game which had been interrupted. Sometimes I think that the person who succeeds is neither more clever nor better-looking nor luckier than the one who does not. When she is discouraged she just knows enough to say "Boom-ah!" and to keep right on.

OUT OF THE MALE BOX

From page 10

is not a sign of manliness, but a lack of cleanliness. Shedding that heroic sweatshirt might help too.

* * *

We vote a dishonorable discharge to the void coupon whose sole mission in life is smooching. He's the wolf with the paws that distressing. For him we recommend a beauty treatment starting and ending with vanishing cream.

* * *

When Junior rolls up his corduroys in imitation of our slacks, women snatch children from the streets, strong men blanch, and we sit and grit our teeth at the porcupine exposure betwixt argyle sox and trouser cuff. Probably these goons never heard of Biology 2. The theory of evolution should teach them that man has come a long way in his descent from the hairy ape . . . in fact, the hairy ape looks more decent.

* * *

The shrewd dudes who are sporting all O. D. outfits should watch out for reprisals from regular G.I.'s. Faking a uniform is the most dishonorable form of phoniness, no matter whether it's a fad or not.

* * *

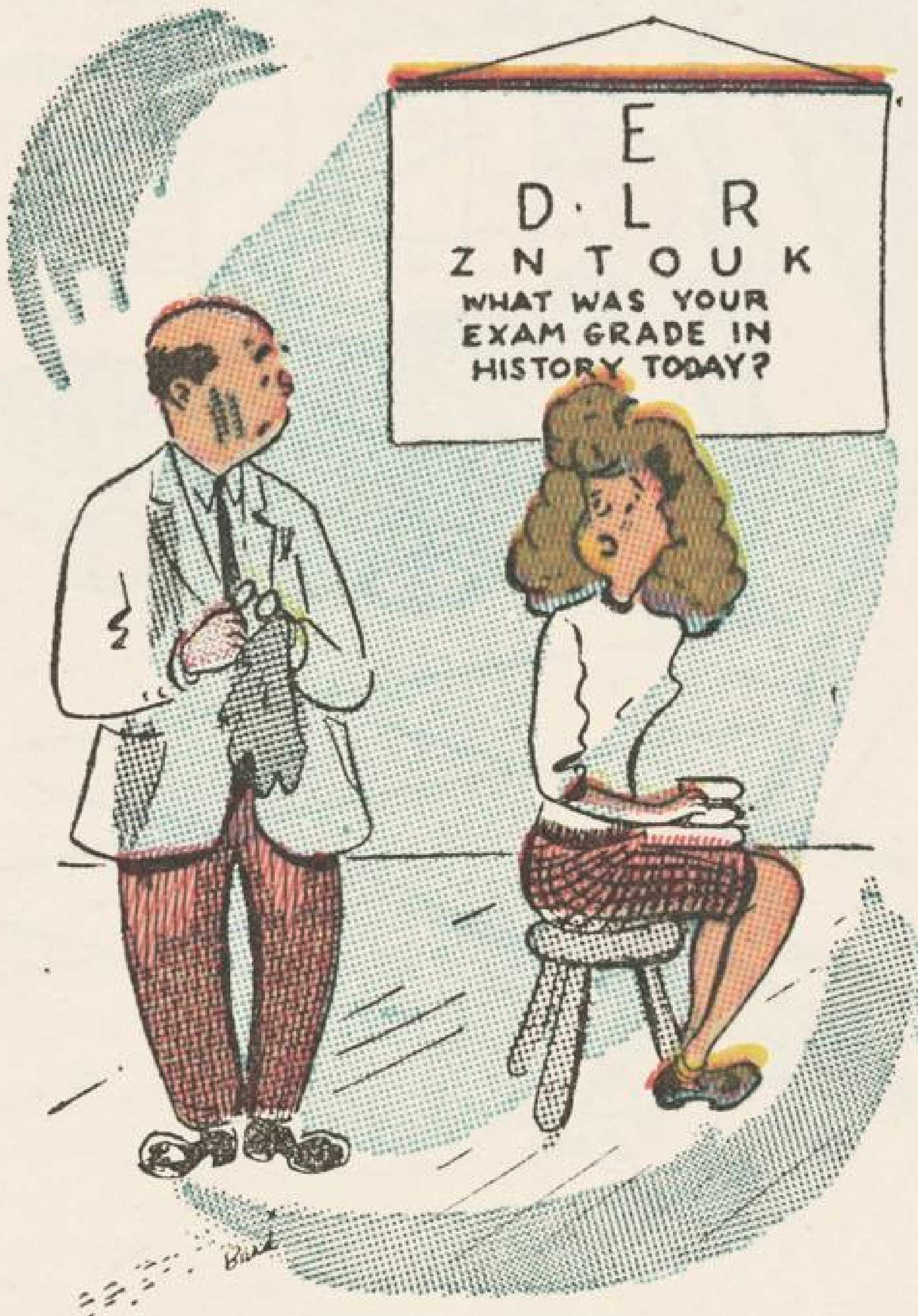
Do you know a "Lemme-A-Nickle-Louie"? He's the hard-luck story lad whose point value is zero. Louie makes you think he's doing you a favor by borrowing your small change (it's always too small to pay back). He's strictly for the birds and you should be able to catch his sign . . . "Caution, blind alley!"

* * *

We all adore the complimentary lad who sees you in your best bib and tucker and greets you with "Who hung that mess on you?" and other choice bits of flattery. He's as sharp as a butter knife and twice as crumby.

* * *

Our particular passion is Whispering Willy. He's a propagandist with a sense of rumor. His conversation usually starts with, "Oh boy! Didja hear what happened to Sue and Joe last night. . . ." He can build a molehill into the biggest Fujiyama you ever saw. He tries to curry favor by maliciously intimating that he is in the know in everything, whereas he really knows nothing . . . not even that he has a warped mind. He thinks he increases his own stature by cutting down the other person's reputation. Beware of him! He'll not only tell things to you, but about you. He'll probably wind up as the Leavenworth Winchell.


E
D·L R
Z N T O U K
WHAT WAS YOUR EXAM GRADE IN HISTORY TODAY?

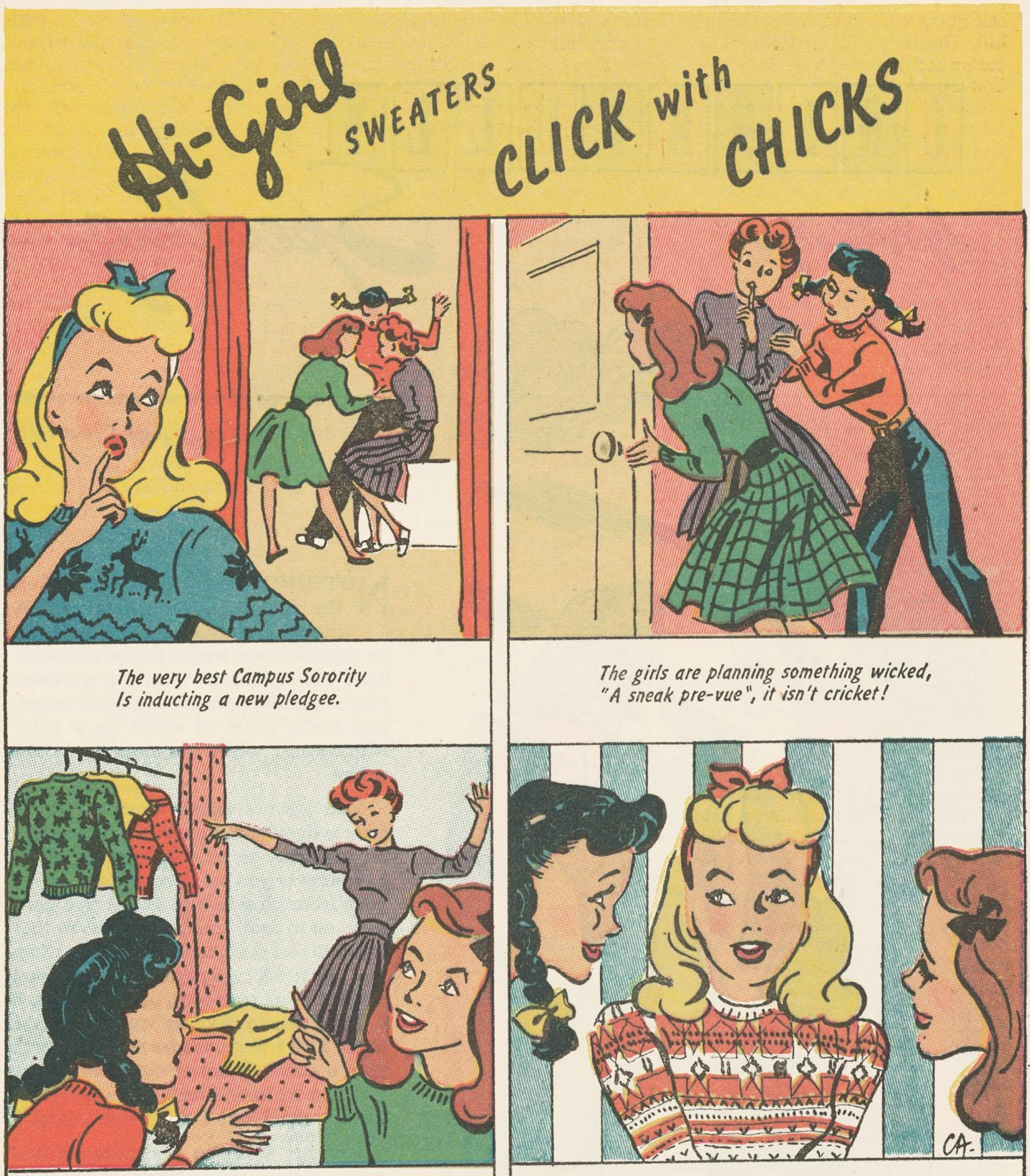
I can read everything but the last three lines!

* * *

It's the American custom to gripe. Football teams gripe at coaches, soldiers gripe at officers and regulations, students gripe at teachers . . . you gripe . . . we gripe . . . but then after we get it off our chests we try to do something about remedying the situation. That is the American way too. . . .

The lasses who contributed the beefs about boys above admit that some of the faults lie at their doors. You can't expect a boy to wear his Sunday Manners, while you go about in your Everyday Behavior. You can't expect a Galahad unless you play Guinivere. No boy will open doors for you, take your arm crossing the street, or pull out a chair for you, when you act and dress like a female Tarzan. Nell's Bells . . . he's afraid to take your arm for fear you'd pull a judo trick on him and send him flying into the gutter.

Sisters, it's a fifty-fifty proposition. If you're a jitterbug, he'll be a gooney-gait. If you're a glamour zombie, he'll be a howling wolf. But if you're a lady, chances are he'll take his cue from you and act like a gentleman.

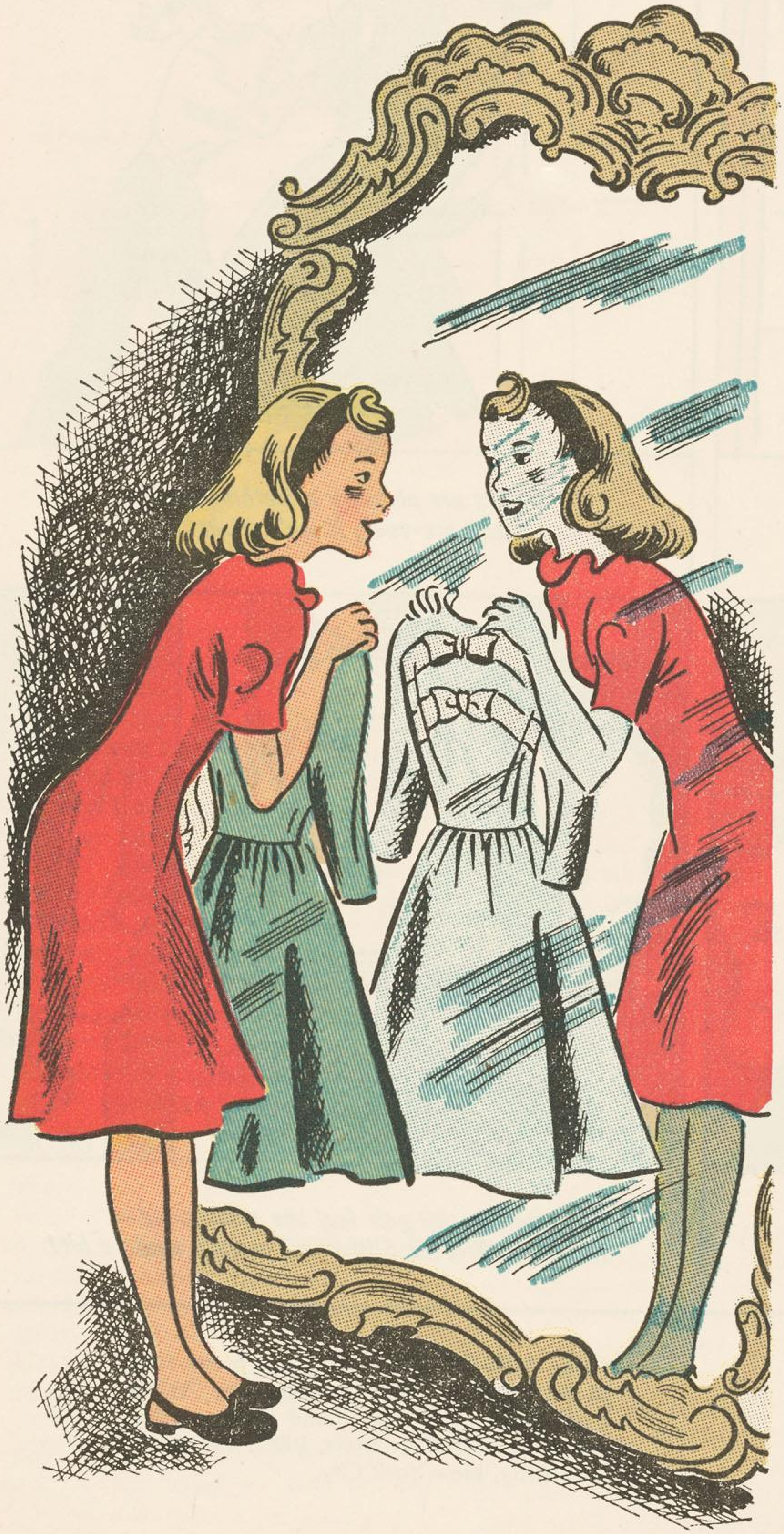

Hi-Girl SWEATERS CLICK with CHICKS
The very best Campus Sorority
Is inducting a new pledgee.
The girls are planning something wicked,
"A sneak pre-vue", it isn't cricket!
But HI-GIRL'S closet passes the "acid test"
Her HI-GIRL SWEATERS are of the best!
So,—the sorority gals feel she rates a bid—
Thanks to HI-GIRL SWEATERS—she's made a hit!
CA-

Hi-Girl
SWEATERS
1410 BROADWAY, N. Y.

FREE: A HI-GIRL Sweater given away free to the three best letters written on "What I Like About This Ad." Send in your letter pronto to Hi-Girl Sweaters, DEPT. MA, 1410 Broadway, New York City.

COLORFULLY Speaking...

by Rita Nye



You can change your mood and personality in a jiffy simply by changing your color scheme... Try it...

NOTHING is more disconcerting than the right girl in the wrong color. A mousy girl can be overshadowed by the colors she wears, but on the other hand the right color can turn a mouse into a sparkling personality. And unless you really have to, don't be a Miss Milquetoast when it comes to bright colors.

You are not expected, of course, to wear a flaming red dress in the morning on your way to school or to the office, or wherever you put in a regular appearance from nine to five. But if you garb yourself in drab colors, chances are that you will feel drab, too. Sometimes, when you are tired, a gay color can perk you up. But don't overdo it, because it takes a lot of pep to "live up" to very bright hues. There is no sadder sight on earth than a dazzling Easter outfit worn by a girl who looks and feels as if she'd been having the blues for a week straight.

Another thing to remember is that colors change under artificial light. Wise shoppers insist on inspecting the wares they are offered under the best possible lighting conditions. It's your money, after all. Green gets duller under artificial light, and yellow gets brighter. Some blues look grayish, and gray often turns into the most unexpected shades. Even lipstick and nail polish will look different in artificial light. Those in the know are very *(Continued on page 46)*

NO, NO, NELLIE

From page 25

neglect this simple care you'll "lose face" with a vengeance.

And, no, *no,* Nellie—it's worse than no remedy to cover up blemishes with a thick "base" makeup. These will serve to spread infectious matter around, stretch the pores and clog them with the stuff that makes for more blackheads and "blossoms." So you put on more and more "base" and it looks caked and—anyway—someday somebody important, a friend, a beau, a husband, is going to catch you with your false face off and see traces of neglect which can be remedied now but which in a few years will have coarsened and scarred your skin permanently. That won't be a pretty picture. But right now, by healthful food, sleep and exercise, inner and outer cleanliness, you can create a complexion that will be the pleasure of all who look at you.

And no, *no,* Nellie, to applying the war paint with a heavy hand. Why? Because it's just plain unpretty. So-called "beauty aids" can be abused to the extent that they can spoil beauty and make a charming face a clown face. Just to prove it to yourself, look away from your own mirror and, in a spirit of scientific analysis, look into the faces of the most attractive women you know, and at the pictures of your favorite teen-age models. In no case will you see an excess of artificial assistance. Active young girls and women require powder and lipstick for finish and color accent; older women in different walks of life may elaborate on this theme a very little; but makeup that is unsuited to the age and activities of any individual is excessive and therefore in poor taste. That's a primary rule of art—and makeup is an art.

Finally, Nellie we say no, *no,* this isn't a scolding. It's just that we like you and we like your natural, young good looks, and it makes us very sad to see you carelessly squander anything so precious. After all, your face may not be your fortune, but it's going to be your closest associate for a long *long* time.

announcing

Miss America Club

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Here it is at last! The answer to the thousands and thousands of letters which have come from all over the country asking for a MISS AMERICA CLUB.

HEADQUARTERS of the Club are in New York City. Chapters may be formed anywhere in the United States or Canada and here are the requirements: Any group of girls may petition for a Charter by sending in their names, addresses and ages with their request to become a Chapter. Their letter of request must be endorsed by a letter from a member of the faculty of their school as well as letters from two adult members of their community. This procedure will give the Chapters the firm foundation you all will want them to have. You will then receive a Charter and a copy of the Constitution and By-Laws of the MISS AMERICA CLUB. Read the Constitution and By-Laws very carefully, elect your officers and then let us know which one of your number you have elected president of your Chapter. The president of each Chapter will receive all bulletins and other information from the New York headquarters.

In various cities MISS AMERICA CLUB Chapter headquarters will be set up in selected department stores. Next month and every month in this column, or in the monthly bulletin, you will be told of these department stores until eventually we will have Chapter headquarters in every principal city in the United States and Canada.

A School Board will be selected by the designated department store from among the members of the area Chapters. You may be one of the members of this Board, to represent many other teen-agers. It will be quite an honor as well as a responsibility but we know those of you who are selected will do a wonderful job. You will sit in on the choice of clothes for teen-agers, the planning of fashion shows, beauty shows, home economic shows, etc. And there will be social activities, wonderful times and heaps of fun for every member of the MISS AMERICA CLUB throughout the whole year.

Also, at the 22nd Annual Women's International Exposition,

(Continued on page 46)

HE LOVES ME NOT

From page 19

us who get hurt, when we should be happy, we'll give you his panacea for the pains of "puppy-love."

Don't run away from a first love. It is the most beautiful moment in a young girl's life. Nothing is more tender, chivalrous, or beautiful. However, being woven of dreams, it is extremely fragile. So when it ends, as it often does, instead of pining away, here are 8 rules for you to follow, when you get that hollow feeling.

1. Weigh your romance for what it really was. Two people liking each other and enjoying each other's company to the exclusion of the rest of the world. Remember that many of the knightly attributes he *seemed* to possess, YOU GAVE TO HIM. Don't be hurt because he turned out to be a real human being. Remember that just around the corner is another lad whom you might like just as well, if you give yourself a chance. He's probably looking for you right now, but he'll never find you if you sulk and hide yourself in your room.

2. Quit overestimating the lifetime importances of your first romance, and your fancied loss of a princely companion. As a child you saw that your parents were stronger and more intelligent than you. You subconsciously were in awe of everything that seemed superior to you and sized yourself up as weak and ineffectual in competition. No one is ever as superior to you as your parents were when you were a child. Chances are all the superior virtues you see in others in your group exist only in your own mind. You, yourself, must have something on the ball, or no boy would fall for you in the first place.

3. Don't assume people are against you. Parents are people. They may *seem* unsympathetic and not particularly understanding, but that is only because they *speak* a different language. Inside, they *feel* for you and would like to help you, only they can't always find the right words. Be honest with them, and try to understand their viewpoint and you'll be surprised how easy it is to transfer love from where you thought it should be to where it actually belongs.

4. When you find "doing things" is hard for you, prepare your plans thoroughly in advance. Be sure of your actions, then go out and go places and do things. The very zest of battling yourself will help you forget self-sympathy. Besides, you're exposing yourself to contacts . . . and people are really fun.

5. Look well, dress well, and carry yourself with assurance. Enter and leave a room with poise. Look people right in the eye. This simple formula will earn you more respect and admiration than anything else. But don't overdo it. Just be your own sweet self and let the whole wide world know YOU'RE PROUD OF BEING YOU.

6. Join a series of organizations. Enter into extra-curricular activities at school, join a young folk's church group, make a team, try Junior Red Cross or Social Aid work. These minimize loneliness and give you the joy of cooperative effort, which incidentally is the key to a successful life.

7. Work at many things. If you have many interests that call for some measure of accomplishment, you are bound to succeed in some of them. This perfect performance of even little things will build pride and

(*Continued on page* 46)

BLOUSE DESIGNING CONTESTS

APPLICATION BLANK — CONTEST No. 2
Fill out this blank and mail to Sally Mason, Inc., 498 Seventh Avenue, New York 18, N. Y., together with your approved design, not later than March 31, 1946.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS________________ AGE______

CITY________________ STATE______

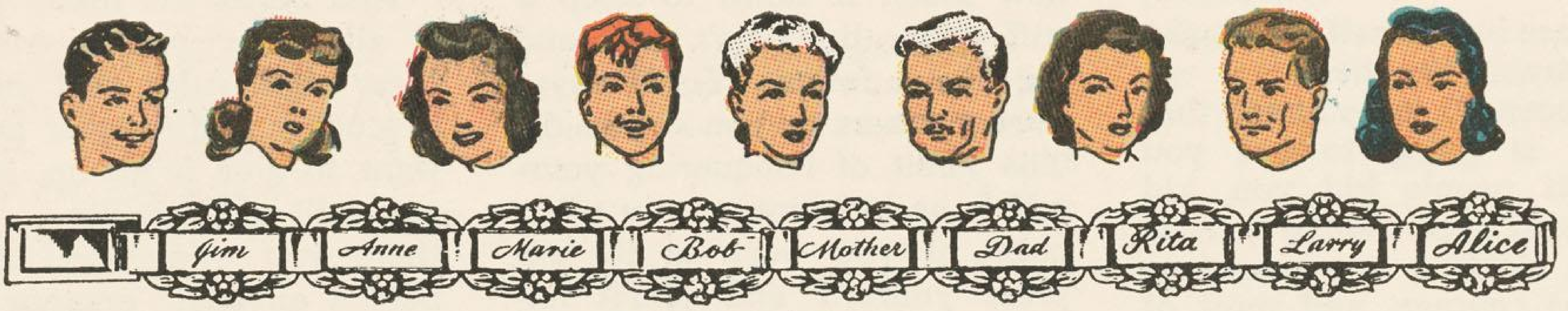
SCHOOL____________________

HOME ECONOMICS TEACHER'S
PERSONAL SIGNATURE________________

Read all about it! The second of a series of three new blouse designing contests sponsored by MISS AMERICA Magazine and Sally Mason, Inc. to start you on a fashionable career . . . Read these rules carefully before entering your design, and good luck to you!

RULES FOR CONTEST NO. 2

1. Design to be for a summer blouse only.
2. Contest closes March 31, 1946.
3. Sketch or draping of your design must have the signature of your Home Economics teacher written on it.
4. First prize winner will receive a $25 Victory Bond. Her design will be produced as the "Sally Mason Blouse of the Season," in a Townbrooke fabric. She will also receive one of these in her own size. Second and third prize winners will receive $15 and $10 in Victory Stamps respectively.



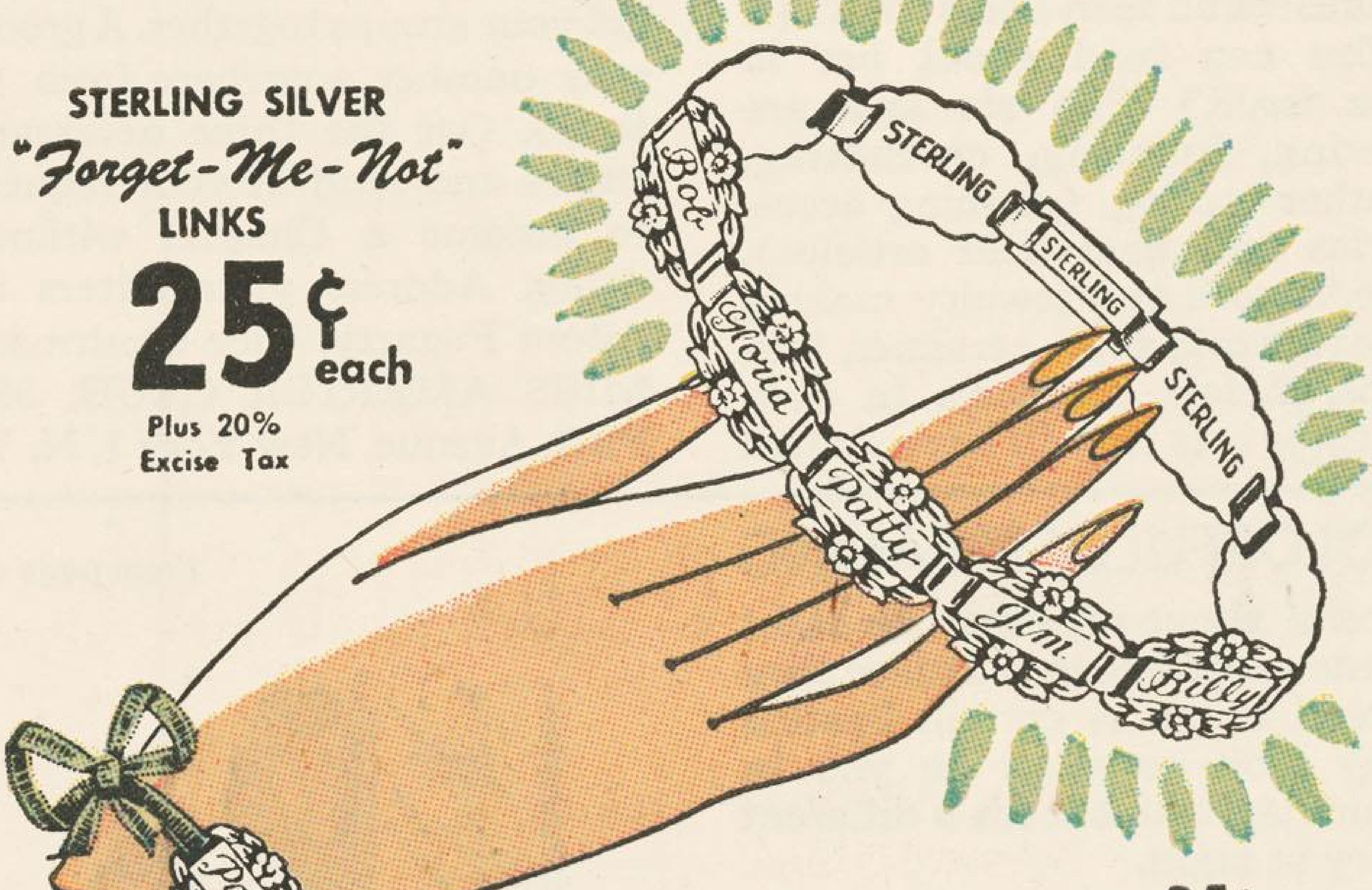
Link Your Friends Together...

EVERLASTING *"Forget-Me-Not"* FRIENDSHIP BRACELET

The newest and most popular friendship bracelet . . . starts on a dainty black ribbon and when finished is a lovely Sterling Silver Friendship Bracelet.

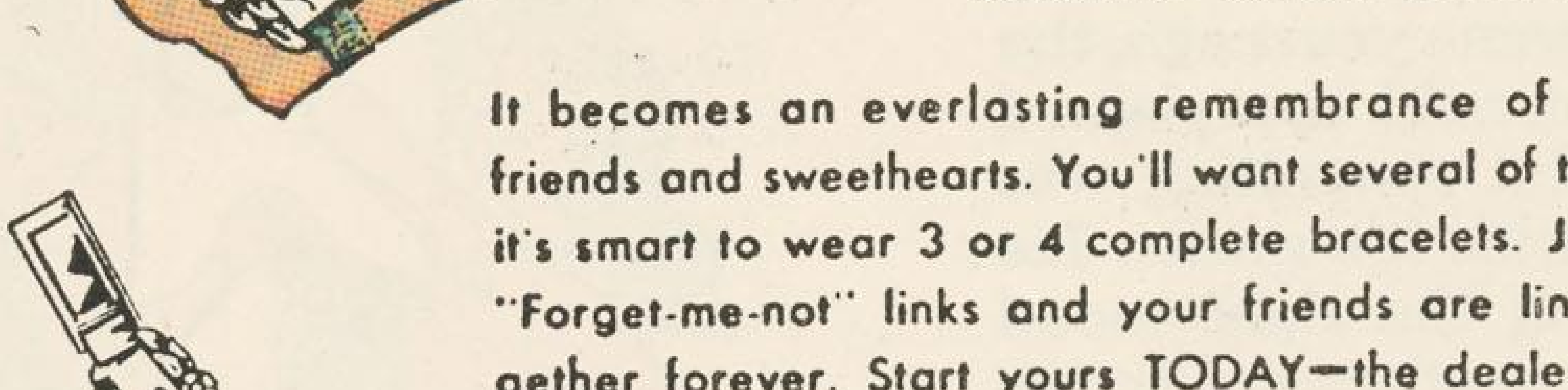
The nation's newest craze. A sentimental note in Jewelry. You start with one "Forget-me-not" link, and your friends, family and sweethearts add to it! Exchange links with your girl friends. When you have 9 "Forget-me-not" links, store will join them together with Sterling Silver connecting links, into a beautiful, solid Sterling Silver "Forget-me-not" Bracelet.

STERLING SILVER
"Forget-Me-Not"
LINKS
25¢ each
Plus 20%
Excise Tax



STERLING SILVER CLASPS 35¢

It becomes an everlasting remembrance of family, friends and sweethearts. You'll want several of them . . . it's smart to wear 3 or 4 complete bracelets. Just add "Forget-me-not" links and your friends are linked together forever. Start yours TODAY—the dealer carrying "Forget-me-not" Sterling Silver Friendship Bracelets in your town is listed at the left.



Special

"Message" bracelet . . . same as "Forget-me-not" name bracelet, but you choose the message . . . 9 words . . . $2.60 complete plus tax.

This sentimental note in Jewelry can be obtained at the following leading dept. stores:

Abraham & Straus	Brooklyn, N. Y
Auerbach Co.	Salt Lake City, Utah
L. S. Ayres Co.	Indianapolis, Ind
Gus Blass Co.	Little Rock, Ark
Block & Kuhl Co.	Illinois
The Bon Marche	Seattle, Wash
The Boston Store	Milwaukee, Wis
Burdine's, Inc.	Miami, Fla
Carl Company	Schenectady, N. Y
Denver Dry Goods Co.	Denver, Colo
Dey Bros. & Co.	Syracuse, N. Y
The Emporium	San Francisco, Calif
The Fair Store	Chicago, Ill
Famous Barr Co.	St. Louis, Mo
G. Fox & Co.	Hartford, Conn.
Gebhart Gushard Co.	Decatur, Ill.
B. Gertz, Inc.	Jamaica, N. Y
Gold & Co.	Lincoln, Nebr.
The Golden Rule	St. Paul, Minn.
Wm. Hengerer Co.	Buffalo, N. Y
Hess Brothers	Allentown, Pa.
The Hecht Co.	Washington, D. C.
Joseph Horne Co	Pittsburgh, Pa
J. L. Hudson Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Hutzler Bros. Co.	Baltimore, Md.
Jordan, Marsh Co.	Boston, Mass.
Kahn Dept. Stores, Inc.	Oakland, Calif
Kresge Dept. Store	Newark, N. J.
La Salle Koch Co.	Toledo, Ohio
F. & R. Lazarus Co.	Columbus, Ohio
Mandel Bros	Chicago, Ill.
T. S. Martin Co.	Sioux City, Ia.
The May Company	Los Angeles, Calif.
John G. Myers Co.	Albany, N. Y
Myers Bros.	Springfield, Ill.
Olds Wortman & King	Portland, Oregon
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Pomeroy's Inc.	Pennsylvania
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From page 44

confidence in yourself, and make you desirable to others.

8. Above all, tell yourself that nothing is going to get you down. If people kid you, kid them back, even though it hurts at first. Nothing is admired as much as courage, and most of those who kid you will respect this quality, because they've been hurt themselves and know how much it takes to keep a stiff upper lip. Don't look and act like a failure. You'll never attract others to you if you do. The habit of conquering yourself is as insistent as any other habit, if you work at it. Impress yourself and you'll impress others, for success in any venture is merely a state of mind.

And here's the funny part of it all. After you've tried out these eight rules, and you find it tougher and tougher and you want to give it all up, because you still ache inside . . . give them just one more trial . . . betcha anything another droolsome lad shows up to change your Sinatra records . . . and life will begin all over again.

MISS AMERICA CLUB

From page 43

which was held at Madison Square Garden, New York, last November, we inaugurated a special Project, "The Teen Hand Arts Project of the Women's National Institute." This Project is also a division of the MISS AMERICA CLUB. Six arts in which teen-agers are interested, were chosen for you for special effort during 1946 by your own Merry Carr. She's the teen-ager who has been selected by MISS AMERICA Magazine to represent all teen-agers for 1946. (You can read about her in this issue.) The six arts are sewing, knitting, crocheting, leather tooling (clothing accessories and household articles), needlework and jewelry making (bead work, shell, ceramics, buttons, metals, plastics). In each of these arts we will have annual competitions and the winners will receive their awards at the Women's International Exposition next autumn here in New York. One day we may be able to invite girls from foreign countries to see what we have accomplished! All details will be given in the monthly club bulletins. You will also be able to get full information at the department store in your area which is your Chapter headquarters.

Now, all you Miss Americas, get your groups together. A group may number anywhere from 10 to 25. Get the three necessary letters and send in your request to become a Chapter without delay. Address your letters to Aileen Fogarty, Vice Chairman, MISS AMERICA CLUB, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

COLORFULLY SPEAKING

From page 42

careful about selecting the right shade according to the place they intend to go. A certain lipstick may look gorgeous on you in plain daylight, but it's a different story at night.

Colors can change your mood, too. One day, some years ago, the composer Darewski complained to a friend that something was going wrong with his music. He was not hitting the right mood anymore, that sentimental something so important in the field of light music. The friend suggested the use of color. The composer took a bunch of colored gelatine strips, each of a different color, and held them up to the light.

He found that a rich orange color made him reminisce and brought back the past. Deep blue and deep mauve were rather depressing, while certain shades of red were pleasant and put him in a cheerful frame of mind. A pale blue produced loneliness. He obtained his best results with a pale amber which made him feel fanciful.

Roughly it can be said that blue, green and mild violet are restful colors which calm the nerves and help overcome excitement. Red, yellow and orange, on the other hand, stimulate the mind. Some girls become nervous and irritable, because they are surrounded by the wrong colors.

Hella was a girl who liked to experiment. One day she decided to give a party for which she made very special preparations. At first everything went as usual until Hella turned a light switch, and suddenly everything was bathed in a greenish light. There were "ah's" and "oh's" at first, and the guests were delighted with the new idea. But in a matter of minutes the atmosphere took a sharp nose dive. Yellow-green light has a very unpleasant hue, cold, aloof and unreal. The effects of this were soon felt. Everybody was getting gloomy and the party froze up.

Then the hostess turned another switch, and suddenly the room was suffused in a glowing red light. A sigh of relief came from everybody's lips, and the party warmed up quickly again. When the company parted, they had had a most delightful evening.

Yes, a soft friendly red can do things to a party and to the people in it. Red light lends a touch of warmth to the atmosphere; our hearts open up, and we seem to become one with the things and people around us.

So the next time you intend to be color-ful, remember that colors can change your moods, your looks, your personality. In short, they can do things for you.

EDITOR'S OFFICE
STUDENT NEWS

He's the team's mastcot, and he hasn't had his name in the paper all season!

YOU, TOO, CAN BE MORE BEAUTIFUL-CHARMING and POPULAR! *At Once!*

"What has 'she' got that I haven't?"—Do you often ask yourself this question, wondering why some girls are popular and happy while others are lonesome and depressed? Her's the secret of popularity—you must "highlight" and dramatize your strong points, and hide your weak ones. When you learn how to do this, you have learned the "inside story" of a girl's success!

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12. Does one have to exercise?
13. Assuring personal cleanliness and hygiene; check list.
14. Take care of your teeth.
15. How much sleep do you need?
16. She Walks in Beauty.
17. When is a girl smartly dressed? Knows her type—never overdressed—never conscious of clothes—yet with certain verve and dash.
18. How to effect certain optical illusions to appear taller or shorter, thinner or rounder.
19. If you are very short, here is what you can do; fabrics, colors, types and clothes to wear; accessories. Actions and manners, too.
20. How to dress if you are very tall.
21. If you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, here's what else to do and not to do. Don't wear tight clothes, tiny hats, small things. Here are best colors, fabrics, styles for you!
22. The normal figure woman; how to select the most becoming clothes; What goes with what.
23. Building your wardrobe, plan—don't plunge. Building around what you need most, adding endless variety.
24. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
25. Six rules for being well-groomed.
26. What men don't like in women's clothes or grooming.
27. How to achieve that well-dressed appearance that makes people notice you.

SECTION II—WHAT TO DO TO IMPROVE YOUR RELATIONS WITH OTHERS.

28. How to meet people in cordial and poised manner—when to shake hands, what to say.
29. What a smile can do; laughter.
30. Adding interest to your voice.
31. Looking at other people with open mind.
32. Your troubles are your own; don't spread your woes.
33. The art of conversation. Don't be a tangent talker, omit the terrible details; brevity still soul of wit.
34. Nothing duller than walking encyclopedia; insert own opinions and ideas; avoid useless chatter.
35. How to be interesting talker.
36. Listen with mind as well as ears.
37. Do people like you more as time goes on?
38. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
39. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
40. Having a good time at a party.
41. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
42. How are your telephone manners?
43. Write the sort of letters you would like to receive.
44. Shopping, pleasure or ordeal?
45. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
46. Don't be a martyr-type; out of fashion to enjoy poor health, or sacrifice life for children, parents, etc.
47. The wishy-washy dear is burden to herself and others: let people know your likes and dislikes.
48. How to hardle the question of money matters.
49 Help, help, what's the answer? Should you let prospective beau take you to 55c theatre seats or to orchestra only? Does he fail to bring flowers because he is stingy, thoughtless or impoverished? When he asks you where to go, should you name a tea room or an expensive supper club? When he asks you what you want for a gift, should you say, "nothing" or "Guerlain's Perfume"? etc., etc.
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DEAR BETTY ANN

From page 27

High. Whoever finds this note will become a movie star!" and which of course started me on my career, heard Lester talking about "launching my career." She said, "Huh, so you're going to launch that tub!" Isn't that awful, Betts!)

Well, anyway, returning to more refined and more pleasant things. Lester is making great plans. Since his uncle is a talent scout, Lester feels that he will be doing almost any prospective movie star client a great favor, what with Paramount right in the family, so to speak.

Lester says it is very important to impress his uncle. Some uncles don't fully value the business judgment of a nephew who is only sixteen and going to Hollywood High. But Orson Welles started out young. Lester just knows that if he discovers another Lauren Bacall, that he will be called the "Movie Boy Wonder Genius."

At first Lester planned to have me discovered just like Lana Turner, wearing a sweater and sipping a soda at the malt shop across from Hollywood High. The only trouble with that was that when he mentioned it to his uncle, the talent scout, the uncle wouldn't come down to see me.

So we had to do some planning.

But leave it to Lester! He went into the school art department and had a great big banner painted. It said, "Hollywood High Wants Recognition for Vicky Dunford—Our Next Hollywood Star."

It was so exciting, just like running for president, Betts. Lester got Rusty to help him carry it, and they got Joe, a drummer, to bring his drum along and they marched all over the campus.

Everybody thought it was fun and they followed shouting, "We want Vicky for our next movie star."

The next day Lester held another rally with the banner. And there was a Hollywood newspaper photographer. He came along and he said, "What's up?" We told him. He up and took my photo.

Lester said, "If that makes page one of the Hollywood paper, or even page 2 or 3 or 4, well, anyway, if it is printed, we are in." He said every movie producer in town would be after us—meaning me—to sign a contract.

Well, you could feel the tension all over the school, all day. Even that peasant Darlene, looked at me quizzically all through history. She was trying to make up her mind to cultivate my friendship before it was too late and I'd be a movie star.

Well, Betts, when school was out, Lester and I and our closest friends, about a couple of hundred, breezed out to the street, to see if the paper was out. Finally the paper boy arrived and everyone present bought a paper, being all of the papers he had.

We looked from page 1 to 2 to 3 to every page. Betts, my heart just simply fell right down to my toes. My photo wasn't there. You should have heard Darlene yell, "Yah, yah, yah,—look who thinks they're somebody!"

I was ready to cry, but Lester, he was so wonderful. He said that was nothing. That every movie star had to daily face the same disappointment. He further said that he had spent much time in research on the matter. And that every newspaper was handed hundreds of photos of movie stars, and just one or two a week made the paper.

Moms was awfully sweet when I came home. She had chocolate cake with fudge icing and when I couldn't eat any at dinner she took a big slice and put it in my room.

Black cats never bother me. I couldn't get any lower marks than I'm getting!

Just when I was thinking that perhaps it wasn't my destiny to be famous, Lester telephoned. He said that he had gone to the newspaper and had obtained a print of my picture. And that he was going to take it over to his uncle. And I was to keep my fingers crossed, but good.

The next day, Betts, I was coming out of school with Rusty, and Rusty was saying that he was glad that I was not going to be in the movies, because he liked me best the way I am. And that some day maybe we might want to get engaged and that a movie career always interfered dreadfully, and well—well, Lester came running and waving a paper. And Betts, there I was, just like the clipping enclosed!

As you see, it says, "Hollywood High's Candidate for Movie Stardom."

Betts, I was so weak, I couldn't speak. At the right psychological moment who should walk by but Darlene. I couldn't resist thrusting it right under her nose. "Gosh," she said. And that was all. She stood there speechless.

Lester made a date for me to see his uncle, the talent scout.

This morning I was up early, Betts. I washed my hair and changed my dress about seventeen times to see what would be most satisfactory.

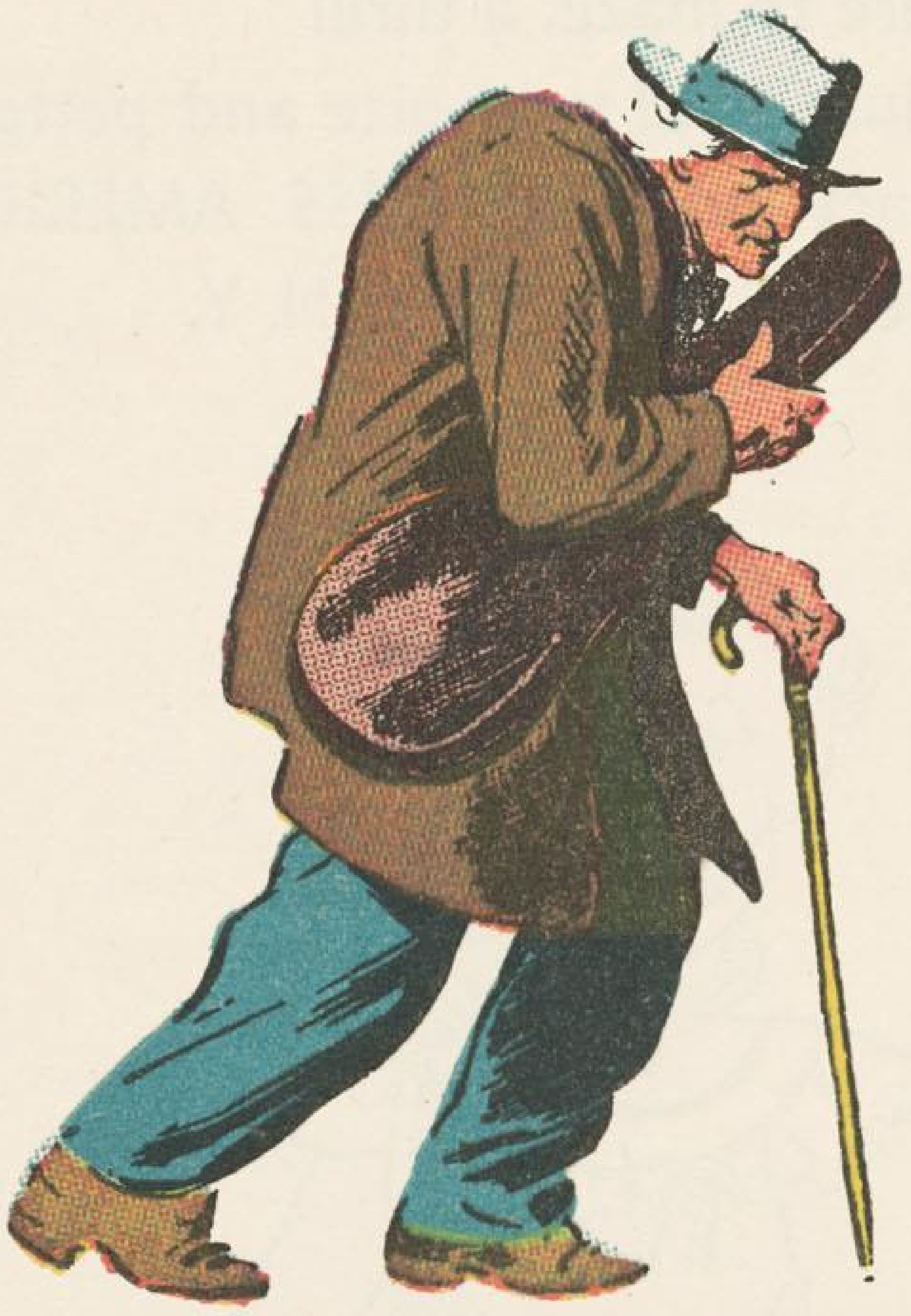
Ten minutes ago I was all ready waiting for Lester, when the telephone rang.

It was Lester's infant sister, Twinky, who is eight. Twinky said, "Lester is awful sorry. Two hours ago he broke out with the mumps. He doesn't think he'd better escort you tonight."

Isn't that Fate, Betts? Well, never let it be said that I am not enterprising. For I am going to Lester's uncle's anyway. I called Rusty to escort me. He'll be here any minute. I hope I do a good job talking to Paramount.

Wouldn't it be heaven if I should play in Alan Ladd's next picture?

Your devoted friend,
Vicky.



It is indeed rare to find a story as keenly sensitive, as delicately detailed as this month's winner by Alice Willner. Rich in human understanding, it is woven with true craftsmanship into a fine suspenseful tale, building up to a subtly explosive climax . . . You're sure to enjoy it . . .

the little man

by Alice Willner
(age 16)

Ed. Note: We are grateful to A. Barnett Langdale, Chairman of English at Erasmus Hall High School, Brooklyn, N. Y., where Alice is a sixth term student, for submitting "The Little Man" to MISS AMERICA Magazine.

The little man moved slowly from the subway train, stepping onto the platform just as the great door slid closed behind him. He carried in his hands two things: one was a large cane, which looked rather incongruous against his slight figure — and the other? The little man, the meager little hunchback, carried a violin. The instrument was fitted into a canvas case, and he clutched his priceless possession close to him.

He moved along with the crowd to the elevator and up to the street level. Then he stepped out into the open, blinking at the late afternoon sunshine. He made his way slowly down the street, always with the violin in his tight embrace. The children noisily playing at their games stopped all too conspicuously to stare at his odd figure as it trudged homeward. A vague thought passed through his mind — children, ah yes, of them it might be expected, but grownup people in . . . a . . . concert . . . hall . . .

Once more his mind was blank. He moved with less spirit than an automaton — down the street, up the stairway to the brownstone house, then two flights up to the room where he lived alone. He hesitated upon seeing the music stand, scattered sheets of music. Oh, how he had breezed out of the room in the morning — how he had floated on air with that curious sensation at the pit of his stomach, that ecstatic nervousness!

Then he threw himself upon the couch and sobbed, great, gasping sobs. All the bitter memories of the afternoon rushed to him. How he had prayed, how he had hoped, how he had longed for this day! Just one week ago, when the orchestra had finished practising Tschaikowsky's *Fourth Concerto,* the white-haired, dignified conductor had rushed over to him, pulling him to one side of the stage.

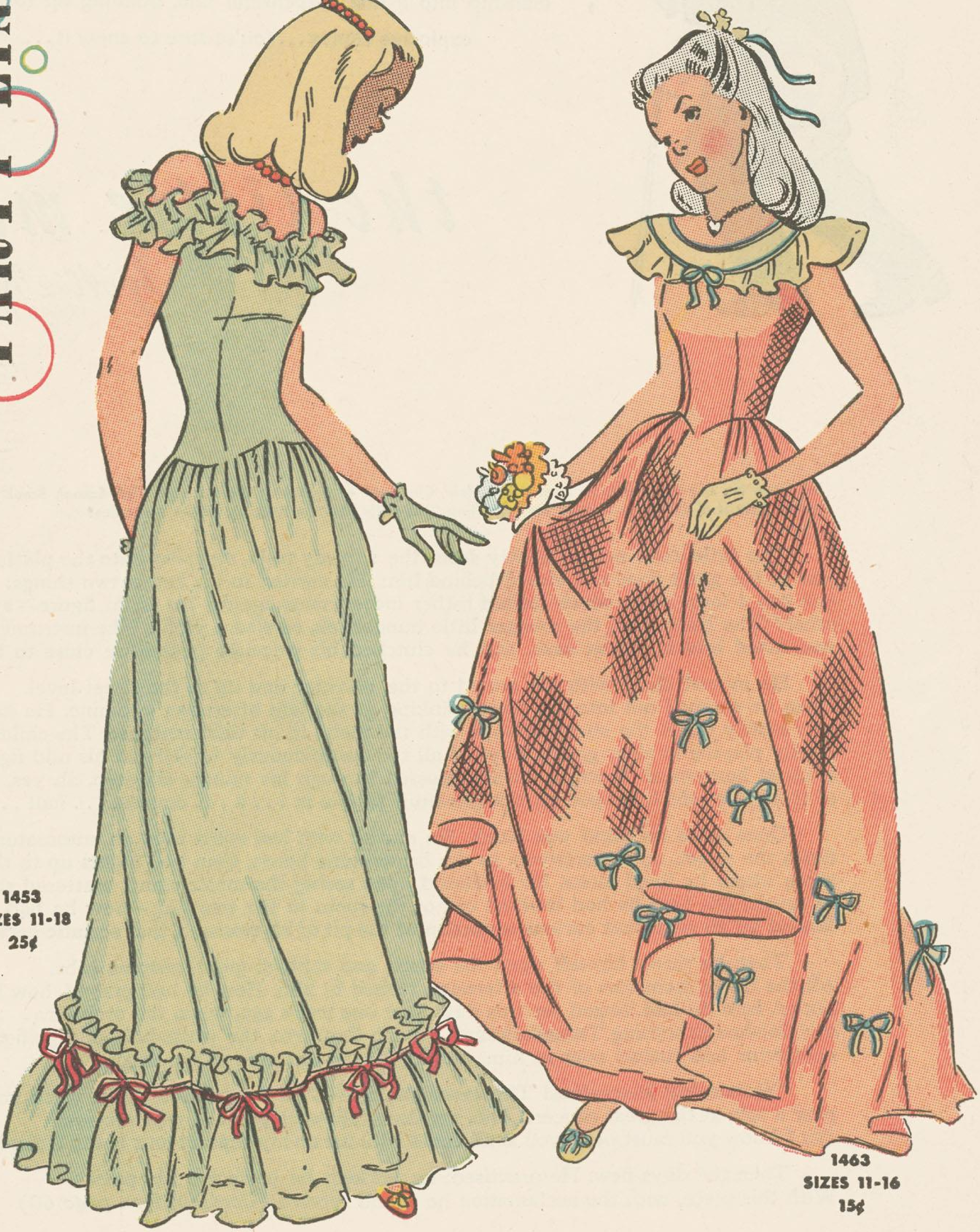
"Wonderful! Marvelous! The tonal quality — *C'est magnifique!* Next week you shall play a solo at the great concert. And, my dear fellow, if you are well received (as I know you must be!), you shall come with me on my concert tour of the United States!"

Then the days flew. He practised; he worked; he perfected his piece. With this piece, with the acclamation he would receive

(Continued on page 60)

PARTY LINES...

Sweet and lovely patterns—a pleasure to make, a thrill to wear! To get one, just send your size and pattern number with the exact price to MISS AMERICA Magazine, Dept. P-D, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



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"We shall have music"—here's Pat Parks with the latest and best on band leaders, song scribblers, singing stars, and the Instrumental Intelligentsia. So let's tune in on Pat's beam.

Jam Session ♪♪

Life is a song—if you're a bandleader-arranger. Here popular Vaughn Monroe does a little homework in his Park Avenue apartment. Could be another "There, I've Said It Again," we hope!

Two boys and a blonde! That's crooner Andy Russell, (as if you didn't know), spinning a tall one to charming songstress, Peggy Lee, and bandleader, Paul Weston. Wonder what he's saying!

by Pat Parks

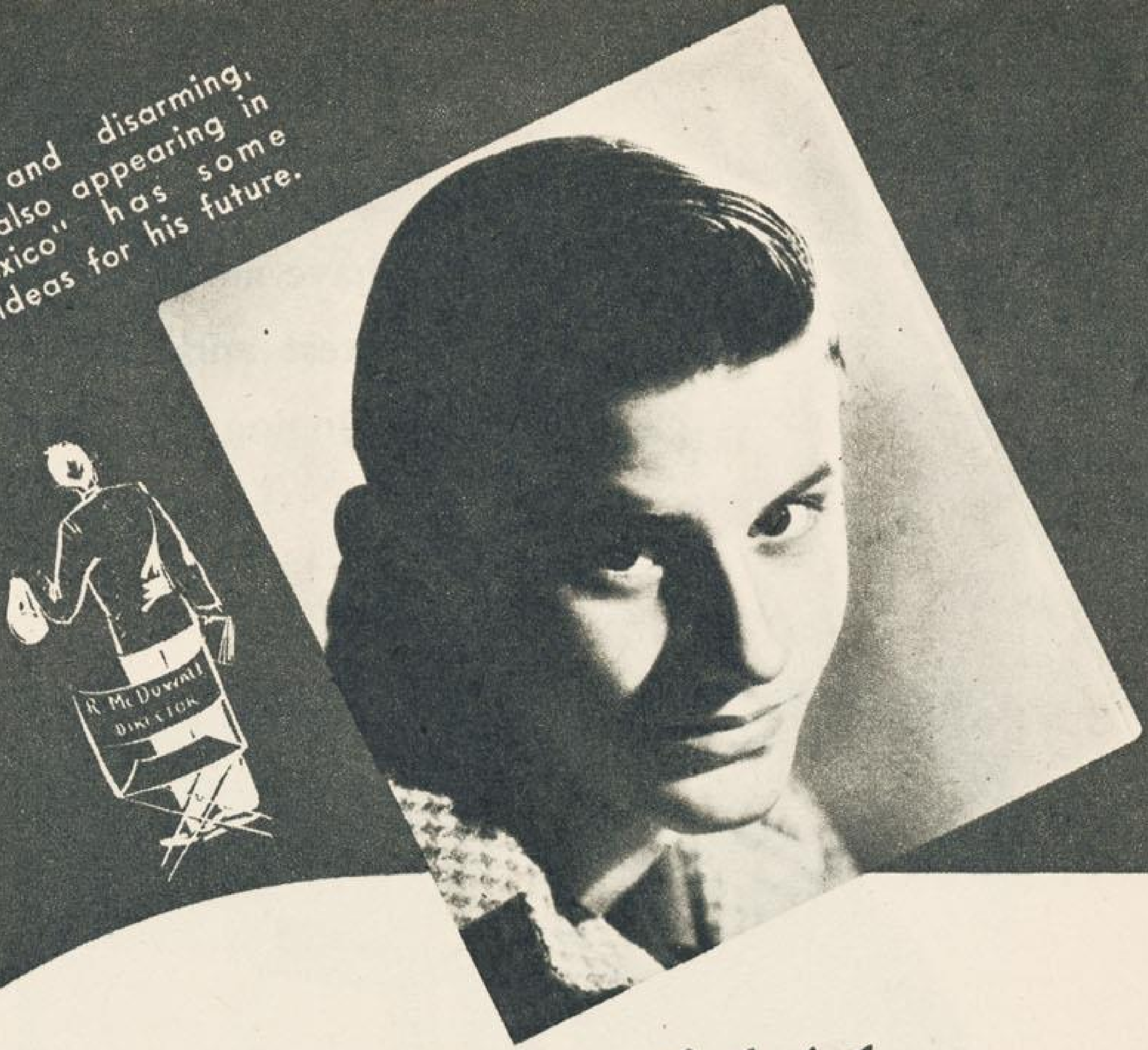
NEWS NOTES: Dynamic Ray Nance, he of the trumpet, violin, voice and peg pants, has departed the shores of the Duke Ellington band to work as a single attraction. Duke has no replacement planned and will not try to duplicate Nance. He is looking for someone who will give new excitement to the band.

Here's hoping Ruth Gaylor will be out of Hal McIntyre's band by the time you read this. Ruth is a fine singer, so don't misread our desire for her to leave. She will quit, though, when her husband is sent home from that hospital in India . . . and we know how anxious she is to see him!

Xavier can't stand the drafty dressing rooms at the Apollo theater in Harlem! Xavier, I should point out for some of you who might think I am talking about a bandleader named Cugat, is Charlie Barnet's tiny bright-eyed pet monkey. I met Xavier as he was chewing on a raisin in Charlie's dressing room. The next day he was at home, bedded down with a cold from the draft. Stiff upper lip, Xavier!

Frank Sinatra's ball team, The Swooners, composed primarily of songwriters, songpluggers and singers, whopped a six-to-nothing victory over a professional Hollywood ball club. The team also tussled with Les Brown's band team. Nobody will admit who won, though. (*Continued on page* 58)

Winsome Claude Jarman, starring in M-G-M's "The Yearling" is all boy, and truly enough has his eye on a professional football career after college.



Always charming, and disarming, Roddy McDowall, also appearing in "Holiday in Mexico" has some sound, practical ideas for his future.

Peggy Ann Garner, soon to be seen in "Home, Sweet Homicide" is a typical teen-ager who has wisely made plans for a college education.

A little on the explosive side is vivacious Barbara Whiting, who scored such a hit in "Junior Miss" as Peggy Ann's pal. She's really full of pep.

When I Grow Up...

From five of Hollywood's most brilliant young stars comes this sparkling article . . . a confidential report of their dreams, hopes, plans for the future . . . which you'll discover, closely resemble your own . . .

by Jack Holland

EACH of you has a dream.

And usually that one big dream so important to you begins with the words, "When I grow up—."

You enjoy the fun of being in your teens. You don't miss a moment of the joy of being young. Yet, you're just waiting for that day when you can say to yourself, "Now I'm grown up." Waiting for that big thrill.

The young stars of Hollywood live exciting lives, yes, but they have the same hopes and dreams and expectations about the day when they've grown up as you do. To see just what "getting older" meant to them, I talked to five of the biggest young stars in town: Roddy McDowall, Barbara Whiting, Peggy Ann Garner, Claude Jarman, Elizabeth Taylor, and Jane Powell.

Leading off with Claude Jarman, I found that the personable little *Jody* of "The Yearling" was all boy.

"Gee, I can't wait till I grow up!" Claude said to me enthusiastically as I talked to him on the set. "Being young is all right, but when I'm older, I'll really do things. First of all, I want to go to the University of Tennessee and play on their football team. Tennessee is my home, you know, and those Volunteers are sure a great team. Then, after I'm through school, I want to be a professional football player. I like sports. They teach you team work and help you to get along with other people.

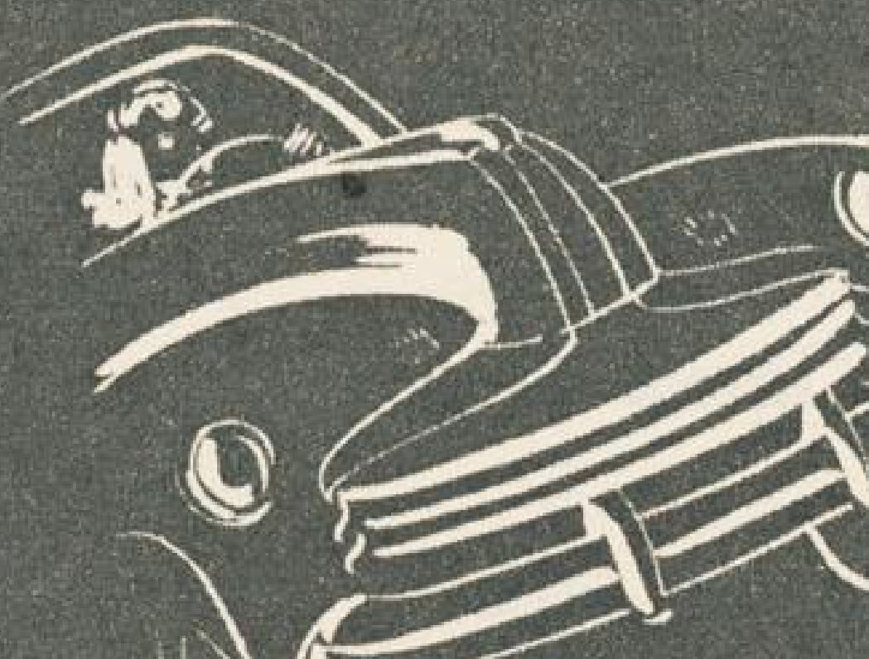
"But that isn't all I'm looking forward to. I may be young, but I like the girls. Some boys my age say they don't like girls, but they're only kidding. I think it'll be swell when I'm old enough to buy a girl flowers by myself and take her to the movies. Just like a big shot. I won't go mooning around like some of the fellows I've seen, though."

The most explosive teen-ager in town is Barbara Whiting, whom you saw in "Junior Miss." This girl is really full of pep, to put it mildly.

"Growing up means adventure to me," she said excitedly. "Doing things (*Continued on page* 67)

Beautiful, British-born Elizabeth Taylor, won American audiences in "National Velvet," really loves horses. Her next is "Hold High the Torch."

Sweet and lovely Jane Powell, who lists a lilting voice among her assets, is now creating a mild sensation in the big musical picture "Holiday in Mexico."



MOB SCENE...

You'll be shocked—You'll be frightened . . . but you'll be grateful for this vivid word picture of Panic—the Public Enemy . .

by Vera Lawson

PANIC—it's an awfully scary word; but it is also an awfully scary thing. True, you may never get caught in a panic; but that's exactly what the men and women, the boys and girls thought who got caught in the Hartford circus catastrophe, or in the Boston Cocoanut Grove fire, or in any of the tens of disasters which happen in this country every single year.

Wherever crowds gather—in theaters, dance halls, excursion boats or circuses—engineers have tried to make conditions safe. All possible dangers in such places have been studied; all hazards are known and largely under control. All hazards but one.

The greatest killer of them all is still at liberty, unchecked: panic. No one yet has found a surefire remedy for the blind excitement which results when sudden fear grips a crowd threatened with disaster. Take a typical case which occurred a few years ago.

At a church social, crowded with teen-agers, a small fire broke out. The terrified boys and girls crowded against a small emergency door, while three larger doors near-by were unused, because a thin veil of smoke made everyone think that that part of the hall was in flames. A panic developed, because the emergency door was too small and soon got jammed. The small fire was extinguished easily fifteen minutes later, but 45 youngsters lay dead around the side door—crushed or trampled underfoot.

Panic is a terrible butcher. It makes bloody catastrophes out of small incidents; and in almost every disaster the number of those killed by confusion and blind fear is far greater than the number of "true" victims.

Yet the desire to escape in the face of danger is natural to all of us, and no one can be blamed for trying to get out of a dangerous place as quickly as possible. Only there are different ways of doing it. Those who rush to escape "somehow, somewhere and never mind the others" only make things harder for themselves and for all the others.

On the other hand, if you follow a few elementary safety rules, your chances of survival increase a hundredfold. Here, then, are the most important measures which you can take to protect yourself. Study them now. But let's hope that you'll never need them.

Before going into any place of public assembly and settling down, make sure you remember where the exits are. Try to make a quick survey also of the side doors, because in a panic most people rush to the main doors and invariably jam it.

When a disaster starts—even if it is only some foolish person playfully yelling "Fire"—don't join blindly in the scramble for the exits. Sit tight for a few moments and survey the situation. Don't jump recklessly out of windows just because others before you have jumped. Whole chains of people have gone to their death this way.

When a panic has developed, listen to and cooperate with those who are trying to give directions to the crowd. Keep absolute silence. And walk, don't run. (*Continued on page 65*)

The Yolk's on You...

x(eggs) hits the spot

by Ruth Baller

Flip 'em or fry 'em . . . cook 'em or coddle 'em . . . for fair weather or fowl, eggs hit the spot! Next time the gang drops in, serve these delicious, deleggtable dishes!

"SATURDAY night is the loneliest night in the week," so the song goes, but Sunday—what a super special session that can be! Want to know how? Have a hen party—now don't get eggscited—it's not the kind of a hen party you're thinking of—this is really an egg party. Have some of the crowd over for a Sunday Night snack. Or, invite your aunt, uncle and couz. I'm sure you've taken nourishment at their house and now it's time YOU invited them, so you can eggshibit your culinary eggspertness, provided your Mother gives you the green light.

Most everybody eats a big Sunday mid-day meal, therefore, your guests won't be too hungry at night—so let 'em eat eggs. "Hen fruit" is delish, nourishing, wholesome, and contains vitamins, minerals and protein (stuff that builds your body 'n' keeps it in good repair). Humpty-dumpties can be prepared in a number of ways. Let me eggsplain.

What Every Slick Chick Should Know About Eggs:

When breaking eggs (on purpose) give a sharp whack in the middle. Have a shallow dish close by to slip the eggs in. First, it's easier to slip an egg from a shallow dish into the pan than it is to slip it from the shell into the pan, and you'd be surprised how slippery eggs can be! Second, if you're using lots of eggs and break 'em right into your mixing bowl, you just might come across a bad one—that would spoil all of 'em had you slipped it right into the cooking utensil.

It's very important that eggs be cooked gently. Use a low flame for all, from frying and poaching to hard-cooking. Never boil eggs; that makes 'em tough and rubbery.

Eggs beat up faster if not too chilled, so if you know you are going to beat 'em, take 'em out of the refrij. about an hour before (otherwise always keep them there).

Add a pinch of salt to eggs which are to be beaten—salt helps fluff 'em. If you must separate the white from the yolk, eggs should be cold for this operation. To prevent eggs from cracking while cooking, wet 'em first before cooking. Salt and vinegar also prevent them from cracking.

Hard-cooked eggs shell more easily if they're placed in cold water for a few minutes immediately after cooking.

There's no difference between brown or white eggs, positively.

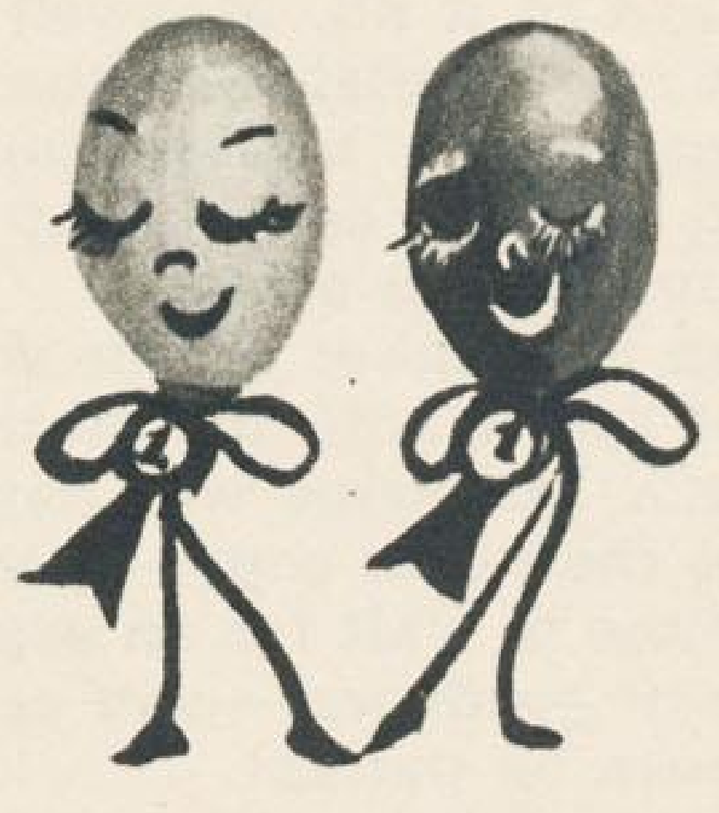
When washing egg dishes, rinse 'em first with cold water, then they're easier to wash.

Serve egg dishes on warm plates promptly after they're cooked. (*Continued on page* 69)

the Softie

the Chills

the Hard Way



the Love

JAM SESSION

From page 51

Stan Kenton made twelve one-nighters by plane last month, a new era in band travel. . . . Phil Brito collapsed from overwork last month. . . . Perry Como records are outselling Sinatra discs, so they say.... Kay Kyser agreed to continue his radio show but only until the end of his contract. Phil Harris will probably take over Kay's band.

Randy Brooks, former Les Brown trumpeter, moved his three-months-old band into the Pennsylvania Hotel, one of swingdom's most cherished spots and generally one which is inaccessible to new crews. . . . Carol Bruce, now that she's landed the singing lead in "Show Boat" on Broadway, will be signed to a new disc contract.... Andy Russell's "Stork Club" plaudits have won him another flicker!

Fran Warren has replaced Kay Starr with Charlie Barnet. . . . Lillian Lane, in turn, grabbed the vocal microphone deserted by Miss Warren with Randy Brook's crew. Lillian is best known for her singing with Claude Thornhill's great ork.... Liza Morrow is a singing thing with Benny Goodman.

Billy Williams, romantic baritone with Sammy Kaye, has been signed to make hillbilly records for Bluebird.

Idol Chatter: Our MISS AMERICA spotlight is shining on a bandleader who once refused adamantly to become a bandleader. In fact, Vaughn Monroe, one of today's best known bandleaders and most popular singers, became so stubborn when his bandleader boss offered him a band of his own that his boss had to fire him before he would listen to reason.

It all came about after Vaughn had played and sung with several bands and had finally gone to work for Jack Marshard, a society bandleader in New England, as a trumpeter and singer. Immediately all New England took Vaughn to their hearts. It was natural, then, for Marshard, who had several bands, to ask Vaughn to lead one. Vaughn refused, was fired by Marshard, and reconsidered.

Less than a year after he organized his first band, Vaughn was a national success with a record contract, radio, and top theater and hotel dates behind and before him!

Today Vaughn is the top selling artist on Victor (along with Tommy Dorsey and Perry Como). His band is a tremendous success and his stagedoor crowds resemble those of Sinatra. Trained to be a concert singer, Vaughn still sings with a classical baritone quality to his voice.

Married, Vaughn is the proud papa of Candace (Candy) and Christina. Candy, at three, is my girl friend, because Christina, at one, isn't old enough. Wife Marion Monroe, Vaughn's high school sweetheart, is an intelligent person and a swell gal.

As for Vaughn, himself, he loves sports, rides a motorcycle, has a pilot's license, and can be found any free afternoon on the golf course. He's a regular guy, loves his fans, and loves his family more than he can tell, being a shy person.

Record Raves: Listen twice to Woody Herman's excellent platter coupling "Bijou" and "Put That Ring On My Finger." "Bijou" is a nice jazz idea, that of swinging a Latin American theme to a rhumba beat.

Spike Jones scores again with "Sloppy Lagoon" (or "Drip, Drip, Drip") and "Holiday for Strings," the David Rose string pizzicato ditty. "Holiday for Strings" is the better side with auto horns, pistols and laughter running rampant in the beautiful Rose score.

"It's Been a Long, Long Time" has been done successfully by a flock of artists. Harry James has one of his best recent platters on the tune. Crosby does it well, but a shade too slow, with the Les Paul Trio, and Phil Brito has a right tempo Crosby-like version which is hitting the Broadway record store jackpot.

Incidentally, pin a rose on Decca for its foresight in teaming Crosby and Les Paul. In better mood and tempo is "Whose Dream Are You?" flipover for "Long, Long Time."

Here are a few more last minute recommendations: Tommy Dorsey's "A Door Will Open," a smooth ballad well played and well sung by Stuart Foster and The Sentimentalists; Eugenie Baird's singing of "Am I Blue"; Jimmy Dorsey's "Come to Baby, Do."

HELLO, GIRLS:

My office, on the 73rd floor of the Empire State Building, which you are cordially invited to visit, overlooks the Hudson and East Rivers. On a clear day, such as today, I'm inclined to desert my typewriter and just gaze and gaze out the window, dreaming. Boats, so busy carrying cargo to far-off places, dot the shimmery water. And it's a thrilling sight to watch the ships loaded from stem to stern with home-coming soldiers.

Words are inadequate to describe the fairyland-like beauty when the vari-colored lights go on all over the city and across the river in New Jersey. It seems as though you can almost reach out and touch the glittering bejeweled glory that is New York at night. I wish you could see it.

And I wish you could see the hustle-bustle around here on deadline day. Talk about activity! Proofs measured and snipped to fit into a given number of pages, messengers waiting to carry off backyard make-up to be reset by compositors with nimble, experienced fingers. Oh, it's a beehive of hectic excitement. In the midst of it all, Maxwell A. Tifft, in charge of putting your magazine to bed (that's an expression in the trade), phones to tell me that, because we are now printing over a million copies of MISS AMERICA, it is imperative, absolutely urgent, that all copy be at the printer on schedule! The urgency in his voice takes my breath away!

Then a member of our subscription department rushes in with the news that I must put a note in the magazine to the effect that new subscribers to MISS AMERICA Magazine will have to wait on the average of sixty days before they receive their first copy—that is, from the time they send in their order. I didn't have time to wait for an explanation. This isn't the kind of news I like to print, but—my goodness!—you can't imagine the rate at which subscriptions pour in! So please be patient.

How would you like to be an editor? Personally, I wouldn't change places with—well, with even a movie star, for instance.

Affectionately,
Jean Goodman

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HEART INTEREST

From page 8

nothing but a muscle with many, many small nerves running through it, and connected with half a dozen of the biggest blood vessels in your body. Your heart usually isn't bigger than your fist. Inside, it has four hollow chambers through which it pumps the blood.

The heart is the most active part of the body. Once it has started working it never stops again until the moment of death. Every single day of your life thousands, yes thousands, of gallons of blood are pumped through the heart.

When the heart beats faster, the blood runs through the body faster, too. Doctors have tried for a long time to find out how quickly the blood runs through our body. They finally hit upon a very ingenious method: they made an injection of a certain bitter-tasting substance in the bend of the elbow, and then they clocked the seconds it took for the substance to reach the tongue. As soon as the blood had carried the substance there, the patient felt a bitter taste in his mouth. It was a very smart discovery, and completely harmless.

The heart beats, or, as we doctors say, contracts, about seventy times a minute in a grown-up. In children the heartbeat is faster, and in infants it may be more than 100 or 120 a minute. The easiest way to count the heart-beat is by "feeling the pulse." If you have ever watched a doctor or a nurse, you probably know that they place two fingers gently on the inside of the wrist, just underneath the thumb, and compare what they feel with the second hand of their watches.

In all healthy, normal persons the heart beats faster sometimes, and at other times more slowly. When you have had some exercise, such as running or climbing, your pulse becomes faster, and it takes 5 or 10 minutes, or even longer, for it to go back to normal again. The same happens after eating a good meal. Feelings of upset and other emotions also make the heart contract more rapidly.

The pulse can also be felt in other parts of the body. If you place your fingers gently on your temples, or on the soft spot in front of your ears, you can easily feel it. You can even count the pulse of another person without touching him. If the other person sits on a chair with one leg crossed over the other, you can see how the leg on top falls and rises a wee bit in a steady, gentle rhythm.

But there is really no point in feeling or counting other people's heartbeats, and there is even less point in counting your own. Our heart is such a mysterious and wonderfully delicate machine that it seems to change its action almost every minute. A heart that begins to beat faster or more vigorously than usual is still a perfectly healthy heart. And the funny thing is that it works best when we pay no attention to it at all.

LITTLE MAN

From page 49

(how the maestro had encouraged him!), he would be able to tour his country, play with a great artist. That was his ambition, his dream . . .

His time had come! Now was his chance! But all of a sudden an anxious fear possessed him. Until now he had been hidden behind the big bass violins; he had felt no self-consciousness. But now — perhaps when they saw his bent figure—!

He stepped out near the conductor's podium. There was perfect silence as he fitted the instrument under his chin and drew the bow softly, sweetly . . . He played perhaps five measures when he became suddenly conscious of a whispering sound; out of the corner of his eye he saw fingers pointing; laughter he heard, growing louder, louder! In wild despair he ran from the stage, hearing mad applause. They were mocking him, insulting him! Home! Home! He must get home! He took his violin and ran . . .

The room grew darker. The little man lying on the sofa became conscious of a bell ringing.

The sound subsided into the stillness of the room. He realized that it must have been ringing for a long while. He opened the door to admit—yes, the great maestro!

"My poor, dear fellow—such an unfortunate thing, so unprecedented. That frightened animal—how did he ever find his way to the stage! The janitor was dismissed at once! No more pets in a concert hall! But enough! How they clamored for you! How they called your name! Just those few magic notes—but, why did you run off like that? A puppy is no competition; didn't you hear their applause? What a success you will be on our tour . . .!"

The little man wanted to laugh and cry at the same time. But he did neither. He fitted the violin under his chin and drew the bow softly, sweetly . . .

MAKE BELIEVE SIREN

From page 39

the girl's room, still holding a dish towel in her hand.

"Dee-Dee'll wear her own dress, Trudie. She looks like a raw vegetable in green." She winked at Dee-Dee, but Dee-Dee didn't feel like winking back. Then Mom smiled at Trudie. "I think, dear, you'll have more fun in a plainer dress. You don't want to feel different from the other girls."

Trudie put the red dress back in her suitcase, and put on a black satin with long sleeves and a deep V-neck, Dee-Dee thought she looked like a starlet in a movie magazine.

Dee-Dee wore her blue jersey with the white kid belt. "I look like Trudie's kid sister tagging along," she thought to herself.

Rick whistled and Jib got red in the face when Trudie came into the living room. Dee-Dee felt like a last year's birdnest, but she kept her face pulled into a smile.

"Where'll we take our slick chicks?" Rick asked Jib.

"There's a basketball game at the school gym," Jib said.

Trudie pushed at her pompadour with the flat of her hand. "I'd like something a little more sophisticated myself."

Jib edged over by Dee-Dee as

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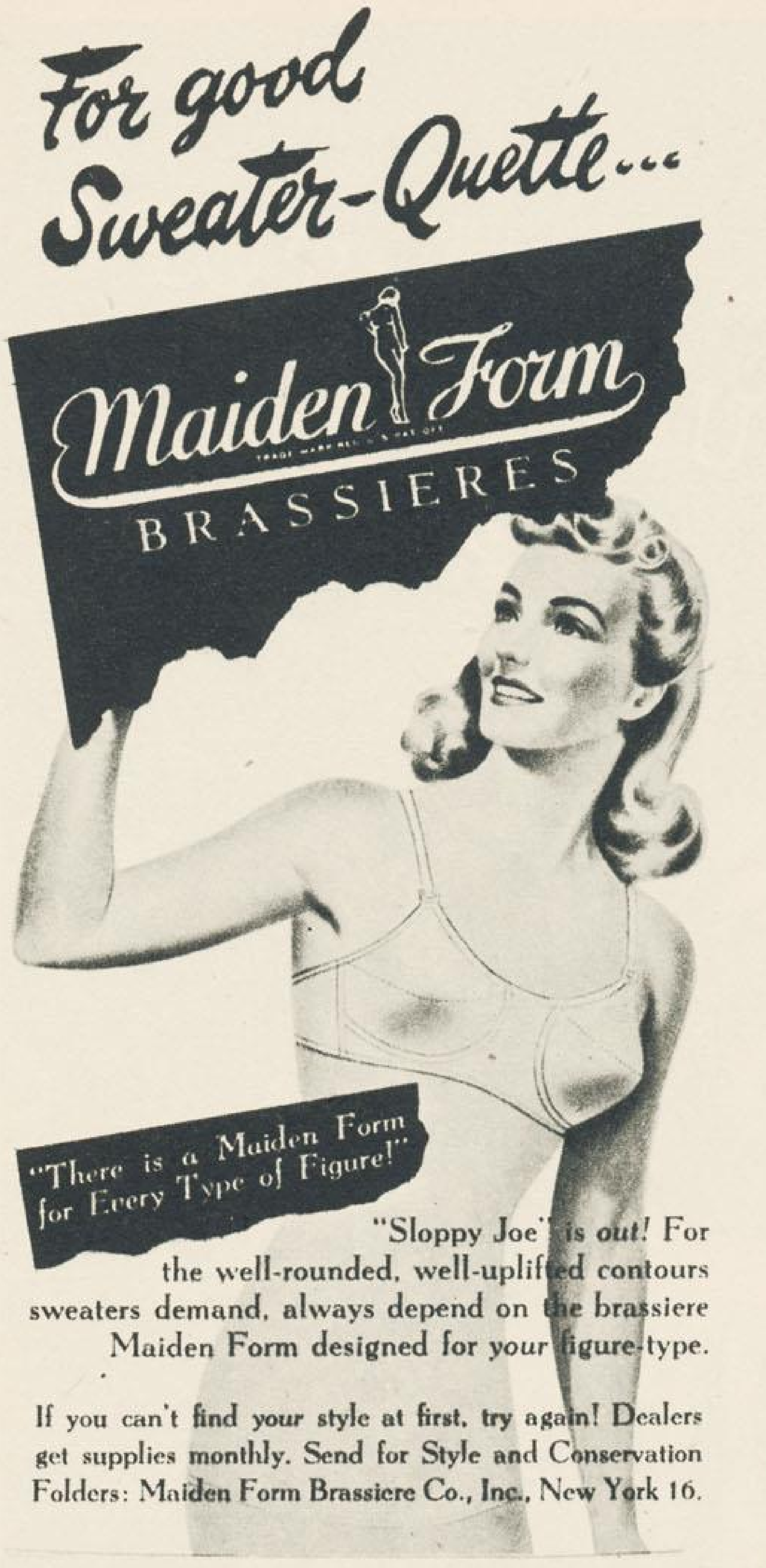
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GOOD LOOKS LESSONS

Helene Pessl

Dear Girls:

I've had such a flood of letters from you! And it seems that your BIGgest good looks problem is that of oily skin. I'm not surprised! During the teens, you see, the fat glands of the skin often are over-ambitious and secrete too much and this secretion can accumulate, especially over large pores. So, obviously, to look better you must get those pores clean and that is why I created Helene Pessl Pore Cream to help you.

Pore Cream is based on pure castile soap, that famous cleaner-upper. Rub the cream well into your face and then wash it off with warm water. The oil and dirt will go with it. Follow this Pore Cream treatment with an application of my Aqua Viennese, a refreshing astringent which time has *proved* to be an enemy to oiliness. Your skin will glow! And if you continue to use these two products faithfully, your complexion will tend to become clear and normal.

My next Good Looks Lesson will advise you on the care of other skin disturbances, but right now I want to tell you about something new and very much for you, my new "Melinda" line of complete teen cosmetics. The "Melinda" series includes make-up, bath accessories, perfume, toilet water—everything for fairness and fragrance—and I just know you're going to love the pretty packages and each gaily-scented item.

To find out more about Pore Cream and Aqua Viennese, to get a booklet all about "Melinda," or to have your personal good looks problems answered, you can write to me at 785 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. And I'll be looking forward very much to hearing from you and to helping you.

Affectionately,
HELENE PESSL
(adv.)

if something had scared him. Dee-Dee slipped her hand into the pocket of his wind-breaker, and kept it there.

"Sophisticated?" Rick repeated with a grin. "Well, I don't know. Being as how it's early we could go down to the drug store and drum up a bull session with the gang."

Dee-Dee and Jib went ahead. Dee-Dee wanted to see the girls' faces when Trudie came in.

She saw their faces, and felt sick. The girls looked Trudie over from her pompadour to her high heels, said "Hello," and that was all.

They drank cokes and played the juke box, just the four of them, till Rick and Jib ran out of nickels, and said so.

Trudie opened her purse and took out a roll of bills. She got the druggist to change a ten to ten ones, then change a one to twenty nickels.

"We'll each take five, and when these are gone, I'll get some more," she said.

But Rick and Jib wouldn't touch Trudie's money.

"Say, you got silly ideas since you left here." Rick growled. "What d'you think I am?"

Jib didn't say anything. He just stood there beside Dee-Dee and whistled low under his breath.

Trudie's face got white, and Dee-Dee saw her hand was shaking when she put all the nickels back into her purse.

Dee-Dee wanted to cry as they straggled home at half-past eight. There was nowhere to go but home. The gang had piled out in a bunch to the school gym, and the boys hadn't money left for a picture show.

Trudie talked fast and loud all the way home. She bragged about her Dad being foreman at the plant. She bragged about how she'd been promoted and had her pay raised.

Rick stopped her once with, "I guess you date men as much as twenty years old. That makes us kid-stuff."

Trudie laughed, but it sounded more to Dee-Dee like a sob.

The boys didn't come in. They wanted to go to the gym and watch the basketball game.

Rick kicked at the doormat and mumbled, "We'd drag you along, but Trudie'd be bored. It's not sophisticated."

In their room, Trudie kicked off her high-heeled shoes, flung her pocketbook across the room, and threw herself face down on the bed, muffling her sobs. "The kids don't like me any more. I wanted to knock them cold with the way I've changed, and how much money I make. But they hate me the way I am."

"They don't hate you," Dee-Dee declared. "You're so different you scared them. *You're* sophisticated, Trudie, and *we're* still in school."

"I wish I were still in school," Trudie wailed. "I'm lonesome at work. Everybody's so old there. I want to come back to school, and now I can't because my father doesn't live here." Suddenly she sat up straight and wiped the tears from her face with the backs of her hands. "Oh, Dee-Dee, would your mother let me live here with you? Dad says I need a mother to teach me some sense." She scrubbed the red off her mouth with her handkerchief. "I can pay for—"

"Silly. Mom wouldn't let you pay for sleeping with me here in my room. You can pay for your food, and we'll go to school together."

Trudie gave way to a fresh burst of tears. "I'm behind our class. I've missed a term."

Dee-Dee pulled in her lips and narrowed her nostrils like a comic school-marm. "I shall tutor you, Gertrude, so you can catch up with your class."

They burst out laughing and fell into each other's arms.

"We'll tell the girls you're coming back—" Dee-Dee began.

Trudie was out of the room when Dee-Dee's mother came in. When Dee-Dee told her everything, Mom said with a smile, "It'll be nice to have two girls instead of one."

"She's swell not to say 'I told you so'," she thought. "And she was right not to let me quit school for work."

"We'll have fun in school, Trudie, and we'll double-date weekends, and next summer if the farmers still need help, Mom will let us go into the country again with the Crop Corps."

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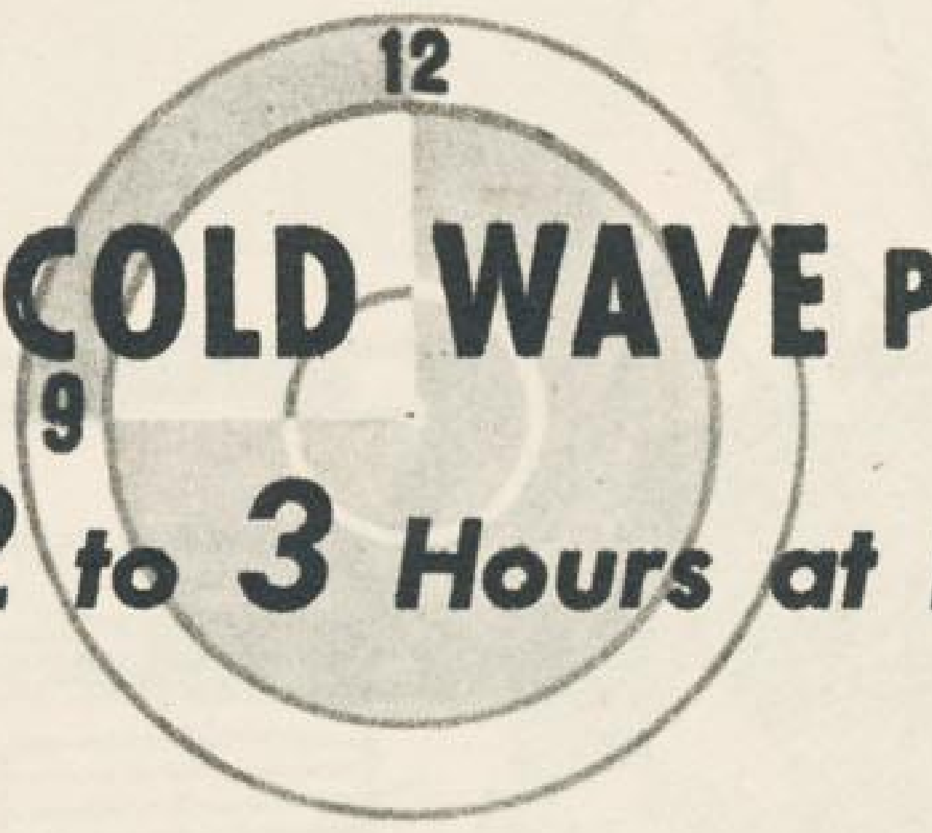
FOR MISS AMERICA READERS



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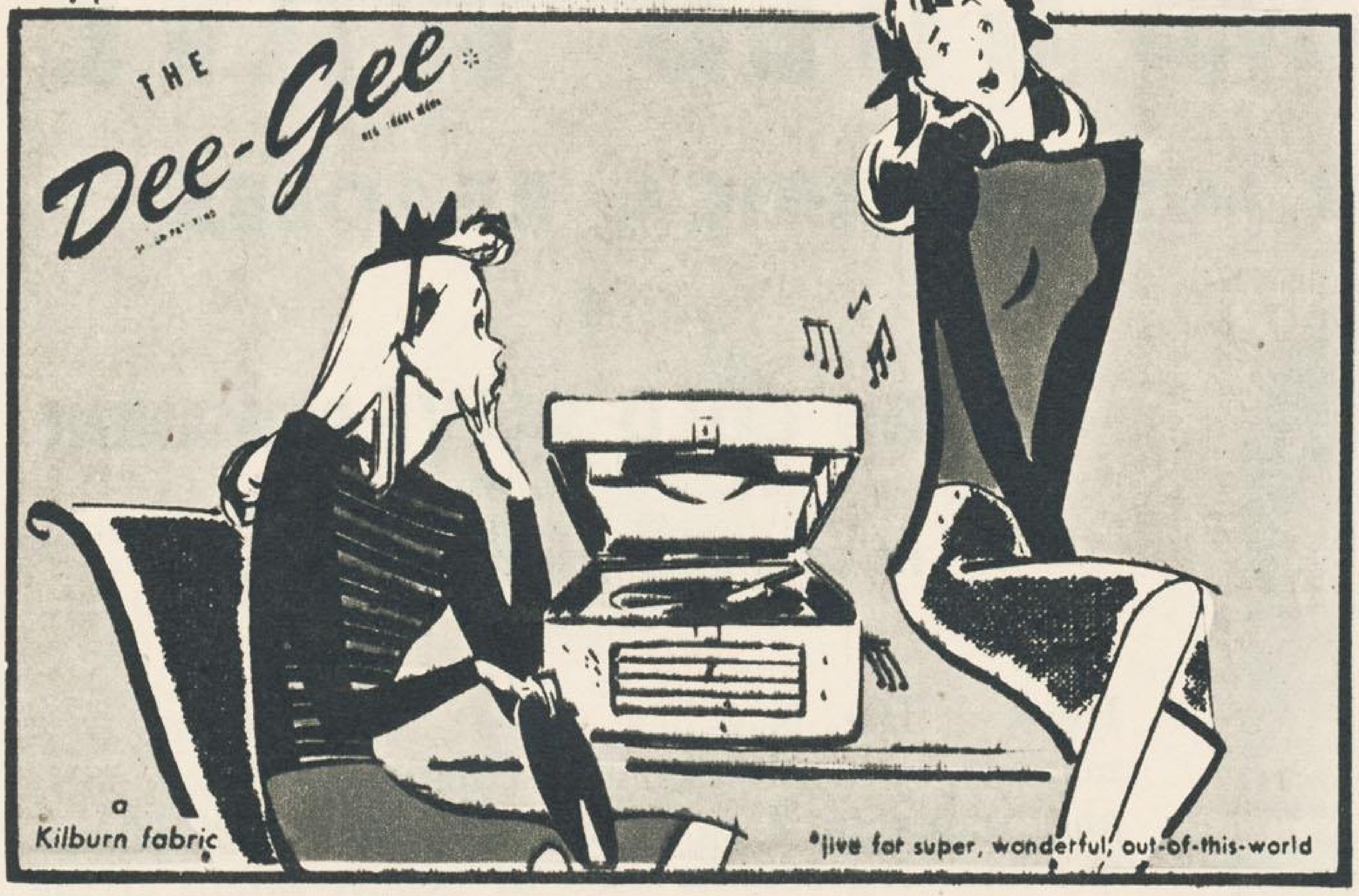
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FOR GIRLS ONLY

From page 26

have thought and thought about your problem, because it seems so very odd that your mother does not want you to have friends. I have tried to see her side. It is possible that she does not approve of these girls *or their families.* This is only a guess, but will you let me know what happens? I'll be looking forward to hearing from you again. Laraine.

* * *

Dear Laraine: I would like to know if it is all right for a girl to let a boy kiss her goodnight after he has taken her home? I don't mean *any* boy a girl goes out with but those she likes in particular. I am past fourteen and in first term high school and would like to know if this is considered right nowadays. Claire.

Dear Claire: No, it is *not* considered right to kiss a boy goodnight when he brings you home, particularly when you are just fourteen. And here is something that perhaps you didn't know: many boys feel they *have* to ask a girl to kiss them or the GIRL will feel insulted! I overheard some teen-aged boys discussing just this, and they said girls felt they hadn't been attractive companions if the boy didn't ask for a kiss. So, you see, it doesn't necessarily mean that because your escort asks for a kiss he expects one! However, there's no need of losing boy friends, since you have them, by being brusque about it. You can say, with a smile: "Uh-huh, none of that!" Be firm, but keep the light touch.

This may also surprise you, but it's true: boys **TALK**, and, often, in their desire to seem a big shot in the eyes of their friends, they will blow up a kiss into much more than just that. Men's locker room gossip forms high entertainment in every school in the land. The best way to keep a good reputation is to keep it, if you follow me! One other thing, dear Claire. No matter what a boy, or a man, says, a kiss he gets lightly is not a kiss he values. So the girl who plays hard to get is a very smart cookie!

* * *

Dear Laraine: I would like your advice on my problem. I am a girl of fourteen and I have two younger brothers. I share a room with my oldest brother, who is eight. We live in a two-family house, and we have five rooms—two bedrooms, a kitchen, living room and sun parlor. Almost all my girl friends have rooms of their own, and one has a house just like ours, and she has the sun porch. I have asked my mother for the sun porch, since there is only a radio and two chairs in there, but she just says, "No." My brother goes through my things, my closet and the dresser we share. I have asked my father to do something about this, but he won't. I think I am too old to share a room with an eight-year-old. What shall I do? Barbara.

Dear Barbara: In the first place, there may be some particular reason your mother doesn't want you to have that sun porch. It may be that she and your father like to use the adjacent living room when they stay up late and you are in bed, and that they couldn't do this if you were close by. Or it may be that your mother can't afford to furnish the room. In any event, I would talk to your mother and find out her specific objections. If it is expense, then I would suggest telling her you will make your own curtains, paint the woodwork, and so on. Do your share toward decorating the room at the least possible expense. However, if the fact that you would be sleeping on the sun porch would mean your parents would have to whisper from ten o'clock on, you might do this, instead. Separate the room which you now share with your brother either by a screen or a curtain. Make yourself a cupboard that you can lock, and put your most personal possessions in. You can make a very cute cupboard by covering big packing boxes with wallpaper. A flat piece of board, the size of the opening, can be hinged on for the door, and you can buy a lock and key at the dime store. Then have a talk with your brother and your parents. Don't lose your temper, but do let them see how much your privacy means to you. And something else—*keep your room clean.* This may be another reason your mother may not want you to have the sun room. She may think it's quite enough work keeping one bedroom clean without worrying about a sun porch which may get dirty, too! But I'll bet that if you do your part in decorating that room and keeping it spotless, you'll get the sun porch. Here's hoping!

Before I go, girl friends, I'd like to give you a little tip on how to get your man! The homeliest girl in the world can have any boy friend she wants if she indicates to him (but subtly, don't OVERDO it!) that she thinks he's simply wonderful! Did you ever see a rather plain girl whose handsome boy friend was just wild about her? Did you ever wonder why? It's probably because, with her, he feels like an important, extra-special guy. Next time you put on a party dress, put on an I-think-you're-wonderful look, too! And see what it gets you!

And, speaking of parties, if you get tired of serving cokes, try making your own punch. Take a quart can of pure grape juice, a quart can of pineapple juice and two quarts of cold water. Mix all together and pour over ice cubes, and I guarantee you'll like it! Have fun at your party, and come back and visit with me next month!

Fondly,

LARAINE

MOB SCENE

From page 55

A frequent cause of death in panic is suffocation. The pressure which a tightly packed crowd exerts on those in its midst is tremendous, and most of this pressure has to be borne by the chest wall. If this pressure becomes too great, the lungs cannot expand any more and breathing stops. The best way to protect yourself from this fate is by using your arms as buffers.

Bend your elbows and bring your forearms up high in front of your chest. Do not press your arms too close to the body. Keep them about two inches away, with the muscles tensed at all times.

Never allow yourself to be caught with your arms up in the air—waving to someone, for instance. With a simple experiment right in your own home you can convince yourself of the danger of such a position. Lift one arm over your head, then press the side of your body hard against a bare wall. Now try to bring your arm down again. You'll see that it cannot be done unless you turn around. And turning around in a tightly packed crowd is about as easy as growing wings.

To get the maximum protection out of your arms, drop whatever you are carrying. Your hands must be free. Umbrellas, pocketbooks, packages can be

Double Check
√ √ for Spring

Crisp as the first daffodil, this Dan River Cross Cord gingham frock is a teen dream! Prim white ruching accents the waistline, outlines the yoke . . . the skirt is a bright-checked swirl. Green, red, brown or blue, in Sandra Lee teen sizes, 10 to 16, about $5.

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replaced, but your life cannot.

Another useful rule is to remain on your feet until you have reached safety. Do not stoop for anything that may have fallen to the floor. Once you have dived below the level of a milling crowd you may not be able to work your way up again. Someone will trample on you, on your hands; someone will step on you, you'll lose your balance, topple over and—well, being trampled underfoot is not very pleasant. No one will hear your cries and yells. And if anyone does hear, they'll be too panicky to stop and help you up.

The only exception to this rule is if you find yourself in a smoke-filled room in which there are not too many people. Go down on your knees and forearms, or crouch low; but don't ever crawl on your stomach. The poisonous parts of fire smoke are either high up in the air or very close to the floor. The safety zone in most smoke-filled places is 35 to 40 inches above floor level.

If you have gloves, put them on. Gloves, for psychological reasons, give a feeling of self-confidence in dangerous situations. Besides, they will permit you to handle some red hot or burning fixture which may open the way to safety for you.

If you are shepherding a small child, there is an added responsibility upon you. Small children should always be carried out of panicky situations, preferably in pickaback fashion. If you don't feel up to the task, ask someone nearby to do it for you. The nearest able-bodied looking male should be "drafted" for the purpose, regardless of whether he is a complete stranger on not. Few men will refuse such a request.

When a "bottleneck" is developing, before some narrow door or hallway for instance, it may become necessary to apply what is sometimes called "counter-pressure." While you slowly move in a general forward direction with your feet, you must lean or push gently against the people behind you, using the upper part of your back and your shoulders. The pressure should be continuous and firm, but it must be gentle at the same time. Do not bounce against the persons behind you, or use your elbows roughly. That would only lead to ill-temper and there is enough of that in a panicky crowd.

Once you have gained the safety of the street, there is one more thing you should do: go away. Do not crowd around the door from which survivors are emerging, unless you happen to be a nurse's aide or someone whose presence is really needed. Crowding the scene only makes rescue work more difficult and adds to the general noise and confusion.

If you are worried about friends or relatives whom you have lost sight of in the excitement, wait for them at home. There is nothing you can do for them anyhow, at the scene of the disaster. Experienced firemen and police officers realize that this is a very hard thing to ask of someone who is in doubt about the fate of a dear one inside a panic-swept building, but in the interest of all the other victims it has to be done, however difficult.

And lastly, never rush back into a building from which you have just escaped. It may sound silly to you, and maybe you would not even think of doing such a thing, but you would be surprised to learn how many people do just that. They blindly try to run back into the place, "to look for someone," or "to get something." This is not only dangerous, but also useless. If firemen and police are on the spot, leave the "getting" and the "looking" to them. You may direct them to a place where you know someone is trapped, but don't try to go there yourself.

These are the rules. Maybe they have made a little gruesome reading; maybe some of the things I said here have shocked you. But never you mind. Better be shocked now, while everything is peace and quiet, than be "one of the victims" later, when you are confronted with the gruesome situation, face-to-face.

WHEN I GROW UP

From page 53

I want to do now but can't because I'm too *young*. Of course, I want to be accomplished more than anything else. I want to be a good singer and a good pianist and take flying lessons. Wouldn't flying be exciting and adventurous? But that'll have to wait, I suppose, till I'm older. What I'd really like to be, though, is a motorcycle cop, but mother wouldn't stand for that. See what I mean? When you grow up, you're your own boss. But now, well, you can have fun anyway, I guess. It just seems that everything about being young isn't exciting enough for me."

Just at that moment, the school teacher on the 20th Century-Fox lot called to Barbara. "It's time to go back to school, Barbara." With a shrug of her shoulders, she turned to me and said, "See what I mean?" and reluctantly went off to the school.

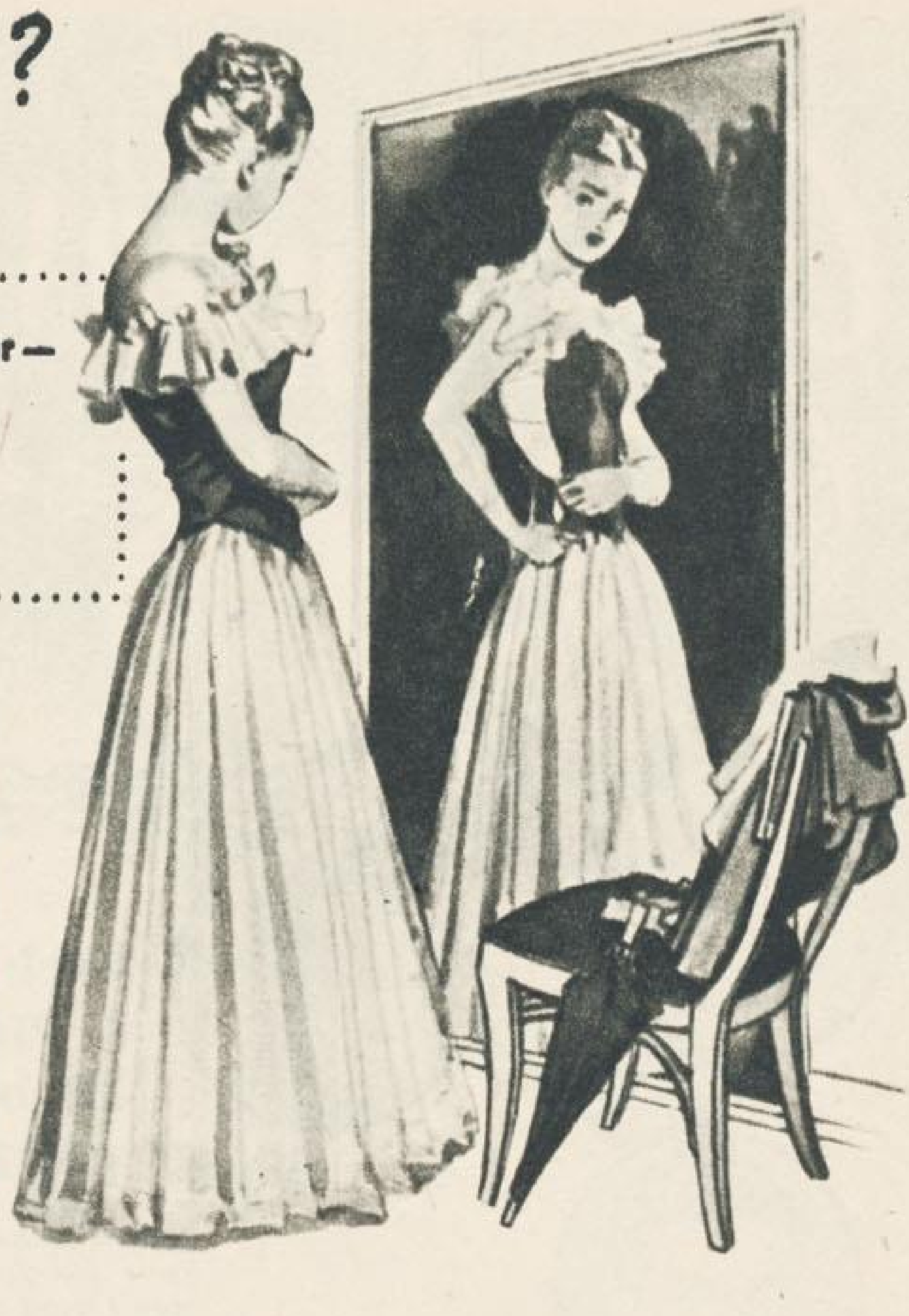
Certainly one of the most promising of all the young stars is Jane Powell. She is now creating a mild sensation with her starring appearance with Roddy McDowall in the big musical, "Holiday in Mexico."

Jane is a delightful young girl. She works hard at school and studies so she can improve her already beautiful voice. She's a perfect little lady—and a talented one.

"Growing up means a lot of things to me," Janie began. "For one thing, I want to drive my own car. Driving fascinates me. I hope to accomplish this by the time I'm eighteen—but mother won't let me drive until I'm about thirty, I imagine. I'm working on her now, however. As for my career, when I'm older I intend to do a show in New York. Imagine how thrilling it will be waiting for the curtain to rise on opening night, to see all those people out front, to be on my own and to test my ability before the most difficult audience in the world.

"But, like all girls my age, I think growing up is a wonderful thing because then I can wear exotic clothes and hair-dos. A young girl looks silly all fancied up. But when I reach THAT

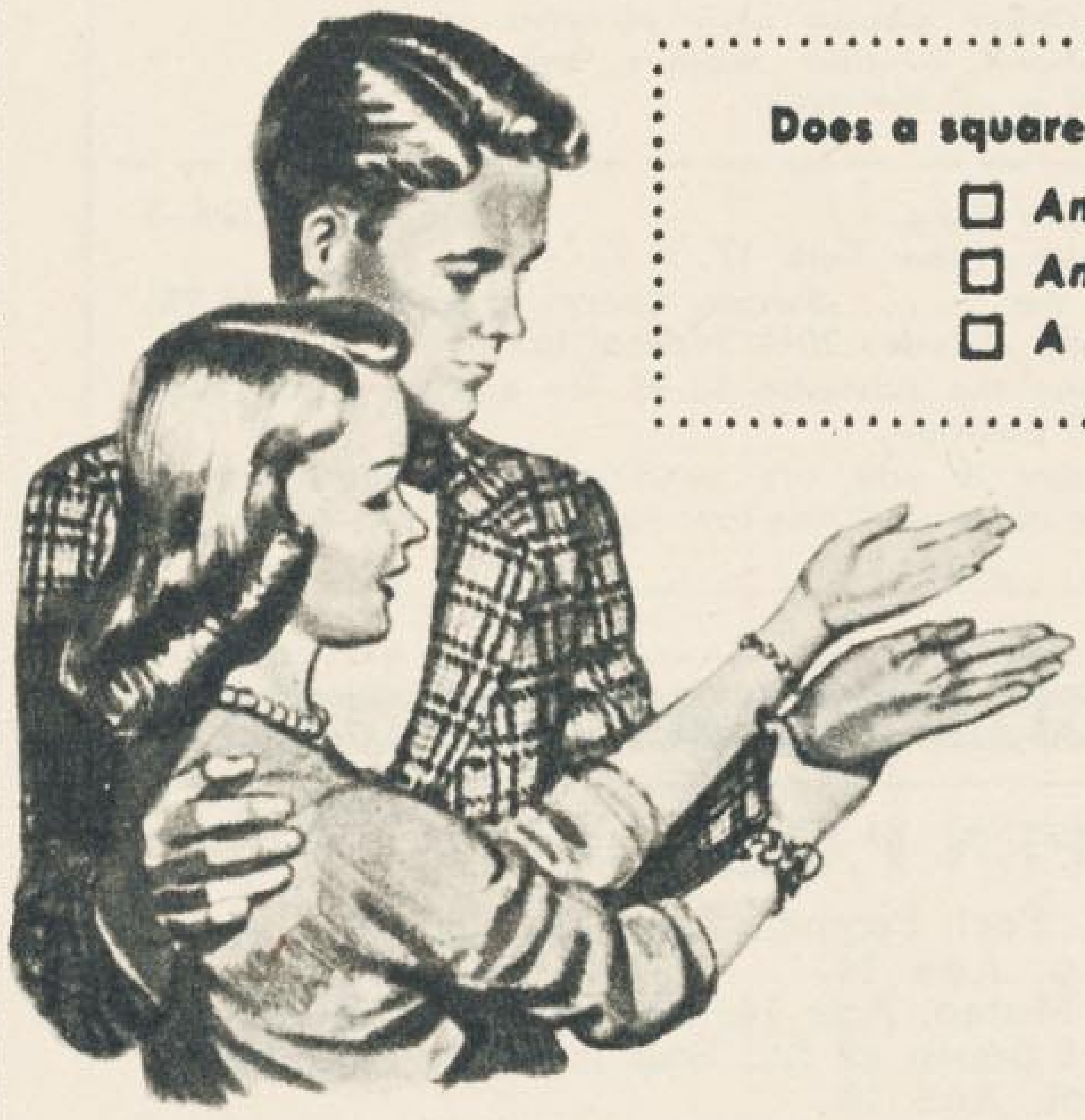
Are you in the know?



For that wee-waisted look, she'd better—

- ☐ *Give up breathing*
- ☐ *Minimize the midriff*
- ☐ *Try corset laces*

The "doll-waisted" style and your chubby waistline don't seem made for each other? Better minimize that midriff! Stand erect, feet together, arms stretched overhead. Bend torso right and left as far as possible (feel the pull!) . . . working up to 25 times daily. On "certain" days you can look trim, even in your snuggest outfit. With Kotex, no revealing outlines nag you—for Kotex has *flat tapered ends* that *don't show*. And to help you stay dainty, there's a *deodorant* in Kotex. Gals who rate appreciate this grooming aid!



Does a square shaped hand indicate—

- ☐ *An inquiring mind*
- ☐ *An impulsive nature*
- ☐ *A dynamic personality*

Your hand can reveal your traits and temperament! Have you a square shaped hand? If so, palmists say you're a practical soul; self assured. You have an inquiring mind—which is good, for it helps you make wise decisions. And when you inquire about sanitary protection, and learn that Kotex has lasting softness (doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch) . . . that Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing* . . . it's ten to one you'll decide on Kotex. Because you value real comfort. No wonder you're self-assured!

If the lady doesn't laugh, would you consider her—

- ☐ *A pickle-pan*
- ☐ *Dracula's mother*
- ☐ *Justified*

This little lap-lander didn't *mean* to tumble. But to the lady it's the last straw. She's tired of being pushed around by boisterous characters. The lady's justified. Accidents and a "who cares?" attitude too often go together. That's worth pondering... on "those" days, as well, for if you use *care* in choosing a sanitary napkin, you'll choose Kotex—and avoid mishaps. Yes, Kotex' exclusive *safety center* gives you *extra* protection from problem-day accidents!

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Alabama—Rebecca Skidmore, 114 Forest Avenue, Fort Payne, Age 15.

Arizona—Nova Dean Cehand, Box 292, Wickenburg, Age 14.

California—Betty Phillips, 607 South Idaho St., San Mateo, Age 14; Barbara Jacobs, Route 2, Box 838, Visalia, Age 17; Barbara Woehl, 274 South 22 St., San Jose 12, Age 13.

Connecticut—Marion Buzho, 71 John Avenue, Bristol, Age 13.

Georgia—Nelle Knight, Route 5, Dublin, Age 14; Harriette Harley, 701 Gilmore Street, Waycross, Age 14.

Idaho—Lael Jensen, Mink Creek, Age 15.

Illinois—Doris Merry, 1735 E. Walnut St., Decatur 40, Age 16; Charlotte A. Smith, 231 North Evergreen Avenue, Rankakee, Age 15; Joan Mehlenbeck, 2406 Western Avenue, Peoria, Age 15.

Indiana—Hilda Sicterman, 424 West 43rd Avenue, Gary, Age 14; Pat Brust, R. R. No. 3, Kewanna, Age 15; Betty Bailey, 14 North 18th Street, Richmond, Age 16; Melvena Warner, 220 East High Street, Lawrenceburg, Age 15.

Iowa—Peggy Brady, Leon, Age 14; Lois Calvert, Victor, Age 16.

Maine—Betty Baker, 8 York St., Caribou, Age 16; Patrice McIntire, Box 81, Perham, Age 13.

Massachusetts—Tasella Lengowski, 9 Bourne Street, Three Rivers, Age 16.

Michigan—Mary Jo Childs, 107 North Main Street, Mt. Pleasant, Age 14; Delores S. Najda, 537 Eastern Avenue, N.E., Grand Rapids 3, Age 15; Joyce A. Dupont, P. O. Box 159, Ypsilanti, Age 15.

North Carolina—Bobbie Jo Kiser, Charlotte Road, Albemarle, Age 16; Anne Williams, P. O. Box 579, Lenoir, Age 13; Betty Ruth Chapman, 205½ W. Front St., Statesville, Age 14.

Nevada—Jean Cozzalio, 528 West First Street, Reno, Age 14.

New Hampshire—Leona Nolan, Pittsfield, Age 15.

New Jersey—Audrey Jukes, 8 Linden St., Morristown, Age 13; Louise Overbough, Forest Ave, Montvale, Age 14; Claire Sheikowitz, 296 Renner Ave., Newark, Age 16; Delores Freeman, 150 Eppirt St., East Orange, Age 14.

New York—Vesta "Roni" Hutton, 417 East Avenue, Watertown, Age 14; Yvonne Birnbaum, 253 West 24th St., New York, Age 13; Joan Bruere, 1244 Woodycrest Avenue, New York 52, Age 13; Pat Barr. 153 Beach St., Massena, Age 13; Joan Faller, 64-17 39th Ave., Woodside, L. I. Age 15.

Ohio—Marcy Basge, 1871 West Mound St., Columbus 4, Age 14; Joanne Badar, 7502 Indiana Avenue, Cleveland 5, Age 14.

Pennsylvania—Helen Jane Yuhas, 143 North Third St., Duquesne, Age 15; Barbara Stranford, North Side Star Route, Oil City, Age 14; Wanda Coddington, 3322 Garbett Ave., McKeesport, Age 14.

Rhode Island—Doris Reith, 186 Morin Heights, Woonsocket, Age 14.

So. Dakota—Yvonne Johansen, 207 Locust St., Yankton, Age 13.

Tennessee—Ravena Sue Price, Milligan College, Age 16.

Texas—Savannah Tunnell, Box 878, Tahoka, Age 15.

Virginia—Mary Heflin, 415 Virginia Ave., Fredericksburg, Age 14.

Washington—Donna Mae Andel, 404 Duane St., Richland, Age 13.

Washington, D. C.—Rosina Bartolomeo, 5513 Illinois Ave. N.W., Age 14.

West Virginia—Dortha Short, Box 414, Spencer, Age 15.

Wisconsin—Doris Mae Walters, 609 Buffalo St., Manitowoc, Age 15; Maurietta Andeel, Box 463, Bloomer, Age 14.

Canada—Virginia White, 43 St. John Street, Bathurst, N. B., Age 14; Ellen Merner, 128 Irwin St., Nanaimo, B. C., Age 15; Patricia Baxter, 1303 St. Zotique St., Montreal, Age 13; Lorraine Massie, 375 12 Ave., Lachine, Montreal 22, Quebec, Age 14; Joan Johnston, 2 Binney St., Halifax, N. S., Age 13.

England—Doreen Colledge, 168 Eastcoles, Tile Hill Lane, Coventry, Age 14; Hester Dryan, c/o Adolf Blum & Popper, Bevis Marks House, Bevis Marks, London, E. C. 2.

age, I'm really going on a shopping spree."

Jane then turned serious and added something very important. "While I'm waiting to be grown up, though, I'm going to learn all I can, get a good education, and enjoy being young—for you really have a lot of fun when you're young."

My next call was on Peggy Ann Garner, of "Junior Miss" fame and now starring in "Home, Sweet Homicide."

"Oh, there are so many wonderful things about being grown up," Peggy Ann began enthusiastically, "that I don't know where to begin. I want to wear high heels and sophisticated clothes and have my hair on top of my head. I want to go around the world and visit all of the out-of-the-way spots. I want to win a cup for ice skating. And I want to go on acting. If I happen to turn out to be attractive when I'm older and am still an actress, that'll be swell. And I wouldn't mind playing character parts when I am so old I have wrinkles."

Peggy Ann paused for a moment and then said, "I must confess that being grown up means that I'll have no more home work to do. But, to prove that I'm sort of a contradictory person, I want to go to college. That is something I insist upon doing even if I continue to work in pictures. An education is awfully important."

Quiet, but brilliant Elizabeth Taylor had views unlike any of those I'd talked to. I thought she'd want to be very, very feminine when she grows up, but I was in for a surprise.

"My dream is very important to me," Elizabeth said while she was making "Hold High the Torch." "I'm not going to worry about clothes or boys. What I'm really waiting for is a chance to have my own ranch and have a lot of wonderful horses that I can ride and ride. I'll really feel free and independent then. Naturally, I'll buy my ranch all by myself, with no help from anyone. It wouldn't mean much otherwise. But before I can have all this, I intend to work hard and prepare myself for the responsibilities that come with being grown. And to make full use of all the opportunities that come my way. It's all right to dream, but it takes serious thought and hard work to make those dreams real."

One of the brightest young stars, Roddy McDowall, told me something I think all young boys and girls should take to heart. Roddy was working in "Holiday in Mexico," playing his first grown-up romantic role and his first as a comedian.

"I've never given too much thought to growing up," Roddy said. "I've been like Topsy—I just growed. But I'm looking forward to it, naturally enough. My main ambition is to be a director or a producer.

"But I think I'll know the full meaning of having grown up when I can do all the things I want to do for my mother. She has given me so much and done so much for me, I want to see that she gets what she'd like most in the world—and to give her a chance to rest without any worries or responsibilities. As for my father, I want to show him what his guidance and help have meant to me—and I believe I can do this by patterning my life after his. He'll be much easier to do things for than mother because she'll be hard to track down if I know her well. I'll probably find her in some remote spot trying to help someone in trouble. She's always assisting those in need.

"I want my life to be based on the same things I've always had at home—respect and consideration of each other, real happiness in the family. Any young person owes much to his parents. It's not only important to do things for them when you grow up—it's a privilege not to be overlooked."

Now—what is *your* dream?

THE YOLKS ON YOU

From page 57

Eggscellent Info:

Cooked Eggs: Place eggs in pan, cover with warm water, bring to boiling point and let water simmer over a low flame. For very soft eggs cook 3 minutes; for medium cook 5 min-

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POSLAM

utes; for hard, cook from 15 to 20 minutes. Simple, huh?

Scrambled Eggs: Just so you don't overcook scrambled eggs cook 'em in the top of a double boiler. Have boiling water in the bottom part. Cook over medium heat. First, break eggs into a shallow dish, add 2 tablespoons milk for each egg, a dash of salt, and beat 'em up. Melt butter (or shortening) in the top of the double boiler, and pour in eggs; stir occasionally with a fork during the cooking 'til eggs get thick 'n' creamy. Serve at once. They're yummy 'n' good for your tummy.

Sunny Side Up: Frying pan should be warm NOT sizzling hot (high temperature toughens egg whites 'n' makes 'em brown and indigestible). Melt butter (or shortening), break eggs carefully into a saucer and slip into melted butter. Cook over low heat, with or without a cover. If cooked uncovered, the melted shortening should be scooped up over the eggs to cook the top of 'em. When eggs begin to set add 2 tablespoons hot water. This'll give a glossy appearance. To cook both sides, turn with a pancake turner when whites are partially cooked. So scrumptious—fit for a king!

Poached Eggs: If your mother doesn't own an egg poacher, use a muffin tin, set in a shallow pan of hot water. Fill empty cups about half full with water. This'll prevent pan from scorching 'n' make it easier to wash. Place ½ teaspoon butter (or what-have-you) in each muffin cup, break one egg into each, season with salt (pepper, too, if you wish), cover pan tightly and let eggs cook until set. To remove eggs, gently loosen with a broad knife (a spatula) all around 'n' coax eggs out. Serve on buttered toast.

Now, here's another way to do it: Have water boiling in a frying pan (preferably not aluminum) about 1-inch deep, add a teaspoon salt or vinegar; break eggs into a shallow dish and slip carefully into vigorously boiling water, turn heat low (so water

(Continued on page 72)

THIS EASY WAY TEACHES PIANO *Without Music!*

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Miss America Speaks...

Share your thoughts with other girls . . . exchange ideas, chatter about your first date, dance, etc. MISS AMERICA Magazine pays $1.00 for each letter published . . .

June Raymond
Worcester, Mass.

Verna Wilkerson
Louisville,
Kentucky

Margaret Stevens
Preston, Lancs,
England

Frances Walker
Centerville,
Arkansas

Muriel England
Arlington, Mass.

Nancy Mery
Ardmore,
Pennsylvania

Ramogene Russell
Tuscumbia,
Alabama

HERE is a letter from a "Miss England" that will make us all feel very happy that we are here in America. Margaret Stevens writes:

"A girl I write to in America sent me a copy of MISS AMERICA. I only wish that I could fill in a coupon and be sure of getting this wonderful magazine every month! I think it must be thrilling to be able to buy such models as you advertise—and, without having to forfeit clothing coupons!"

Edith Schunk, Paterson, New Jersey, tells how the boys profit by reading *your* book:

"You may not believe this but it is true. My fifteen-year-old brother reads your magazine. It gives him a good idea what he should say to a girl when he takes her home from a movie show, etc."

A library of MISS AMERICA's! That certainly is a fine idea and it comes from Loann Beamer, Bayside, California:

"I always buy *two* magazines per month. One is for my 'MISS AMERICA Reference Library' and the other to cut up for the swell ideas and put them on our bulletin board in our locker room at school. I just couldn't get along without it to help me in my school work, too."

"The name, MISS AMERICA is very appropriate," writes Billie Lou Chick, Columbia, Missouri, "for where else in all the world do girls have a magazine of their very own?"

Here's a helpful hint that may save you a lot of woe some time. It comes from Harriet Besden, Philadelphia, Pa.:

(Continued on page 72)

Have You tried the NEW SAFETY-PLUS SANITARY NAPKINS?

SANAPAK GIVES NEW COMFORT

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SANAPAKS, the new safety-*plus* sanitary napkins, give you *triple protection!* They are made with three special layers . . . including the famous "Pink Back"!

Shaped to fit without bulk, without chafing, SANAPAKS are so comfortable you'll forget you're wearing them! They're faced with soft cotton too—for even *greater* comfort! SANAPAKS *cost no more than ordinary napkins.*

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"If you accidently get chewing gum on your wool sweaters or skirts, it will come off easily by rubbing a piece of ice over it. This hardens the gum which may then be picked off without pulling the wool with it."

Now that Jack Frost is here, Loire Colemanne, Phila., Pa., sends in this comfy suggestion:

"Most girls dislike wearing hats so make your own ear muffs. Get two large powder puffs and embroider them with flowers, your own name, the name of your school or your best friend, etc. Open up about a half inch of each puff and slip in a ribbon, sew it up and there you have your own ear muffs made by yourself."

Yolanda Astarita, New York, N. Y., has a suggestion for teenagers interested in writing:

"Reading MISS AMERICA gave me a terrific idea. Since MISS AMERICA was so popular I thought I might try my hand at writing a magazine. I was to call it the 'Home Star' and give it to the members of our household. For several weeks I searched the house for any bit of news, gossip, etc. I wrote a comic strip something like Patsy Walker, my idol. After about three weeks I produced the finished product—a small magazine of ten pages. Although nothing like MISS AMERICA, the experience of writing gave me a lot of confidence. Since then I have written four other papers and have had loads of fun."

Catherine Quinn, Verdun, Quebec, Canada, writes:

"Place little sachet bags in the shoulder pads of your dresses, sweaters or blouses!"

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THE YOLKS ON YOU

From page 70

doesn't boil anymore). When whites harden, remove eggs with a slotted spoon to drain water.

Baked or Shirred Eggs: Butter individual casseroles or shallow custard cups. Place 1 tablespoon top milk (cream if you have it) in each dish, break eggs and slip one carefully into each casserole, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for about 15-20 minutes until eggs set. For variety and to make the dish more elegant, add any ONE of the following before putting in the eggs: 2 tablespoons of grated cheese, finely chopped cooked bacon, liver, ham, frankfurters, sauteed mushrooms, breadcrumbs. Garnish with a light sprinkle of curry powder, or a sprig of parsley. Makes a mighty fine morsel.

AMATEUR CUPID

From page 17

juice slid and slopped, rolled splashing off the tray.

Rae closed her eyes, waited for the tinkling crash. This was it. These last two broken glasses would do it. Hopes for college dimmed. She'd be fired.

There wasn't any crash. Rae opened her eyes. The lean weary-looking young man at the corner table—so miraculously at the corner table—was grinning at her amiably. He'd caught the two glasses dexterously.

"Oh!" Rae breathed. "Oh, thank you! I mean, I'm so sorry, sir—I mean, my goodness, thanks awfully.

"Think nothing of it," he said. "Helping a pretty maid in distress is a real pleasure."

His name was Victor Barnard. He'd just returned to the United States after four long years overseas, enough to make any man look tired. Vic, the answer to her maiden's prayer. Someone, at last, for Devon Seeley. They were made for each other.

"It's fate," Rae sighed happily to Chet Stevens, combination lawn and kitchen boy. Chet yawned hugely over his potato peelings. "Stop waving your eyelashes, chick. You'll cool off the cereal."

Rae compressed her pretty lips, tossed her blond hair. That was Chet's trouble, no romance. Not only was he not interested on his own account, but he was unconcerned about other people's love lives, too. All in all, a dull disgusting character.

All that week, Rae waited impatiently for the customary developments like in the movies. The introduction. Exchanged greetings. Smiles. A talk. A walk. Long walks—long lazy afternoons at the beach . . .

Yes, it was a wonderful plot Rae had worked out in her mind for these two—but her characters remained unaware. It was awfully annoying. After the introduction, brief smiles, a word or two—nothing.

"Just nothing!" Rae complained to Chet. "She goes her way and he goes his."

Chet grunted, kept on tinkering with the lawn mower. Rae sat dejectedly on a stump beside him, then straightened in fresh irritation.

"Just look at that!"

Devon Seeley was coming across the lawn with a group of chatting elderly guests. She was —unfortunately—very popular with them.

"That's all she does all day," Rae grumbled. "Holds skeins of yarn, reads to them, takes moderate walks along the pine paths —while Vic goes off to the beach by himself to talk to the seagulls!"

"Seagulls are interesting," Chet said.

Rae expelled her breath in desperation. "I've got to *do* something. Miss Seeley's only got one more week here."

Chet glanced up. "Look," he said, "you're too skinny to make a successful cupid."

Rae slid from her stump indignantly. No use telling Chet she was *not* skinny, merely slender. He wouldn't understand—or care.

It was late. She'd have to hurry to get back in time to set the tables for dinner. She dashed determinedly along the shortcut to the beach, panted up then down the strip of wet sand left by the withdrawing tide.

She burst suddenly upon Vic Barnard, stretched behind a rock, towel over his eyes.

Some loitering seagulls flew off reprovingly. Vic pulled the towel from his eyes, blinked.

Rae flushed. Wings of doubt beat at her. Now she was here, she wasn't sure how to begin.

"Look, Mr. Barnard," she said, "don't you get lonely at this place? I mean, isn't it dull?"

Vic Barnard waved a desultory hand. "I talk to the wind," he said. "The sun has kindly adopted me as a brother. I enjoy the companionship of seagulls and sandfleas—and an occasional horsefly."

Rae sat down, shook her head. She shouldn't be fraternizing with guests but this was a crisis.

"Look," she said earnestly, "being alone so much is probably doing things to you which you don't realize."

He slanted an alarmed eyebrow. "Think so?"

Rae noted the eyebrow approvingly. She had him. This was better.

"Yes, I do," she said positively. "What you need is to get out —away from Floral Gables now and then. You've a car. Why not go into town to the movies or maybe to the Westward Inn—"

"The Westward Inn?"

She nodded. "Food's good, and they dance—" She drew a deep breath, plunged. "You could take some nice girl like, for instance, D—"

"Rae!" Vic Barnard sat bolt upright to interrupt. "Your technique is forthright and fascinating. You've got yourself a date."

Rae strangled. "But Mr. Barnard—"

"What time are you through smashing dishes tonight?" he persisted, looking quite a lot like Gregory Peck.

Maybe, after all, it wouldn't do any harm. She could sort of break Vic in for Devon, just this first time, get him used to women again.

"Well, I'm through right after serving tonight," she faltered, "But I really never meant—"

"I'll pick you up," said Vic, "at East Cottage, then."

Chet noticed she was wearing her best dress to serve dinner in.

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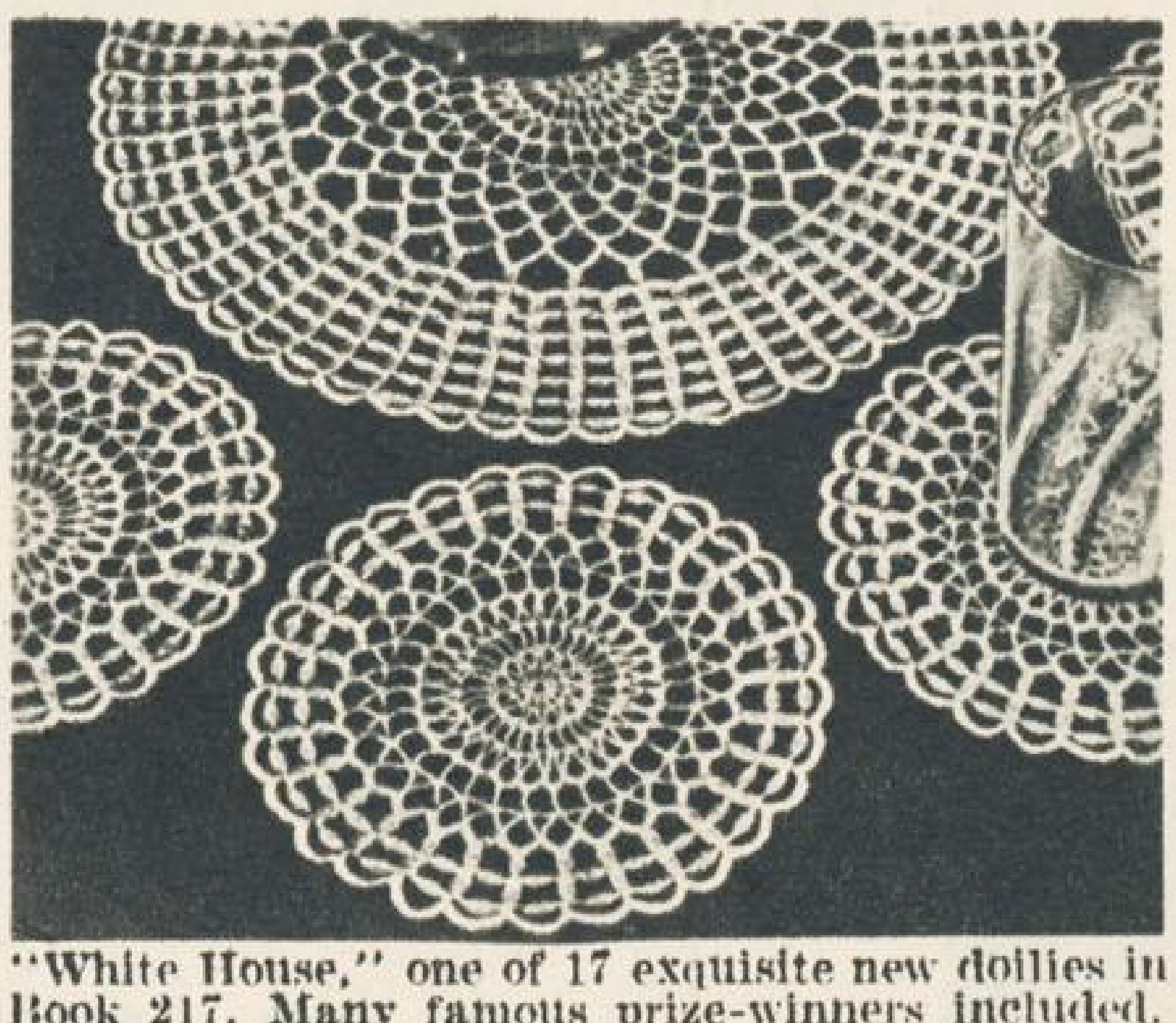

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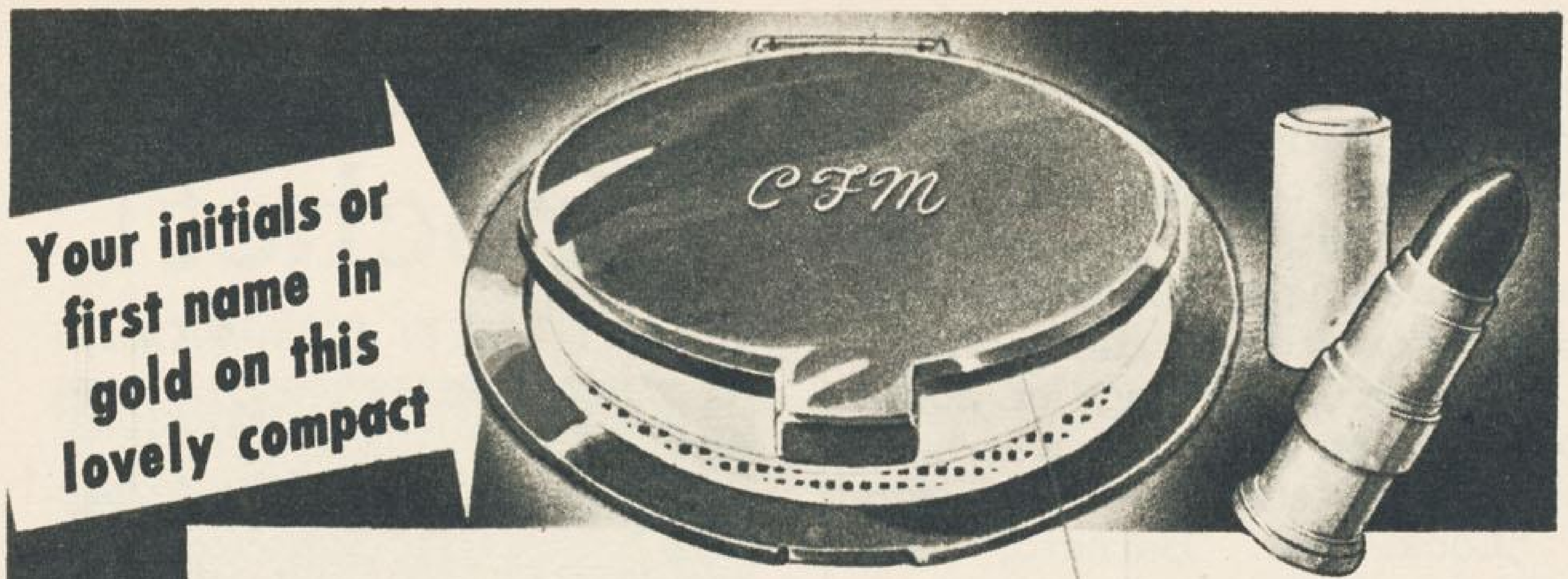

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He turned from the dishpan, soap on his freckled hands, surveyed her wordlessly for a moment before he spoke.

"Aren't you getting reckless—what with soup and all?"

"Don't you worry your gorgeous head about me," Rae said lightly, pleased to note sparks of suspicion in Chet's tweed-colored eyes. "Go back to your soap bubbles, bud—I'll be seeing you."

Just before she left, she told him about the evening planned, slipped out the back door swiftly, while he was still numbed from shock.

THE WESTWARD INN was crowded. It was a young crowd, mostly teen-agers like Rae. Vic was a lot older than the rest. There was uncertainty on his face as she urged him out on the floor among the jitterbugs.

"Look here," he said doubtfully, "I never went in for this sort of thing."

"I'm hep—I'll show you," Rae said firmly. "Come on!"

It was an illuminating moment. All of a sudden she had the answer. This would do it. She wasn't surprised when, after ten minutes, Vic wanted to quit. She refused gaily. Another ten and he was panting. Rae laughed at his puffing, kept going. Valiantly, he tried to keep up, worked at it . . . but by the time someone tapped Rae stabbingly on the shoulder, Vic was a haggard caricature of himself.

Rae turned to identify the murderous tapper. Chet Stevens!

After the first tingling surprise, she rallied jauntily.

"Chet, we're having the most fun! Just watch. Come on, Mr. Barnard—"

Then she saw Devon Seeley—Devon wearing a pert hat and a shy, dubious half-smile. Rae whirled on Chet so fast she walked on his feet.

He scowled at her painfully. "Well—yes—I brought her," he admitted.

"But—" Rae's large blue eyes probed his set face—"why?"

Chet glared at her even more fiercely. "Look," he said, "if anyone ever found out you went out with one of the guests, without even asking permission, you'd be fired."

"You mean—you don't want me to be fired?" she asked softly.

"Well—ah—it's just that I've got used to you around, that's all," he said hastily. "Besides, I believe in higher education for women. It—it improves them, and—"

"Chet," said Rae exasperatedly, "You old fraud, you!"

Chet's face relaxed sheepishly. He cocked a smug eyebrow toward Devon and Vic. Vic had collapsed like a long slide rule at the table, was mopping his perspiring brow with Miss Seeley's tiny handkerchief.

Chet and Rae arrived just in time to hear Devon say softly, "Dancing—jitterbugging like that—must be very exhausting, but I suppose it must be fun."

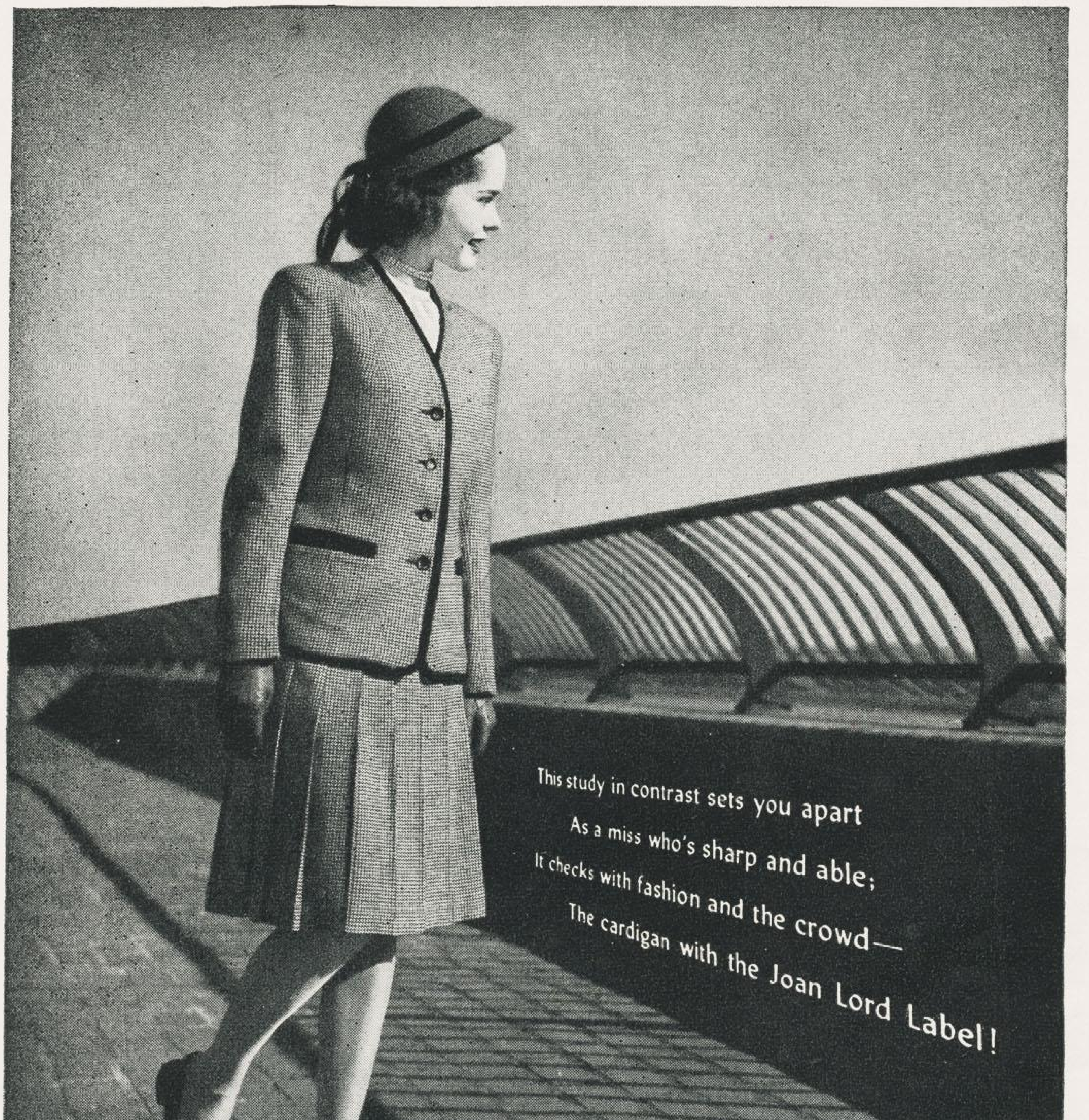
"Fun!" Vic looked up haggardly. His eyes went groping over Devon's quiet shy face. "You mean you—don't—cut rugs, Miss Seeley?"

Devon Seeley flushed apologetically. "I never seemed to have time to—to learn."

"Devon," said Vic Barnard almost reverently, "you're out of this world—thank heaven! You two kids go ahead and commit hara-kiri with the rest of them, if you want to. We'll just sit here."

"How about it, Cupid?" asked Chet, smiling.

"Cupid, yourself!" said Rae. She tucked her arm through his. "You talked me into it."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